THE

# HISTORY

OF

# *SIR CHARLES GRANDISON;*

IN A

## SERIES OF LETTERS.

BY MR. SAMUEL RICHARDSON,

AUTHOR OF PAMELA AND CLARISSA.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

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# HISTORY

OF

# SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, BART.

## LETTER I.

MISS HARRIET BYRON TO MISS LUCY SELBY.

Saturday, March 18.

SELF, my dear Lucy, is a very wicked thing; a sanctifier, if one would give way to its partialities, of actions, which, in others, we should have no doubt to condemn. DELICACY, too, is often a misleader; an idol, at whose shrine we sometimes offer up our sincerity; but, in that case, it should be called *indelicacy*.

Nothing, surely, can be delicate, that is not true, or that gives birth to equivocation: yet how was I pleased with Lord and Lady L. and Miss Grandison, for endeavouring to pass me off to good Dr. Bartlett in the light I had no title to appear in!—As if my mind, in a certain point, remained to be known: and would so remain, till the gentleman had discovered his.

And are there some situations, in which a woman must conceal her true sentiments? In which it would be thought immodesty to speak out?—Why was I born with a heart so open and sincere? But why, indeed, as Sir Charles has said in his letter relating to the Danbys, should women be blamed, for owning modestly a passion for a worthy and suitable object? Is it, that they will not speak out, lest, if their wishes should not be crowned with success by *one* man, they should deprive themselves of a chance to succeed with *another?* Do they not propose to make the man they love, happy?—And is it a crime to acknowledge, that they are so well disposed to a *worthy* object? A *worthy* object, I repeat; for that is what will warrant the open heart. What a littleness is there in the custom that compels us to be insincere? And suppose we do not succeed with a first object, shall we cheat a future lover with the notion that *he* was the first?

Hitherto I had acted with some self-approbation: I told Mr. Greville, Mr. Fenwick, Mr. Orme, Mr. Fowler, that I had not seen the man to whom I could wish to give my hand at the altar: but when I found my heart engaged, I was desirous Lady D. should know that it was. But yet, misled by this same notion of delicacy, I could think myself obliged to the two sisters, and my lord, that they endeavoured to throw a blind over the eyes of good Dr. Bartlett: when the right measure, I now think, would have been, not to have endeavoured to obtain lights from him, that we all thought he was not commissioned to give; or, if we had, to have related to him the whole truth, and not have put on disguises to him; but to have left him wholly a judge of the fit, and the unfit.

And this is LOVE, is it? that puts an honest girl upon approving of such tricks?—Begone, love! I

banish thee, if thou wouldst corrupt the simplicity of that heart, which was taught to glory in truth.

And yet, I had like to have been drawn into a greater fault; for, what do you think?—Miss Grandison had (by some means or other; she would not tell me how) in Dr. Bartlett's absence on a visit to one of the canons of Windsor, got at a letter brought early this morning from her brother to that good man, and which he had left opened on his desk.

Here, Harriet, said she, is the letter so lately brought, not perhaps quite honestly come at, from my brother to Dr. Bartlett (holding it out to me). You are warmly mentioned in it. Shall I put it where I had it? Or will you so far partake of my fault as to read it first?

O, Miss Grandison! said I: and *am* I warmly mentioned in it? Pray oblige me with the perusal of it. And I held out my more than half guilty hand, and took it: but (immediately recollecting myself) did you not hint that you came at it by means not honest?—Take it again; I will not partake of your fault.—But, cruel Charlotte! how could you tempt me so? And I laid it on a chair.

Read the first paragraph, Harriet. She took it up, unfolded it, and pointed to the first paragraph.

Tempter! said I, how can you wish me to imitate our first pattern! And down I sat, and put both my hands before my eyes. Take it away, take it away, while yet I am innocent!—Dear Miss Grandison, don't give me cause for self-reproach. I will not partake of your *acknowledged* fault.

She read a line or two; and then said, Shall I read farther, Harriet? The very next word is your name. I will——

No, no, no, said I, putting my fingers to my ears. —Yet, had you come honestly by it, I should have longed to read it—By what means——

Why, if people will leave their closet-doors open, let them take the consequence.

*If* people will do so—But was it so?—And yet, if it was, would *you* be willing to have your letters looked into?

Well then, I will carry it back—Shall I? (holding it out to me) Shall I, Harriet?—I will put it where I had it—Shall I? And twice or thrice went from me, and came back to me, with a provoking archness in her looks.

Only tell me, Miss Grandison, is there any-thing in it that you think your brother would not have us see?—But I am sure, there is, or the obliging Dr. Bartlett, who has shewn us others, would have favoured us with communicating the contents of this.

I would not but have seen this letter for half I am worth! O Harriet! there are *such* things in it—Bologna! Paris! Grandison-hall!

Begone, Siren: letters are sacred things. Replace it—Don't you own, that you came not honestly by it?—And yet——

Ah! Lucy, I was ready to yield to the curiosity she had raised: but, recollecting myself, Begone, said I: carry back the letter: I am afraid of myself.

Why, Harriet, here is one passage, the contents of which you must be acquainted with in a very little while——

I will not be tempted, Miss Grandison. I will stay till it is communicated to me, be it what it will.

But you may be surprised, Harriet, at the time, and know not what answer to give to it.—You had as good read it—Here, take it—Was there ever such a scrupulous creature?—It is about you and Emily——

About me and Emily! O Miss Grandison, what *can* there be about me and Emily?

And where's the difference, Harriet, between ask-

ing me about the contents, and reading them?—But I'll tell you——

No, you shall not: I will not hear the contents. I never will ask you. Can nobody act greatly but your brother? Let you and me, Charlotte, be the better for his example. You shall neither read them, nor tell me of them. I would not be so used myself.

Such praises did I never hear of woman!—Oh, Harriet!——Such praises——

Praises, Charlotte!—From your brother!—O this curiosity! the first fault of our first parent! But I will not be tempted. If you provoke me to ask questions, laugh at me, and welcome: but I beseech you, answer me not. Dear creature, if you love me, replace the letter; and do not seek to make me mean in my own eyes.

How you reflect upon me, Harriet!—But let me ask you, Are you willing, as a third sister, to take Emily into your guardianship, and carry her down with you into Northamptonshire?—Answer me that.

Ah! Miss Grandison! And is there such a proposal as that mentioned!—But answer me not, I beseech you. Whatever proposal is intended to be made me, let it be made: it will be too soon, whenever that is, if it be a disagreeable one.

But let me say, madam (and tears were in my eyes) that I will not be treated with indignity by the best man on earth. And while I can refuse to yield to a thing that I think unworthy of myself (you are a sister, madam, and have nothing either to hope or fear) I have a title to act with spirit, when occasions call for it.

My dear, you are serious—Twice *madam*, in one breath! I will not forgive you. You ought now to *hear* that passage read which relates to you and Emily, if you will not read it yourself.

And she was looking for it; I suppose, intending to read it to me.

No, Miss Grandison, said I, laying my spread hand upon the letter; I will neither read it, nor hear it read. I begin to apprehend, that there will be occasion for me to exert all my fortitude; and while it is yet in my power to do a right or a wrong thing, I will not deprive myself of the consciousness of having *merited* well, whatever may be my lot—Excuse me, madam.

I went to the door, and was opening it—when she ran to me—Dear creature! you are angry with me: but how that pride becomes you! There is a dignity in it that awes me. O Harriet! how infinitely does it become the only woman in the world, that is worthy of the best man in it! Only say, you are not angry with me. Say that you can and do forgive me.

Forgive you, my Charlotte!—I do. But can you say, that you came not honestly by that letter, and yet forgive yourself? But, my dear Miss Grandison, instantly replace it; and do you watch over me, like a true friend, if in a future hour of weakness you should find me desirous to know any of the contents of a paper so naughtily come at. I own that I had like to have been overcome: and if I had, all the information it would have given me, could never have recompensed me for what I should have suffered in my own opinion, when I reflected on the means by which I had obtained it.

Superior creature! how you shame me! I will replace the letter. And I promise you, that if I cannot forget the contents of it myself (and yet they are glorious to my brother) I will never mention any of them to you; unless the letter be fairly communicated to you, and to us all.

I threw my arms about her neck. She fervently returned the sisterly embrace. We separated; she

retiring at one door, in order to go up to replace the letter; I at the other, to re-consider all that had passed on the occasion. And I hope I shall love her the better for taking so kindly a behaviour so contrary to what her own had been.

Well, but, don't you congratulate me, my dear, on my escape from my curiosity? I am sure my grandmamma, and my aunt, will be pleased with their girl. Yet it was a hard struggle, I own: in the suspense I am in; a very hard struggle. But though wishes will play about my heart, that I knew such of the contents as it might concern me to know; yet I am infinitely better pleased that I yielded not to the temptation, than I should have been if I had. And then, methinks, my pride is gratified in the superiority this lady ascribes to me over herself, whom so lately I thought greatly my superior.

Yet what merit have I in this? Since if I had considered only rules of policy, I should have been utterly wrong, had I yielded to the temptation: for what use could I have made of any knowledge I might have obtained by this means? If any proposal is to be made me, of what nature soever, it must, in that case, have appeared to be quite new to me: and what an affectation must that have occasioned, what dissimulation, in your Harriet?—And how would a creature, educated as I have been, have behaved under such trials as might have arisen from a knowledge so faultily obtained?

And had I been discovered; had I given cause of suspicion, either to Dr. Bartlett, or Sir Charles; I should have appeared as the principal in the fact: it would have been mean to accuse Miss Grandison, as the tempter, in a temptation yielded to with my eyes open. And should I not have cast a slur upon that curiosity which Dr. Bartlett before had not refused

to gratify, as well as shut myself out from all future communications and confidence?

It is very possible, besides, that, unused as I have been to artifice and disguise, I should have betrayed myself; especially had I found any of the contents of the letter very affecting.

Thus you see, Lucy, that policy, as well as rectitude of manners, justifies me: and in this particular I am an happy girl.

Miss Grandison has just now told her sister what passed between us. Lady L. says, she would not have been Miss Grandison, in taking the letter, by what means soever come at; for how, said she, did I know what secrets there might be in it, before I read it? But I think verily, when it *had* been got at, and offered me, I could not have been Miss Byron.

And she threw her arms about me; Dear creature, said she, you *must* be Lady Grandison——

*Must!* said Miss Grandison: she *shall.*

Miss Grandison talked to Lady L. of its being likely that her brother would go to Bologna: of a visit he is soon to make to Grandison-hall; and she to go with him: of his going to Paris, in order to settle some matters relating to the will of his late friend Mr. Danby——

Well, Lucy, my time in town is hastening to its period. Why am I not reminded, that my three allotted months are near expired? Will you receive the poor girl, who perhaps will not be able to carry down with her the heart she brought up? And yet, to go down to such dear friends without it, what an ungrateful sound has that!

Miss Grandison began to talk of other subjects relating to her brother, and that greatly to his praise. I could have heard all she had to say with infinite pleasure. I *do* love to hear him praised.

But, as I doubted not but these subjects arose from the letter so surreptitiously obtained, I restrained myself, and withdrew.

* *

Of what a happy temper is Miss Grandison! She was much affected with the scene that passed between us; but all is over with her already. One lesson upon her harpsichord sets every-thing right with her. She has been raillying Lord L. with as much life and spirit, as if she had done nothing to be vexed at. Had I been induced by her to read the letter which she got at dishonestly, as she owned, what a poor figure should I have made in my own eyes, for a month to come!

But did she not as soon overcome the mortification given her by her brother, on the detection of Captain Anderson's affair? How unmercifully did she railly me, within a few hours after!—Yet, she has fine qualities. One cannot help loving her. I *do* love her. But is it not a weakness to look without abatement of affection on those faults in one person which we should hold utterly inexcusable in another? In Miss Grandison's case, however, don't say it is, Lucy. O what a partiality! Yet she has within these few minutes owned, that she thought the step she had taken a faulty one, before she came to me with the letter; and hoped to induce me to countenance her in what she had done.

I called her a little Satan on this occasion. But, after all, what if the dear Charlotte's curiosity was more for my sake than her own? No motive of friendship, you will say, can justify a wrong action—Why no, Lucy; that is very true; but if you knew Miss Grandison, you would love her dearly.

## LETTER II.

### SIR CHARLES GRANDISON TO DR. BARTLETT.

[*The letter which Miss Byron refused to read, or hear read.*]

Friday night, March 17.

I HOPE my Lord L. and my sisters will be able to make Colnebrook so agreeable to Miss Byron, that I may have the pleasure of finding her there in the beginning of the week.

My Lord W. is in town. He has invited me to dine with him to-morrow; *and must not be denied*, was a part of his message, brought me by Halden his steward, who says, That his lordship has something of consequence to consult me upon.

When, my dear friend, shall I find time for myself? Pray make my compliments to my Lord L. and to my *three* sisters; and tell them from me, that when I have the happiness of being in *their* company, then it is that I think I give time to myself.

I have a letter from Bologna: from the faithful Camilla. The contents of it give me great concern. She urges me to make one more visit there. She tells me, that the bishop said in her hearing, it would be *kind*, if I would. Were such a visit to be requested *generally*; and it were likely to be of service; you may believe that I would cheerfully make it.

I should go, for a fortnight at least, to Grandison-hall. Burgess has let me know, that the workmen have gone almost as far as they can go without my farther orders. And the churchwardens have signified to me, that the church is completely beautified, according to my directions; so that it will be ready to be opened on the Sunday after next, at

farthest; and entreat my presence, both as patron, and benefactor. I will now hasten my designed alterations at the Hall.

I had rather not be present at the opening. Yet the propriety of my being there will probably prevail upon me to comply with the entreaties of the churchwardens; who in their letter signify the expectations of Sir Samuel Clarke, Sir William Turner, and Mr. Barnham, of seeing me, and my sister Charlotte. You will be pleased to mention this to her.

I wish, without putting a slight upon good Mr. Dobson, that *you*, my dear friend, could oblige us with the first sermon. All then would be decent, and worthy of the occasion; and the praise would be given *properly*, and not to the *agent*. But as it would be a little mortifying to Mr. Dobson (of whose praise only I am apprehensive) so much as to hint such a wish, I will write to him, that he will oblige me if he say not one word, that shall carry the eyes of the audience to my seat.

The execution of the orders I gave, that five other pews should be equally distinguished and ornamented with mine, carries not with it the appearance of affectation; does it, my good Dr. Bartlett? especially as so many considerable families have seats there? I would not seem guilty of a false modesty, which, breaking out into singularity, would give the suspicion of a wrong direction, in cases where it may be of use to suppose a right one.

What can I do in relation to my Emily? She is of the stature of woman. She ought, according to the present taste, to be introduced into public life. I am not fond of that life: and what knowledge she will gain by the introduction, she had better be without. Yet I think we should conform something to the taste of the times in which we live. Womens

minds have generally a lighter turn than those of men. They should be innocently indulged. And on this principle it was, that last winter I attended her, and my sisters, very often to the places of public entertainment; that she, having seen every thing that was the general subject of polite conversation, might judge of such entertainments as they deserve; and not add expectation (which runs very high in young minds, and is seldom answered) to the ideal scenes. This indulgence answered as I wish. Emily can now hear talk of the emulation of actors and managers, and of the other public diversions, with tranquillity; and be satisfied, as she reads, with representing over again to herself the parts in which the particular actors excelled. And thus a boundary is set to her imagination; and that by her own choice; for she thinks lightly of them, when she can be obliged by the company of my two sisters and Lord L.

But new scenes will arise, in an age so studious as this, to gratify the eye and the ear. From these a young woman of fortune must not be totally excluded. I am a young man; and as Emily is so well grown for her years, I think I cannot so properly be her introducer to them, as I might, were I fifteen or twenty years older.

I live to my own heart; and I know (I think I do) that it is not a bad one: but as I cannot intend any-thing with regard to my Emily, I must, for her sake, be more observant of the world's opinion, than I hope I need to be for my own. You have taught me, that it is not good manners to despise the world's opinion, though we should regard it only in the second place.

Emily has too large a fortune. I have a high opinion of her discretion. But she is but a girl. Womens eyes are wanderers; and too often bring

home guests that are very troublesome to them, and whom, once introduced, they cannot get out of the house.

I wish she had only ten thousand pounds. She would then stand a better chance for happiness, than she can do, I doubt, with five times ten; and would have five persons, to one that she has now, to choose out of: for how few are there who can make proposals to the father or guardian of a girl who has 50,000l.?

Indeed there are not wanting in our sex forward spirits, who will think that sum not too much for their merits, though they may not deserve 5,000l. nor even one. And hence arises the danger of a woman of great fortune from those who will not dare to make proposals to a guardian. After an introduction (and how easy is that now made, at public places!) a woman of the greatest fortune is *but* a woman, and is to be attacked, and prevailed upon, by the same methods which succeed with a person of the slenderest; and perhaps is won with equal, if not with greater ease; since, if the lady has a little romance in her head, and her lover a great deal of art and flattery, she will call that romantic turn generosity, and, thinking she can lay the man who has obtained her attention, under obligation, she will meet him her full half-way.

Emily is desirous to be constantly with us. My sister is very obliging. I know she will comply with whatever I shall request of her in relation to Emily. But where the reputation of a lady is concerned, a man should not depend too much upon his own character, especially a young man, be it ever so unexceptionable. Her mother has already given out foolish hints. She demands her daughter. The unhappy woman has no regard to truth. Her own character lost, and so deservedly, will she have any

tenderness for that of Emily? Who will scruple to believe, what a mother, though ever so wicked, will report of her daughter under twenty, and her guardian under thirty, if they live constantly together? Her guardian, at the same time, carrying his heart in his countenance, and loving the girl; though with as much innocence, as if she were his sister. Once I had thoughts of craving the assistance of the court of Chancery for the protection of her person and fortune: but a hint of this nature distressed her for many days, unknown to me. Had I been acquainted that she took it so heavily, I would not have made her unhappy for one day.

I have looked out among the quality for a future husband for her: but, where can I find one with whom I think she will be happy? There are many who would be glad of her fortune. As I said, her fortune is too large. It is enough to render every man's address to her suspected; and to make a guardian apprehensive, that her person, agreeable as it is, and every day improving, and her mind opening to advantage every hour of her life, would be *but* the second, *if* the second, view of a man professing to love her. And were she to marry, what a damp would the slights of a husband give to the genius of a young woman, whose native modesty would always make her want encouragement!

I have also cast an eye over the gentry within my knowledge: but have not met with one whom I could wish to be the husband of my Emily. So tender, so gentle, so ductile, as she is, a fierce, a rash, an indelicate, even a careless or indifferent man, would either harden her heart, or shorten her life: and as the latter would be much more easy to be effected than the former, what must she suffer before she could return indifference for disrespect; and reach the quiet end of it!

See what a man Sir Walter Watkyns is! My sister only could deal with such an one. A superiority in her so visible, he must fear her: yet a generosity so great, and a dignity so conspicuous, in her whole behaviour, as well as countenance, he must love her: every body's respect to her, would oblige love and reverence from him. But my weak-hearted, diffident Emily, what would *she* do with such a man?

What would she do with a Sir Hargrave Pollexfen? What with such a man, as Mr. Greville, as Sir Hargrave describes him? I mention these men; for are there not many such?

I am not apt to run into grave declamations against the times: and yet, by what I have seen abroad, and now lately since my arrival, at home, and have heard from men of greater observation, and who have lived longer in the world, than I have, I cannot but think, that Englishmen are not what they were. A wretched effeminacy seems to prevail among them. Marriage itself is every day more and more out of fashion; and even virtuous women give not the institution so much of their countenance, as to discourage by their contempt the free livers. A good woman, as *such*, has therefore but few chances for happiness in marriage. Yet shall I not endeavour, the *more* endeavour, to save and serve my Emily?

I have one encouragement, since my happy acquaintance with Miss Byron, to think that the age is not entirely lost to a sense of virtue and goodness. See we not how every-body reveres *her?* Even a Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, a Greville, a Fenwick, men of free lives, adore her. And at the same time she meets with the love of all good men, and the respect of women, whether gay or serious. But I am afraid, that the first attraction with men, is her beauty. I

am afraid, that few see in that admirable young lady what I see in her: a mind great and noble: a sincerity beyond that of women: a goodness unaffected, and which shews itself in action, and not merely in words, and outward appearance: a wit lively and inoffensive: and an understanding solid and useful: all which render her a fit companion, either in the social or contemplative hour: and yet she thinks herself not above the knowledge of those duties, the performance of which makes an essential of the female character.

But I am not giving a character of Miss Byron to you, my good Dr. Bartlett, who admire her as much as I do.

Do you think it impossible for me to procure for my Emily such a guardian and companion as Miss Byron, on her return to Northamptonshire, would make her?—Such worthy relations as she would introduce her to, would be a further happiness to my ward.

I am far from undervaluing my sister's good qualities: but if Emily lives with her, she must live also with me. Indeed the affairs in which I am engaged for other people (if I may call those who have a claim upon me for every instance of my friendship, *other* people) will occasion me to be often absent. But still, while Grandison-hall, and St. James's Square, are the visible places of residence equally of the guardian and ward, Emily's mother will tell the world, that we live together.

Miss Jervois does not choose to return to Mrs. Lane; and indeed I don't think she would be safe there in a family of women, though very worthy ones, from the attempts of one of the sex, who, having brought her into the world, calls herself her mother; and especially now that the unhappy woman has begun to be troublesome there. I beg of you,

therefore, my dear Dr. Bartlett, who know more of my heart and situation than any one living (my dear Beauchamp excepted) to consider what I have written, and give me your opinion of that part of it, which relates to Miss Byron and Emily.

I was insensibly drawing myself in to enumerate the engagements, which at present press most upon me. Let me add to the subject—I must soon go to Paris, in order finally to settle such of the affairs of my late worthy friend, as cannot be so well done by any other hand. The three thousand pounds, which he has directed to be disposed of to charitable uses, in France as well as in England, at the discretion of his executor, is one of them.

Perhaps equity will allow me to add to this limited sum from what will remain in my hands after the establishment of the nephews and niece. As they are young, and brought up with the hope that they will make a figure in the world by their diligence, I would not, by any means, make them independent on that. The whole estate, divided among them, would not be sufficient to answer that purpose happily, though it might be enough to abate the edge of their industry.

The charity that I am most intent upon promoting in France, and in England too, is, that of giving little fortunes to young maidens in marriage with honest men of their own degree, who might, from such an outsetting, begin the world, as it is called, with some hope of success.

By this time, my dear Dr. Bartlett, you will guess that I have a design upon you. It is, that you will assist me in executing the will of my late friend. Make enquiries after, and recommend to me, objects worthy of relief. You were very desirous, some time ago, to retire to the Hall: but I knew not how to spare you; and I hoped to attend you thither.

You shall now set out for that place as soon as you please. And that neither may be (or as little as possible) losers by the separation, every thing that we would say to each other, were we together, *that*, as we used to do, we will say by pen and ink. We will be joint executors, in the first place, for this sum of 3000l.

Make enquiries then, as soon as you get down, for worthy objects—The industrious poor, of *all* persuasions, reduced either by age, infirmity, or accident; those who labour under incurable maladies; youth, of either sex, capable of beginning the world to advantage, but destitute of the means; these, in particular, are the objects we both think worthy of assistance. You shall take 500l. down with you, for a beginning.

It is my pride, it is my glory, that I can say, Dr. Bartlett and Charles Grandison, on all benevolent occasions, are actuated by one soul. My dear friend, adieu.

## LETTER III.

MISS BYRON TO MISS SELBY.

Saturday night, March 18.

I HAVE furnished the ladies, and my lord, with more letters. And so they have all my heart before them!—I don't care. The man is Sir Charles Grandison; and they railly me not so much as before, while they thought I affected reserves to them. Indeed it would be cruel, if they did; and I should have run away from them.

I am glad you all think, that the two sisters used me severely. They really did. But I have this

gratification of my pride in reflecting upon their treatment of me—I would not have done so by them, had situations been exchanged: and I think myself nearer an equality with them, than I had thought myself before.—But they are good women, and my sincere friends and well-wishers; and I forgive them: and so must my grandmamma.

I am sorry, methinks, that her delicacy has been offended on the occasion. And *did* she weep at the hearing read my account of that attack made upon her girl by the over-lively Charlotte?—O the dear, the indulgent, parent! How tender was it of my aunt too, to be concerned for the poor Harriet's delicacy, so hard put to it as she was! It did indeed (as she distinguishes in her usual charming manner) look, as if they put a great price upon their intended friendship to me, with regard to my interest in their brother's heart: as if the favour done to the humbled girl, if they could jointly procure for her their brother's countenance, might well allow of their *raillery*.—Don't, pray don't, my dear grandmamma, call it by a severer name. They did not, I am *sure* they did not, mean to hurt me so much, as I really was hurt. So let it pass. Humour and raillery are very difficult things to rein in. They are ever curveting like a prancing horse; and they will often throw the rider who depends more upon his skill in managing them, than he has reason to do.

My uncle was charmed with the scene: and thinks the two ladies did just as *he* would have done. He means it a compliment to their *delicacy*, I presume: but I am of my aunt Selby's opinion, that their *generous* brother would not have given them thanks for their raillery to the poor frighted Harriet. I am very happy, however, that my behaviour and frankness on the occasion are not disapproved at Selby-house,

and Shirley-manor, and by you, my Lucy. And here let that matter rest.

Should I not begin to think of going back to you all, my Lucy? I believe I blush ten times a day, when alone, to find myself waiting and waiting as if for the gracious motion; yet apprehending that it never *will*, never *can*, be made; and all you, my friends, indulging an absence, that your goodness makes painful to you, in the same hope. It looks—Don't it, Lucy?—so like a design upon—I don't know how it looks!—But at times, I can't endure myself. And yet while the love of virtue (perhaps a little too personal) is the foundation of these designs, these waitings, these emotions, I think, I am not wholly inexcusable.

I am sure I should not esteem him, were he not the good man he is—Pray let me ask you—Do you think he can always go on thus triumphantly?—So young a man—So admired, so applauded—Will he never be led into doing something unworthy of his character?—If he could, do you think I should then be partial to him—O no! I am sure I should not!—I should disdain him—I might grieve, I might pity—But what a multitude of foolish notions come into the head of a silly girl, who, little as she knows, knows more of any thing, or of any body, than she knows of herself!

* *

I wish my godfather had not put it in my head, that Emily is cherishing (perhaps unknown to herself) a flame that will devour her peace. For, to be sure, this young creature can have no hope that—Yet 50,000l. is a vast fortune.—But it can never buy her guardian. Do you think such a man as Sir Charles Grandison has a price?—I am sure he has not.

I watch the countenance, the words, the air of the girl, when he is spoken of: and with pity I see, that he cannot be named, but her eyes sparkle. Her eye is taken off her work or book, as she happens to be engaged in either, and she seems as if she would look the person through who is praising her guardian. For the life of her she cannot *work* and *hear*. And then she sighs—Upon my word, Lucy, there is no such thing as proceeding with his praises before her—the girl so sighs—So young a creature!—Yet how can one caution the poor thing?

But what makes me a little more observant of her, than I should otherwise perhaps have been (additional to Mr. Dean's observation) is a hint given me by Lady L. which perhaps she has from Miss Grandison, and *she* not unlikely from the stolen letter: for Miss Grandison hinted at it, but I thought it was only to excite my curiosity [when one is not in good humour, how one's very stile is encumbered!]: the hint is this, that it is more than probable, it will be actually proposed to me, to take down with me to Northamptonshire this young lady—I, who want a governess myself, to be—But *let* it be proposed.

In a conversation that passed just now, between us women, on the subject of love (a favourite topic with all girls), *this* poor thing gave her opinion unasked; and, for a young girl, was quite alert, I thought. She used to be more attentive than talkative.

I whispered Miss Grandison once, Don't you think Miss Jervois talks more than she used to do, madam?

I think she does, *madam*, re-whispered the arch lady.

I beg your pardon—*Charlotte*, then.

You have it, *Harriet*, then.—But let her prate. She is not often in the humour.

Nay, with all my heart; I love Miss Jervois: but I can't but watch when habits begin to change. And I am always afraid of young creatures exposing themselves when they are between girls and women.

I don't love whispering, said Miss Jervois, more pertly than ever: but my guardian loves me; and you, ladies, love me; and so my heart is easy.

*Her* heart easy!—Who thought of her heart? Her guardian *loves* her!—Emily shan't go down with me, Lucy.

Sunday morning, March 19.

O but, Lucy, we are alarmed here on Miss Jervois's account, by a letter which Dr. Bartlett received a little late last night from Sir Charles; so shewed it us not till this morning as we were at breakfast. The unhappy woman, her mother, has made him a visit. Poor Emily! Dear child! what a mother she has!

I have so much obliged the doctor by delivering into his hands the papers that our other friends have just perused (and, let me say, with high approbation) that he made no scruple of allowing me to send this letter to you. I asked the favour, as I know you will all now be very attentive to whatever relates to Emily. Return every thing the doctor shall entrust me with by the first opportunity.

By the latter part of this letter you will find, that the doctor has acquainted Sir Charles with his sister's wishes of a correspondence with him by letter. He consents to it, you will all see; but upon terms that are not likely to be complied with by any of his *three* sisters; for he puts me in. *Three sisters!*

His *third* sister!—The repetition has such an officiousness in it. He is a good man; but he can be severe upon our sex—*It is not in woman to be unreserved*—You'll find *that* one of the reflections upon us: he adds; And, to be *impartial, perhaps they should not.* Why so?—But is not this a piece of advice given to myself, to make me more reserved than I am? But he gives not himself opportunity to see whether I am or am not reserved. I won't be mean, Lucy, I repeat for the twentieth time. I won't *deserve* to be despised by him—No! though he were the sovereign of the greatest empire on earth. In this believe your

HARRIET BYRON.

## LETTER IV.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON TO DR. BARTLETT.

[*Inclosed in the preceding.*]

March 18.

I HAVE had a visit, my dear and reverend friend, from Emily's mother. She will very probably make one also at Colnebrook, before I can be so happy as to get thither. I dispatch this therefore, to apprise you and Lord L. of such a probability; which is the greater, as she knows Emily to be there, through the inadvertence of Saunders, and finds *me* to be in town. I will give you the particulars of what passed between us, for your better information, if she goes to Colnebrook.

I was preparing to attend Lord W. as by appointment, when she sent in her name to me.

I received her civilly. She had the assurance to make up to me with a full expectation that I would

salute her; but I took, or rather *received*, her ready hand, and led her to a chair by the fire-side. You have never seen her. She thinks herself still handsome; and, did not her vices make her odious, and her *whole aspect* shew her heart, she would not be much mistaken.

How does Emily, Sir? gallanting her fan: Is the girl here? Bid her come to me. I *will* see her.

She is not here, madam.

Where is she then? She has not been at Mrs. Lane's for some time.

She is in the best protection: she is with my two sisters.

And pray, Sir Charles Grandison, what do you intend to do with her? The girl begins to be womanly.

She laughed; and her heart spoke out at her eyes.

Tell me what you propose to do with her? You know, added she, affecting a serious air, that she is my child.

If, madam, you deserve to be thought her mother, you will be satisfied with the hands she is in.

Pish!—I never loved you good men: where a fine girl comes in their way, I know what I know—

She looked wantonly, and laughed again.

I am not to talk seriously with you, Mrs. Jervois; but what have you to *say* to my ward?

*Say!*—Why, you know, Sir, I am her mother: and I have a mind to have the care of her person myself. You must (so her father directed) have the care of her fortune: but I have a mind, for her reputation-sake, to take the girl out of the hands of so young a guardian. I hope you will not oppose me?

If this be all your business, madam, I must be excused. I am preparing, as you see, to dress.

Where is Emily? I *will* see the girl.

If your motive be motherly love, little, madam,

as you have acted the mother by her, you shall see her when she is in town. But her *person*, and *reputation*, as well as *fortune*, must be my care.

I am married, Sir: and my husband is a man of honour.

Your marriage, madam, gives a new reason why Emily must not be in your care.

Let me tell you, Sir, that my husband is a man of honour, and as brave a man as yourself; and he will see me righted.

Be he who he will, he can have no business with Emily. Did you come to tell me you are married, madam?

I did, Sir. Don't you wish me joy?——

Joy, madam! I wish you to deserve joy, and you will then perhaps have it. You'll excuse me—I shall make my friends wait.

I could not restrain my indignation. This woman marries, as she calls it, twice or thrice a year.

Well, Sir, then you will find time, perhaps, to talk with Major O'Hara. He is of one of the best families in Ireland. And he will not let me be robbed of my daughter.

Major O'Hara, madam, has nothing to do with the daughter of my late unhappy friend. Nor have I anything to say to *him*. Emily is in my protection; and I am sorry to say, that she never had been so, were not the woman who calls herself her mother, the person least fit to be entrusted with her daughter. Permit me the favour of leading you to your chair.

She then broke out into the language in which she always concludes these visits. She threatened me with the resentments of Major O'Hara; and told me, he had been a conqueror in half a dozen duels.

I offered my hand. She refused it not. I led her to her chair.

I will call again to-morrow afternoon, said she

(threatening with her head); perhaps with the major, Sir. And I expect you will produce the little harlotry.

I left her in silent contempt.—Vile woman!

But let nothing of this escape you to my Emily. I think she should not see her but in my presence. The poor girl will be terrified into fits, as she was the last time she saw her, if she comes, and I am not there. But possibly I may hear no more of this wicked woman for a month or two. Having a power to make her annuity either one or two hundred pounds, according to her behaviour, at my own discretion, the man she has married, who could have no inducement, but the annuity, if he *has* married her, will not suffer her to incur such a reduction of it: for, you know, I have always hitherto paid her two hundred pounds a year. Her threatening to see me to-morrow may be to amuse me while she goes. The woman is a foolish woman; but, being accustomed to intrigue, she aims at cunning and contrivance.

I am now hastening to Lord W. I hope his woman will not be admitted to his table, as she generally is, let who will be present; yet, it seems, knows not how to be silent, whatever be the subject. I have never chosen either to dine or sup with my lord, that I might not be under a necessity of objecting to her company: and were I *not* to object to it, as I am a near kinsman to my lord, and know the situation she is in with him, my complaisance might be imputed to motives altogether unworthy of a man of spirit.

Yours of this morning was brought to me, just as I was concluding. I am greatly interested in one paragraph in it.

You hint to me, that my sisters, though my absences are short, would be glad to receive now-and-then a letter from me. You, my dear friend, have

engaged me into a kind of habit, which makes me write to you with ease and pleasure.—To you, and to our Beauchamp, methinks, I can write any-thing. Use, it is true, would make it equally agreeable to me to write to my sisters. I would not have them think that there is a brother in the world, that better loves his sisters than I do mine: and now, you know, I have *three*. But why have they not signified as much to me? Could I give pleasure to any whom I love, without giving great pain to myself, it would be unpardonable not to do it.

I could easily carry on a correspondence with my sisters, were they to be very earnest about it: but then it must be a *correspondence:* the writing must not be all of one side. Do they think I should not be equally pleased to hear what *they* are about, from time to time; and what, occasionally, their sentiments are upon persons and things? If it fall in your way, and you think it not a mere temporary wish (for young ladies often wish, and think no more of the matter); then propose the condition—But caution them, that the moment I discover, that they are less frank, and more reserved than I am, there will be an end of the correspondence. My *three* sisters are most amiably frank, for women—But, thus challenged, dare they enter the lists, upon honour, with a man, a *brother*, upon equal terms?—O no! They dare not. It is not in women to be unreserved in some points; and (to be impartial) perhaps they should not: yet, surely, there is now-and-then a man, a *brother*, to be met with, who would be the more grateful for the confidence reposed in him.

Were this proposal to be accepted, I could write to them many of the things that I communicate to you. I have but few secrets. I only wish to keep from relations so dear to me, things that could not possibly yield them pleasure. I am sure I could trust

to your judgment, the passages that might be read to them from my letters to you.

Sometimes, indeed, I love to divert myself with Charlotte's humorous curiosity; for she seems, as I told her lately, to love to suppose secrets, where there are none, for a compliment to her own sagacity, when she thinks she has found them out; and I love at such times to see her puzzled, and at a fault, as a punishment for her declining to speak out.

You have told me heretofore, in excuse for the distance, which my *two elder sisters* observe to their brother, when I have complained of it to you, that it proceeded from awe, from reverence for him. But why should there be that awe, that reverence? Surely, my dear friend, if this is spontaneous, and invincible, in them, there must be some fault in my behaviour, some seeming want of freedom in my manner, with which you will not acquaint me: it is otherwise impossible, that between brothers and sisters, where the love is not doubted on either side, such a distance should subsist. You must consult them upon it, and get them to explain themselves on this subject to you; and when they have done so, tell me of my fault, and I will endeavour to render myself more agreeable (more familiar, shall I say?) to them. But I will not by any means excuse them, if they give me cause to think, that the distance is owing to the will and the power I have been blessed with to do my *duty* by them. What would this be, but indirectly to declare, that once they expected not justice from their brother? But no more of this subject at present. I am impatient to be with you all at Colnebrook; you cannot think *how* impatient. Self-denial is a very hard doctrine to be learned, my good Dr. Bartlett. So, in some cases, is it found to be, by your

CHARLES GRANDISON.

## LETTER V.

### MISS BYRON TO MISS SELBY.

Colnebrook, Sunday evening.

POOR Emily! her heart is almost broken. This ignoble passion, what a mean spirited creature had i like to have made me!—Be quiet, be quiet, Lucy!—I *will* call it *ignoble*. Did you ever know me before so little? And had it not like to have put me upon being hard-hearted, envious, and I can't tell what, to a poor fatherless girl, just starting into woman, and therefore into more danger than she ever was in before; wanting to be protected—from whom? From a *mother*.—Dreadful circumstance! Yet I was ready to grudge the poor girl her guardian, and her innocent prattle!—But let me be despised by the man I love, if I do not conquer this new-discovered envy, jealousy, littleness, at least with regard to this unhappy girl, whose calamity endears her to me.

Dear child, sweet Emily; you *shall* go down with me, if it be proposed. My grandmamma, and uncle, and aunt, will permit me to carry you with me. They are generous: they have no little passion to mislead their beneficence: they are what I hope to be, now I have found myself out—And what if her gratitude shall make her heart overflow into love, has she not excuse for it, if Harriet has any?

Well, but to the occasion of the poor Emily's distress.—About twelve this day, soon after Lord L. and the two sisters and I, came from church (for Emily happened not to go) a coach and four stopped at the gate, and a servant in a sorry livery, alighting from behind it, enquired for Lord L. Two gentlemen, who by their dress and appearance were military men, and one lady, were in it.

My lord ordered them to be invited to alight, and received them with his usual politeness.

Don't let me call this unhappy woman Emily's mother; O'Hara is the name she owns.

She addressed herself to my lord; I am the mother of Emily Jervois, my lord: this gentleman, Major O'Hara, is my husband.

The major bowed, strutted, and acknowledged her for his wife: And this gentleman, my lord, is Captain Salmonet, a very brave man: he is in foreign service. His lady is my own sister.

My lord took notice of each.

I understand, my lord, that my daughter is here. I desire to see her.

One of my lord's servants, at that time, passing by the door, which was open, Pray, Sir, said she to him, let Miss Jervois know, that her mamma is come to see her. Desire her to come to me.

*Major.* I long to see my new daughter: I hear she is a charming young lady, she may depend upon the kindness of a father from me.

*Capt.* De man of honour and good nature be my broder's general cha-*ract*-er, I do assure your lordship.

He spoke English as a Frenchman, my lord says; but pronounced the word character as an Irishman.

*Major (bowing).* No need of this, my dear friend. My lord has the cha-*ract*-er of a fine gentleman himself, and knows how to receive a gentleman who waits upon him with due respect.

*Lord L.* I hope I do. But, madam, you know whose protection the lady is in.

*Mrs. O'Hara.* I do, my lord. Sir Charles Grandison is a very fine gentleman.

*Capt.* De vinest cha-*ract*-er in de vorld. By my salvation, every body say so.

*Mrs. O'Hara.* But Sir Charles, my lord, is a very

young gentleman to be a guardian to so young a creature; especially now that she is growing into woman. I have had some few faults, I own. Who lives, that has not? But I have been basely scandalized. My first husband had *his;* and much greater than I had. He was set against me by some of his own relations: vile creatures!—He left me, and went abroad; but he has answered for all by this time; and for the scanty allowance he made me, his great fortune considered: but as long as my child will be the better for it, that I can forgive.—Emily, my dear!——

She stepped to the door on hearing the rustling of silks, supposing her at hand; but it was Miss Grandison, followed by a servant with chocolate, to afford her a pretence to see the visiters; and at the same time having a mind to hint to them, that they were not to expect to be asked to stay to dinner.

It is to Miss Grandison that I owe the description of each, the account of what passed, and the broken dialect.

Mrs. O'Hara has been a handsome woman; but well might Sir Charles be disgusted with her aspect. She has a leering, sly, yet confident eye; and a very bold countenance. She is not ungenteel; yet her very dress denotes her turn of mind. Her complexion, sallowish, streaked with red, makes her face (which is not so plump as it once has been) look like a withering John-apple that never ripened kindly.

Miss Grandison has a way of saying ill-natured things, in such a good-natured manner, that one cannot forbear smiling, though one should not altogether approve of them; and yet sometimes one would be ready to wonder how she came by her images.

The major is pert, bold, vain, and seemed particularly fond of his new scarlet coat, and laced waistcoat. He is certainly, Miss Grandison says, a low

man, though a soldier. Anderson, added she, is worth fifty of him. His face, fiery and highly pimpled, is set off to advantage by an enormous solitaire. His bad and straggling teeth are shewn continually by an affected laugh, and his empty discourse is interlarded with oaths, which, with my uncle's leave, I shall omit.

Captain Salmonet, she says, appeared to her in a middle way between a French beau and a Dutch boor; aiming at gentility, with a person and shape uncommonly clumsy.

They both assumed military airs, which not sitting naturally, gave them what Miss Grandison called the swagger of soldierly importance.

Emily was in her own apartment, almost fainting with terror; for the servant, to whom Mrs. O'Hara had spoken, to bid her daughter come to her, had officiously carried up the message.

To what Mrs. O'Hara had said in defence of her own character, my lord answered, Mr. Jervois had a right, madam, to do what he pleased with a fortune acquired by his own industry. A disagreement in marriage is very unhappy; but in this case, as in a duel, the survivor is hardly ever in fault. I have nothing to do in this matter. Miss Jervois is very happy in Sir Charles Grandison's protection. *She* thinks so; and so does every body that knows her. It is your misfortune if *you* do not.

*Mrs. O'Hara.* My lord, I make no dispute of Sir Charles's being the guardian of her fortune; but no father can give away the authority a mother has, as well as himself, over her child.

*Major.* That child a daughter too, my lord.

*Lord L.* To all this I have nothing to say. You will not be able, I believe, to persuade my brother Grandison to give up his ward's person to you, madam.

*Mrs. O'Hara.* Chancery may, my lord——

*Lord L.* I have nothing to say to this, madam. No man in England knows better what is to be done, in this case, than Sir Charles Grandison; and no man will be readier to do what is just and fitting, without law: but I enter not into the case; you must not talk to me on this subject.

*Miss Gr.* Do you think, madam, that your marriage intitles you the *rather* to have the care of Miss Jervois?

*Major.* (*With great quickness*) I hope, madam, that my honour, and my cha-*ract*-er——

*Miss Gr.* Be they ever so unquestionable, will not intitle you, Sir, to the guardianship of Miss Jervois's person.

*Major.* I do not pretend to it, madam. But I hope that no father's will, no guardian's power, is to set aside the natural authority which a mother has over her child.

*Lord L.* This is not my affair. I am not *inclined* to enter into a dispute with you, madam, on this subject.

*Mrs. O'Hara.* Let Emily be called down to her mother. I hope I may see my child. She is in this house, my lord. I hope I may see my child.

*Major.* Your lordship, and you, madam, will allow, that it would be the greatest hardship in the world, to deny to a mother the sight of her child.

*Capt.* De very greatest hardship of all hardships. Your lordship will not refuse to let de daughter come to her moder.

*Lord L.* Her guardian perhaps will not deny it. You must apply to him. He is in town. Miss Jervois is here but as a guest. She will be soon in town. I must not have her alarmed. She has very weak spirits.

*Mrs. O'Hara.* Weak *spirits*, my lord!—A child

to have spirits too weak to see her mother!—And she felt for her handkerchief.

*Miss Gr.* It sounds a little harshly, I own, to deny to a mother the sight of her daughter; but unless my brother were present, I think, my lord, it cannot be allowed.

*Major.* Not allowed, madam!

*Capt.* A moder to be denied to see her daughter! Jesu! and he crossed himself.

*Mrs. O'Hara.* (putting her handkerchief to hide her eyes, for it seems she wept not). I am a very unhappy mother indeed——

*Major.* (embracing her) My dearest honey! My love! I must not bear these tears—Would to God Sir Charles was here, and thought fit—But I came not here to threaten—You, my lord, are a man of the greatest honour; so is Sir Charles.—But whatever were the misunderstandings between husband and wife, they should not be kept up and propagated between mother and child. My wife at present desires only to see her child: that's all, my lord. Were your brother present, madam, he would not deny her this. Then again embracing his wife, My dear soul, be comforted. You will be allowed to see your daughter; no doubt of it. I am able to protect and right you. My dear soul, be comforted.

She sobbed, Miss Grandison says; and the good-natured Lord L. was moved—Let Miss Jervois be asked, said he, if she chooses to come down.

I will go to her myself, said Miss Grandison.

She came down presently again——

Miss Byron and Miss Jervois, said she, are gone out together in the chariot.

*Major.* Nay, madam——

*Capt.* Upon my salvation this must not pass—And he swaggered about the room.

Mrs. O'Hara looked with an air of incredulity.

It was true, however; for the poor girl being ready to faint, I was called in to her. Lady L. had been making a visit in the chariot; and it had just brought her back. O save me, save me, dear madam, said Miss Emily to me, wringing her hands. I cannot, I cannot see my mother out of my guardian's presence. And she will make me own her new husband. I beseech you, save me; hide me.

I saw the chariot from the window, and, without asking any questions, I hurried Miss Emily down stairs, and conducted the trembling dear into it; and stepping in after her, ordered the coachman to drive any where, except towards London: and then the poor girl threw her arms about my neck, smothering me with her kisses, and calling me by all the tender names that terror and mingled gratitude could suggest to her.

Miss Grandison told the circumstances pretty near as above; adding, I think, my lord, that Miss Emily wants not apology for her terror on this occasion. That lady, in her own heart, knows that the poor girl has reason for it.

Madam, said the major, my wife is cruelly used. Your brother—But I shall talk to *him* upon the subject. He is said to be a man of conscience and honour: I hope I shall find him so. I know how to protect and right my wife.

And *I* will stand by my broder and his lady, said the captain, to de very last drop of my blood.—He looked fierce, and put his hand on his sword.

*Lord L.* You don't by these airs mean to insult me, gentlemen—If you do——

*Major.* No, no, my lord. But we must seek our remedy elsewhere. Surprising! that a mother is denied the sight of her daughter! *Very* surprising!

*Capt.* Very surprising, indeed! Ver dis to be done in my country—in France——English liberty! Begar

ver pretty liberty!—A daughter to be supported against her moder—Whew! Ver pretty liberty, by my salvation!——

*Mrs. O'Hara.* And is indeed my vile child run away to avoid seeing her mother?—Strange! Does she always intend to do thus?—She *must* see me—And dearly shall she repent it!

And she looked fierce, and particularly spiteful; and then declared, that she would stay there till Emily came back, were it midnight.

*Lord L.* You will have my leave for that, madam?

*Major.* Had we not best go into our coach, and let that drive in quest of her?—She cannot be far off. It will be easy to trace a chariot.

*Lord L.* Since this matter is carried so far, let me tell you, that, in the absence of her guardian, I will protect her. Since Miss Jervois is thus averse, she shall be indulged in it. If you see her, madam, it must be by the consent, and in the presence, of her guardian.

*Major.* Well, my dear, since the matter stands thus; since your child is taught to shun you thus; let us see what Sir Charles Grandison will say to it. He is the principal in this affair, and is not *privileged.* If *he* thinks fit—and there he stopped, and blustered; and offered his hand to his bride—I am able both to protect and right you, madam; and I *will.* But you have a letter for the girl, written on a supposition that she was not here. Little did you, or I, think, that she was in the house when we came; and that she should be spirited away to avoid paying her duty to her mother.

Very true. And, very true said each; and Mrs. O'Hara pulled out the letter, laying it on one of the chairs; and desired it might be given to her daughter. And then they all went away, very much dissatisfied: the two men muttering and threatening,

and resolving, as they said, to make a visit to Sir Charles.

I hope we shall see him here very soon. I hope these wretches will not insult him, or endanger a life so precious. Poor Emily! I pity her from my heart. She is as much grieved on this occasion, as I was, in dread of the resentment of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen.

Let me give you some account of what passed between Emily and me: you will be charmed with her beautiful simplicity.

When we were in the chariot, she told me, that the last time she saw her mother, it was at Mrs. Lane's. The bad woman made a pretence of private business with her daughter, and withdrew with her into another room, and then insisted that she should go off with her, unknown to any body. And because I desired to be excused, said she, my mother laid her hands upon me, and said she would trample me under her foot. It is true (unhappy woman!) she was—— [Then the dear girl whispered me, though nobody was near us—sweet modest creature, loth to reveal this part of her mother's shame even to me aloud, and blushed as she spoke—] she was in her cups.—My mamma is as naughty as some *men* in that respect: and I believe she would have been as good as her word; but on my screaming (for I was very much frighted) Mrs. Lane, who had an eye upon us, ran in with two servants, and one of her daughters, and rescued me. She *had* torn my cap—Yet it was a sad thing, you know, madam, to see one's mother put out of the house against her will. And then she raised the neighbourhood. Lord bless me, I thought I should have died. I *did* fall into fits. Then was Mrs. Lane forced to tell every one what a sad woman my mother was! It was such a disgrace to me! It was a month before I could go to church, or look any body in the face. But Mrs. Lane's character was

of her side; and my guardian's goodness was a help —Shall I say a help against my mother?— Poor woman! we heard afterwards, she was dead; but my guardian would not believe it. If it would please God to take me, I should rejoice. Many a tear does my poor mother, and the trouble I give to the best of men, cost me, when nobody sees me; and many a time do I cry myself to sleep, when I think it impossible I should get such a kind relief.

I was moved at the dear girl's melancholy tale. I clasped my arms about her, and wept on her gentle bosom. Her calamity, which was the greatest that could happen to a good child, I told her, had endeared her to me: I would love her as my sister.

And so I will: dear child, I will for ever love her. And I am ready to hate myself for some passages in my last letter. O how deceitful is the heart! I could not have thought it possible that mine could have been so narrow.

The dear girl rejoiced in my assurances, and promised grateful love to the latest hour of her life.

Indeed, madam, I have a grateful heart, said she, for all I am so unhappy in a certain relation. I have none of those sort of faults that give me a resemblance in any way to my poor mother. But how shall I make out what I say? You will mistrust me, I fear: you will be apt to doubt my principles. But will you promise to take my heart in your hand, and guide it as you please?—Indeed it is an honest one. I wish you saw it through and through.—If ever I do a wrong thing, mistrust my head, if you please, but not my heart. But in every thing I will be directed by you; and then my head will be as right as my heart.

I told her that good often resulted from evil. It was a happy thing perhaps for both, that her mother's visit had been made. Look upon me, my dear Emily, as your entire friend. We will have but one heart between us.

Let me add, Lucy, that if you find me capable of drawing this sweet girl into confessions of her infant love, and of making ungenerous advantage of them, though the event were to be fatal to my peace if I did not; I now call upon all you, my dear friends, to despise and renounce the treacherous friend in Harriet Byron.

She besought me to let her write to me; to let her come to me for advice, as often as she wanted it, whether here, in my dressing-room, or chamber, or at Mr. Reeves's, when I went from Colnebrook.

I consented very cheerfully, and at her request, (for indeed, said she, I would not be an intruder for the world) promised, by a nod at her entrance, to let her know, if she came when I was busy, that she must retire, and come another time.

You are too young a lady, added she, to be called my mamma——Alas! I have never a mamma, you know: but I will love you, and obey you, on the holding up of your finger, as I would my mother, were she as good as you.

Does not the beautiful simplicity of this charming girl affect you, Lucy? But her eyes swimming in tears, her earnest looks, her throbbing bosom, her hands now clasped about me, now in one another, added such graces to what she said, that it is impossible to do justice to it: and yet I am affected as I write.

Indeed, her calamity has given her an absolute possession of my heart. I, who had such good parents, and have had my loss of them so happily alleviated, and even supplied, by a grandmamma and an aunt so truly maternal, as well as by the love of every one to whom I have the happiness to be related; how unworthy of such blessings should I be, if I did not know how to pity a poor girl, who must reckon a living mother as her heaviest misfortune!

Sir Charles, from the time of the disturbance which this unhappy woman made in Mrs. Lane's neighbourhood, and of her violence to his Emily, not only threatened to take from her that moiety of the annuity which he is at liberty to withdraw; but gave orders that she should never again be allowed to see his ward, but in his presence: and she has been quiet till of late, only threatening and demanding. But now she seems, on this her marriage with Major O'Hara, to have meditated new schemes, or is aiming, perhaps, at new methods to bring to bear an old one; of which Sir Charles had private intimation given him by one of the persons to whom, in her cups, she once boasted of it: which was, that as soon as Miss Emily was marriageable, she would endeavour, either by fair means, or foul, to get her into her hands: and if she did, but for *one* week, she should the *next* come out the wife of a man she had in view, who would think half the fortune more than sufficient for himself, and make over the other half to her; and then she should come into her right, which she deems to be half of the fortune of which her husband died possessed.

This that follows is a copy of the letter left for Emily by this mother; which, though not well spelled, might have been written by a better woman, who had hardships to complain of which might have intitled her to pity.

MY DEAR EMILY,

If you have any love, any duty left, for an unhappy mother, whose faults have been barbarously aggravated, to justify the ill usage of a husband who was not faultless; I conjure you to insist upon making me a visit, either at my new lodgings in Dean Street, Soho; or that you will send me word where I can see you, supposing I am not permitted to see you as this

day, or that you should not be at Colnebrook, where, it seems, you have been some days. I cannot believe that your guardian, for his own reputation-sake, as well as for justice-sake, as he is supposed to be a good man, will deny you if you insist upon it; as you ought to do, if you have half the love for me, that I have for you.

Can I doubt that you *will* insist upon it? I cannot. I long to see you: I long to lay you in my bosom. And I have given hopes to Major O'Hara, a man of one of the best families in Ireland, and a very worthy man, and a brave man too, who knows how to right an injured wife, if he is put to it, but who wishes to proceed amicably, that you will not scruple, as my husband, to call him father.

I hear a very good account of your improvements, Emily; and I am told that you are grown very tall and pretty. O my Emily!—What a grievous thing is it to say, that I am *told* these things; and not to have been allowed to see you; and to behold your growth, and those improvements, which must rejoice my heart, and do, though I am so basely belied as I have been! Do not you, Emily, despise her that bore you. It is a dreadful thing, with such fortunes as your father left, that I must be made poor and dependent; and then be despised for being so.

But if you, my child, are taught to be, and will be, one of these; what, though I have such happy prospects in my present marriage, will be my fate, but a bitter death, which your want of duty will hasten? For what mother can bear the contempts of her child? And in that case your great fortune will not set you above God's judgments. But better things are hoped of my Emily, by her

Indulgent, though heretofore
Saturday, March 18. unhappy mother,
HELEN O'HARA.

My lord thought fit to open this letter: he is sorry that he did; because the poor girl is so low-spirited, that he does not choose to let her see it; but will leave it to her guardian to give it to her, or not, as he pleases.

Miss Grandison lifted up her hands and eyes as she read it. Such a wretch as this, said she, to remind Emily of God's judgments; and that line written as even as the rest! How was it possible, if her wicked heart could suggest such words, that her fingers could steadily write them? But indeed she verifies the words of the wise man; *There is no wickedness like the wickedness of a woman.*

We all long to see Sir Charles. Poor Emily, in particular, will be unhappy till he comes.

While we expect a favoured person, though rich in the company of the friends we are with, what a diminution does it give to enjoyments that would be complete, were it not for that expectation? The mind is uneasy, not content with itself, and always looking out for the person wanted.

Emily was told, that her mother left a letter for her; but is advised not to be solicitous to see it till her guardian comes. My lord owned to her, that he had opened it; and pleaded tenderness, as he justly might, in excuse of having taken that liberty. She thanked his lordship, and said, it was for such girls as she to be directed by such good and kind friends.

She has just now left me. I was writing, and wanted to close. I gave her a nod, with a smile, as agreed upon a little before. Thank you, thank you, dear madam, said she, for this freedom. She stopped at the door, and, with it in her hand, in a whispering accent, bending forwards, Only tell me, that you love me as well as you did in the chariot.

Indeed, my dear, I do; and better, I think, if possible: because I have been putting part of our con-

versation upon paper, and so have fastened your merits on my memory.

God bless you, madam, I am gone; and away she tript.

But I will make her amends, before I go to rest; and confirm all that I said to her in the chariot; for most cordially I can.

I am, my dear Lucy, and will be,
Ever yours,
HARRIET BYRON.

## LETTER VI.

MR. DEANE TO MRS. SELBY.

London, Friday night, March 17.

You wished me, my dear Mrs. Selby, as I was obliged to go to London on my own affairs, to call at Colnebrook, and to give you my observations on the state of matters there; and whether there were any likelihood of the event we are all so desirous should be brought about; and particularly, if an opportunity offered, that I would at distance sound Sir Charles himself on the subject. I told you, that you need not be afraid of my regard to our dear child's delicacy; and that she herself should not have reason to mistrust me on this nice subject.

It seems his great engagements in town, and some he has had in Kent, have hindered him from giving Lord L. and his sisters, much of his company, though our Harriet is there; which they all extremely regret.

I dined at Colnebrook. Lord L. is a very worthy and agreeable man. Lady L. and Miss Grandison are charming women. Miss Jervois is a pretty young lady.—But more of her bye-and-bye.——The cousin Grandison you spoke of, is gone down to Gran-

dison-hall, whither Sir Charles himself thinks shortly of going—But this and other distant matters I refer to our Harriet's own account.

My visit to Sir Charles is most in my head, and I will mention that, and give place to other observations afterwards.

After dinner I pursued my journey to London. As my own business was likely to engage me for the whole time I had to stay in town, I alighted at his house in St. James's Square; and was immediately, on sending in my name, introduced to him.

Let me stop to say, he is indeed a very fine gentleman. Majesty and sweetness are mingled in every feature of his face; and the latter, rather than the former, predominates in his whole behaviour. Well may Harriet love him.

I told him, that I hoped on my coming to town on particular affairs, he would excuse the intrusion of a man who was personally a stranger to him; but who had long wished for an opportunity to thank him for the relief he had given to a young lady, in whom I claimed an interest that was truly paternal. At the same time I congratulated him on the noble manner in which he had extricated himself to the confusion of men, whom he had taught to find out, and to be ashamed, that they were savages.

He received my compliments as a man might be supposed to do, to whom praise is not a new thing; and made me very handsome ones, declaring himself acquainted with my character, with my connections with your family, and with one of the most excellent of young ladies. This naturally introduced the praises of our Harriet; in which he joined in so high and so just a strain, that I saw his heart was touched. I am sure it is: so set yours at rest. It must do. Every-thing is moving, and that not slowly, to the event so desirable. I led to the graces of her

person; he to those of her mind. He allowed her to be, for both, one of the most perfect beauties he had ever seen. In short, Mrs. Selby, I am convinced, that the important affair will ripen of itself. His sisters, Lord L. Dr. Bartlett, all avowedly in our lovely girl's favour, and her merit so extraordinary; it must do. Don't you remember what the old song says?

When *Phœbus* does his beams display,
To tell men gravely that 'tis day,
Is, to suppose them blind.

All I want, methinks, is, to have them oftener together. Idleness, I believe, is a great friend to love. I wish his affairs would let him be a little idle. They must be dispatched soon, be they what they will; for Lord L. said, that when he is master of a subject, his execution is as swift as thought. Sir Charles hinted, that he should soon be obliged to go to France. Seas are nothing to him. Dr. Bartlett said, that he considers all nations as joined on the same continent; and doubted not but if he had a call, he would undertake a journey to Constantinople or Pekin, with as little difficulty as some others would (he might have named me for one) to the Land's-end. Indeed he appears to be just that kind of man. Yet he seems not to have any of that sort of fire in his constitution, that goes off with a bounce, and leaves nothing but vapour and smoke behind it.

You are in doubt about our girl's fortune. It is not a despicable one. He may, no question, have a woman with a much greater; and so may she a man.—What say you to Lady D.'s proposal, rejected for his sake; at *hap-hazard* too, as the saying is? But let it once come to that question, and leave it to *me* to answer it.

You bid me to remark how Harriet looks. She is

as lovely as ever; but, I think, not quite so lively, and somewhat paler; but it is a clear and healthy, not a sickly paleness; and there is a languor in her fine eyes, that I never saw in them before. She never was a pert girl; but she has more meekness and humility in her countenance, than, methinks, I could wish her to have; because it gives to Miss Grandison, who has fine spirits, some advantages, in conversation, over Harriet, that, if she *had*, methinks she should not take. But they perfectly understand one another.

But now for a word or two about Miss Jervois. I could not but take notice to our Miss Byron, of the greediness with which she eats and drinks the praises given her guardian; of the glow that overspreads her cheeks, and of a sigh that now-and-then seems to escape even her own observation, when he is spoken of [so like a niece of mine, who drew herself in, and was afterwards unhappy]; and by these symptoms I conclude, that this young creature is certainly giving way to love. She has a very great fortune, is a pretty girl, and an improving beauty. She is tall and womanly. I thought her sixteen or seventeen; but it seems she is hardly fourteen. There is as much difference in girls as in fruits, as to their *maturing* as I may say. My mother, I remember, once said of an early bloom in a niece of hers, that such were born to woe. I hope it won't be so with this; for she certainly is a good young creature, but has not had great opportunities of knowing either the world, or herself. Brought up in a confined manner in her father's house at Leghorn, till twelve or thirteen; what opportunities could she have? No mother's wings to be sheltered under; her mother's wickedness giving occasion the more to straighten her education, and at a time of life so young, and in so restraining a country as Italy, for girls and young

maidens; and, since brought over, put to board with a retired country gentlewoman—What can she know, poor thing? She has been but a little while with Miss Grandison, and that but as a guest: so that the world before her is all new to her: and, indeed, there seems to be in her pretty wonder, and honest declarations of her whole heart, a simplicity that sometimes borders upon childishness, though at other times a kind of womanly prudence. I am not afraid of her on our *Harriet's account*; and yet Harriet (lover-like, perhaps) was alarmed at my hinting it to her: but I am on *her own*. I wish, as I said before, Sir Charles was more among them: he would soon discover whose love is fit to be discountenanced, and whose to be encouraged; and, by that means, give ease to twenty hearts. For I cannot believe that such a man as this would be *guilty* (I will call it) of reserve to such a young lady as ours, were he but to have the shadow of a thought that he has an interest in her heart.

My affairs are more untoward than I expected: but on my return to Peterborough I will call at Shirley-manor and Selby-house—and then (as I hope to see Sir Charles again, either in London, or at Colnebrook) I will talk to you of all these matters. Mean time believe me to be

Your affectionate and faithful humble servant,

THOMAS DEANE.

## LETTER VII.

### MISS BYRON TO MISS SELBY.

Monday, March 20.

After we had taken leave of one another for the night, I tapt at Emily's chamber-door: which being immediately opened by her maid, Is it you, my dear Miss Byron, said she, running to me? How good this is!

I am come, my dear, late as it is, to pass an agreeable half-hour with you, if it will not be unseasonable.

That it can never be.

You must then let your Anne go to bed, said I: else, as her time is not her own, I shall shorten my visit. I will assist you in any little services myself. I have dismissed Jenny.

God bless you, madam, said she; you consider every-body. Anne tells me, that the servants, throughout the house, adore you: and I am sure their principals do.—Anne, you may go to your rest.

Jenny, who attends me here, has more than once hinted to me, that Miss Jervois loves to sit up late, either reading, or being read to by Anne; who, though she reads well, is not fond of the task.

Servants, said I, are as sensible as their masters and mistresses. They speak to their feelings. I question not but they love Miss Jervois as well as they do me. I should as soon choose to take my measures of the goodness of principals by their servants' love of them, as by any other rule. Don't you see, by the silent veneration and assiduities of the servants of Sir Charles Grandison, how much they adore their master?

I am very fond of being esteemed by servants, said she, from that *very* observation of my guardian's

goodness, and his servants' worthiness, as well as from what my maid tells me all of them say of you. But you and my guardian are so much alike in every-thing, that you seem to be born for one another.

And then she sighed involuntarily; yet seemed not to endeavour to restrain or recal her sigh.

Why sighs my dear young friend? Why sighs my Emily?

That's good of you, to call me *your* Emily. My guardian calls me *his* Emily. I am always proud when he calls me so—I don't know why I sigh: but I have lately got a trick of sighing, I think. Will it do me harm? Anne tells me it will; and says, I must break myself of it. She says, it is not pretty in a young lady to sigh: but where is the unprettiness of it?

Sighing is said to be a sign of being in love; and young ladies——

Ah! madam! and yet *you* sigh very often——

I felt myself blush.

I often catch myself sighing, my dear, said I. It is a *trick*, as you call it, which I would not have you learn.

But I have *reason* for sighing, madam; which you have not—Such a mother! A mother that I wanted to be good, not so much to me, as to herself: a mo-ther so unhappy, that one must be glad to run away from her. My poor papa! so good as he was to every-body, and even to her, yet had his heart broken—O madam! (flinging her arms about me, and hiding her face in my bosom) have I not cause to sigh?

I was greatly moved: so *dutifully* sensible of her calamity! and for *such* a calamity, who would not?

Such a disgrace too! said she, raising her head. Poor woman!—Yet she has the worst of it. Do you think that *that* is not enough to make one sigh?

Amiable goodness! (kissing her cheek) I shall love you too well.

You are too good to me: you must not be so good to me: that, even *that* will make me sigh. My *guardian's* goodness to me gives me pain; and I think verily, I sigh more since last I left Mrs. Lane, and have seen more of his goodness, and how every body admires, and owns obligation to, him, than I did before.—To have a stranger, as one may say, and so *very* fine a gentleman, to be so good to one, and to have such an unhappy mother, who gives *him* so much trouble—how can one help sighing for both reasons?

Dear girl! said I, my heart overflowing with compassion for her, you and I are bound equally, by the tie of gratitude, to esteem him.

Ah, madam, you will one day be the happiest of all women—and so you *deserve* to be.

What means my Emily?

Don't I see, don't I hear, what is designed to be brought about by Lord and Lady L. and Miss Grandison? And don't I hear from my Anne, what everybody expects and wishes for?

And *does* every body expect and wish, my Emily—

I stopped. She went on.—And don't I see that my guardian himself loves you?

Do you think so, Emily?

O how he dwells upon your words when you speak!

You fancy so, my dear.

You have not observed his eyes so much as I have done, when he is in your company. I have watched *your* eyes, too; but have not seen that you mind him quite so much as he does you.—Indeed he loves you dearly.—And then she sighed again.

But why *that* sigh, my Emily? Were I so happy as you think, in the esteem of this good man, would you envy me, my dear?

Envy you!—I, such a simple girl as I, envy you? No, indeed. Why should I envy you? But tell me now; dear madam, tell me; Don't you love my guardian?

Every-body does. You, my Emily, love him.

And so I do; but you love him, madam, with a hope that no one else will have reason to entertain—Dear, now place a little confidence in your Emily: my guardian shall never know it from me, by the *least* hint. I beg you will own it. You can't think how you will oblige me. Your confidence in me will give me importance with myself.

Will you, Emily, be as frank-hearted with me, as you would have me be with you?

Indeed I will.

I do, my dear, greatly esteem your guardian.

*Esteem!* Is that the word? Is that the ladies' word for love? And is not the word *love* a pretty word for women? I mean no harm by it, I am sure.

And I am sure you *cannot* mean harm: I will be sincere with my Emily. But you must not let any one living know what I say to you of this nature. I would prefer your guardian, my dear, to a king, in all his glory.

And so, madam, would I, if I were you. I should be glad to be thought like you in every thing.

Amiable innocence! But tell me, Miss Jervois, Would you not *have* me esteem your guardian? You know he was *my* guardian too, and that at an exigence when I most wanted one.

Indeed I would. Would you have me wish such a good young lady as Miss Byron to be ungrateful? No, indeed.—And again she sighed.

Why *then* sighed my Emily? You said you would be frank-hearted.

So I will, madam. But I really can't tell why I sighed then. I wish my guardian to be the happiest

man in the world: I wish you, madam, to be the happiest woman: and how can either be so, but in one another?—But I am grieved, I believe, that there seems to be something in the way of your mutual happiness—I don't know whether that is all, neither —I don't know what it is—If I did, I would tell you—But I have such throbs sometimes at my heart, as make me fetch my breath hard—I don't know what it is—Such a weight here, as *makes* me sigh; and I have a pleasure, I think, because I have an ease in sighing—What can it be?—

Go on, my dear: you are a pretty describer.

Why now, if any-body, as Anne did last time my guardian came hither, were to run up stairs, in an hurry; and to say Miss, miss, miss, your guardian is come! I should be in *such* a flutter—my heart would seem to be too big for my bosom. I should sit down as much out of breath, as if I had run down a high hill.—And, for half an hour, may be, so tremble, that I should not be able to see the dear guardian that perhaps I had wanted to see. And to hear him with a voice of gentleness, as if he pitied me for having so unhappy a mother, call me *his* Emily.—Don't you think he has a sweet voice?—And *your* voice, too, madam, is also *so* sweet—Every body says, that even in your common speech your voice is melody.—Now Anne says—

O my agreeable little flatterer!

I don't flatter, madam. Don't call me a flatterer. I am a very sincere girl: indeed I am.

I dare say you are; but you raise my vanity, my dear. It is not *your* fault to tell me what people say of me; but it is *mine* to be proud of their commendations—But you were going to tell me what Anne says, on your being so much affected, when she tells you in a hurry, that your guardian is come?

Why Anne says, that all those are signs of love.

Foolish creature!—And yet so they may: but not of such love as she means—Such a love as she as good as owns she had in her days of *flutteration*, as she whimsically calls them; which, as she explains it, were when she was two or three years older than I am. In the first place, I am very young, you know, madam; a mere girl: and such a *simple* thing!—I never had a mother, nor sister neither; nor a companion of my own sex.—Mrs. Lane's daughters, what were they? They looked upon me as a child, as I was. In the next place, I *do* love my guardian, that's true; but with as much reverence, as if he were my father. I never had a thought that had not that deep, that profound reverence for him, as I remember I had for my father.

But you had not, my dear, any of those flutters, those throbs, that you spoke of, on any returns of your father, after little absences?

Why, no; I can't say I had. Nor, though I always rejoiced when my guardian came to see me at Mrs. Lane's, had I, as I remember, any such violent emotions as I have had of late. I don't know how it is—Can you tell me?

Do you not, Lucy, both love and pity this sweet girl?

My dear Emily,—These *are* symptoms, I doubt—

Symptoms of what, madam?—Pray tell me sincerely. I wish not to hide a thought of my heart from you.

If encouraged, my dear—

What then, madam?

It *would be* love, I doubt.—That sort of love that would make you uneasy—

No; that cannot be, surely. Why, madam, at that rate, I should never dare to stand in your presence. Upon my word, I wish no one in the world,

but you, to be Lady Grandison. I have but one fear.

And what's that?

That my guardian won't love me so well, when he marries, as he does now.

Are you afraid that the woman he marries will endeavour to narrow so large a heart as his?

No; not if that woman were you.—But, forgive my folly! (and she looked down) he would not take my hand so kindly as now he does: he would not look in my face with pleasure, and with pity on my mother's account, as he does now: he would not call me *his* Emily: he would not bespeak every one's regard for his ward.

My dear, you are now almost a woman. He will, if he remains a single man, soon draw back into his heart that kindness and love for you, which, while you are a girl, he suffers to dwell upon his lips. You must expect this change of behaviour soon, from his prudence. You, yourself, my love, will set him the example: you will grow more reserved in your outward behaviour, than hitherto there was reason to be.

O, madam! never tell me that! I should break my heart, were I twenty, and he did not treat me with the tenderness that he has always treated me with. If, indeed, he find me an incroacher: if he find me forward, and indiscreet, and troublesome; then let him call me *any*-body's Emily, rather than *his*.

You will have different notions, my dear, before that time—

Then, I think, I shan't desire to live to see the time. Why, madam, all the comfort I have to set against my unhappiness from my mother, is, that so good, so virtuous, and so prudent a man as Sir Charles Grandison, calls me *his* Emily, and loves me as his

child. Would you, madam, were you Lady Grandison (now, tell me, would you) grudge me these instances of his favour and affection?

Indeed, my dear, I would not: if I know my own heart, I would not.

And would you permit me to live with you?—Now it is out—Will you permit me to live with my guardian and you?—This is a question I wanted to put to you; but was both ashamed and afraid, till you thus kindly emboldened me.

Indeed I would, if your guardian had no objection.

That don't satisfy me, madam. Would you be my earnest, my sincere advocate, and plead for me? He would not deny you any thing. And would you (come, madam, I will put you to it) would you say, 'Look you here, Sir Charles Grandison; this girl, this Emily, is a good sort of girl: she has a great fortune. Snares may be laid for her; she has no papa but you: she has, poor thing!' [I hope you would call me by names of pity to move him] 'no mamma; or is more unhappy than if she had none. Where can you dispose of her so properly, as to let her be with us? I will be her protectress, her friend, her mamma;' [Yes, do, madam, let me choose a mamma! Don't let the poor girl be without a mamma, if *you* can give her one. I am sure I will study to give you pleasure, and not pain]—'I *insist* upon it, Sir Charles. It will make the poor girl's heart easy. She is told of the arts and tricks of men, where girls have great fortunes; and she is always in dread about them, and about her unhappy mother. Who will form plots against her, if she is with us?' —Dear, dear madam! you are *moved* in my favour—[Who, Lucy, could have forborn being affected by her tender prattle?] She threw her arms about me; I see you are moved in my favour!—And I will be

your attendant: I will be your waiting-maid; I will help to adorn you, and to make you more and more lovely in the eyes of my guardian.

I could not bear this—No more, no more, my lovely girl, my innocent, my generous, my irresistible girl!—Were it come to that, [it became me to be unreserved, for more reasons than one, to this sweet child]—not one request should my Emily make, that in heart and mind I would not comply with: not one wish that I would not endeavour to promote and accomplish for her.

I folded her to my heart, as she hung about my neck.

I grieve you—I would not, for the world, grieve my young mamma, said she—Henceforth let me call you my mamma.—*Mamma*, as I have heard the word explained, is a more tender name even than *mother*—The unhappy Mrs. Jervois shall be Mrs. O'Hara, if she pleases, and only *mother*: a child must not renounce her *mother*, though the mother should renounce, or worse than renounce, her child.

I must leave you, Emily.

Say then *my* Emily.

I must leave you, *my* and *more* than *my* Emily—You have cured me of sleepiness for this night!

O then I am sorry.

No, don't be sorry. You have given me pain, 'tis true; but I think it is the sweetest pain that ever entered into a human heart. Such goodness! such innocence! such generosity!—I thank God, my love, that there is in my knowledge so worthy a young heart as yours.

Now, how good this is! (and again she wrapped her arms about me) And will you go?

I must, I must, my dear!—I can stay no longer.—But take this assurance, that my Emily shall have a first place in my heart for ever. I will study to pro-

mote your happiness; and your wishes shall be the leaders of mine.

Then I am sure I shall live with my guardian and you for ever, as I may say: and God grant, and down on her knees she dropped, with her arms wrapped about mine, that you may be the happiest of women, and that soon, for my sake, as well as your own, in marriage with the best of men, my guardian! (exultingly, said she): and say, Amen—Do, God bless you, madam, say Amen to my prayer.

I struggled from her.—O my sweet girl! I cannot bear you!—I hastened out at the door, to go to my chamber.

You are not angry, madam? following me, and taking my hand, and kissing it with eagerness. Say you are not displeased with me. I will not leave you till you do.

Angry! my love! who can be angry? How you have distressed me by your sweet goodness of heart!

Thank God, I have not offended you. And now say once more *my* Emily—Say, Good rest to you, *my* Emily—my love—and all those tender names—and say, God bless you, my child, as if you were my mamma; and I will leave you, and I shall in fancy go to sleep with angels.

Angels only are fit company for *my* Emily—God bless *my* Emily! Good night! Be your slumbers happy!

I kissed her once, twice, thrice, with fervor; and away she tript; but stopt at the door, courtesying low, as I delighted, yet *painfully* delighted, looked after her.

Ruminating, in my retirement, on all the dear girl had said, and on what might be my fate; so many different thoughts came into my head, that I could not close my eyes: I therefore arose before day; and

while my thoughts were agitated with the affecting subject, had recourse to my pen.

Do, my Lucy, and do you, my grandmamma, my aunt, my uncle, *more* than give me leave, *bid* me, *command* me, if it shall be proposed, to bring down with me my Emily: and yet she shall not come, if you don't all promise to love her as well as you do

Your for ever obliged

HARRIET BYRON.

## LETTER VIII.

MISS BYRON TO MISS SELBY.

Monday, March 20.

THE active, the restless goodness, of this Sir Charles Grandison, absolutely dazzles me, Lucy!

The good Dr. Bartlett has obliged us all with the sight of two letters, which give an account of what he has done for Lord W. his uncle. He has been more than a father to his *uncle:* does not that sound strange? But he is to be the obliger of every body.

The doctor said, that since Miss Grandison had claimed the benefit of her brother's permission for him to use his own discretion in communicating to us such of the letters as he was favoured with by Sir Charles, he believed he could not more unexceptionably oblige Lord L. and the sisters, than by reading to them those two letters, as they were a kind of family subject.

After the doctor had done reading, he withdrew to his closet. I stole up after him, and obtained his leave to transmit them to you.

Lucy, be careful of them, and return them when perused.

There is no such thing as pointing out particular passages of generosity, justice, prudence, disinterestedness, beneficence, that strike one in those letters, without transcribing every paragraph in them. And ah, Lucy! there are other observations to be made; mortifying ones, I fear.

Only let me say, that I think, if Sir Charles Grandison could and would tender himself to *my* acceptance, I ought to decline his hand. Do you think, if I were his, I should not live in continual dread of a separation from him, even by that inevitable stroke which, alone, could be the means of *completing* his existence?

## LETTER IX.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON TO DR. BARTLETT.

Saturday night, March 18.

As soon as I had seen Mrs. Jervois to her chair, I went to attend Lord W.

He received me with great expressions of esteem and affection.

He commanded his attendants to withdraw, and told me, taking my hand, that my character rose upon him from every mouth. He was in love with me, he said. I was my *mother's* son.

He commended me for my œconomy, and complimented into *generosity* the *justice* I had done to some of my *friends*.

I frankly own, said he, that at your first arrival and even till *now* (that I am determined to be the man you, cousin, would wish me to be) I had

thought it but prudent to *hold back*: for I imagined, that your father had lived at such a rate, that you would have applied to me, to extricate you from difficulties; and particularly, for money, to marry your eldest sister, at least. I took notice, young man, proceeded he, and I heard others observe, that you had not eyes to see any of your father's faults; either when he was living, or departed; and this gave me reason to apprehend, that you had your father's extravagant turn: and I was resolved, if I were applied to, *to wrap myself close about in a general denial.* Else, all I had been gathering together for so many years past, might soon have been dissipated; and I should only have taken a thorn out of the foot of another, and put it into my own.

And then he threw out some disagreeable reflections on my father's spirit.

To those I answered, that every man had a right to judge for himself, in those articles for which he himself is only accountable. My father, and your lordship, continued I, had very different ways of thinking. Magnificence was his taste: prudence (so your lordship must account it) is yours. There are people in the world, who would give different names to both tastes: but would not your lordship think it very presumptuous in any man to arraign you at the bar of his judgment, as mistaken in the measures of your prudence?

Look you, nephew, I don't well know what to make of your speech; but I judge that you *mean not* to affront me.

I do not, my lord. While you were apprehensive, that you might be a sufferer by me, you acted with your usual prudence to discourage an application. My father had, in your lordship's judgment, but one fault; and he was the principal sufferer by it himself: had he looked into his affairs, he would have avoid-

ed the necessity of doing several things that were disagreeable to him, and must ever be, to a man of spirit. His very timber, that *required*, as I may say, the ax, would have furnished him with all he wanted: and he paid interest for a less sum of money than actually was in the hands of his stewards, unaccounted for.

But what a glory to *you*, cousin—

No compliment to me, my lord, I pray you, to the discredit of my father's memory. He had a right to do what he did. Your lordship does what you think fit. I too, now I am my own master, do as I please. My taste is different from both. I pursue mine, as he did his. If I should happen to be more right than my father in some things, he might have the advantage of me in others; and in those I happen to do, that are generally thought laudable, what merit have I? Since all this time (directed by a natural bias) I am pursuing my own predominant passion; and that, perhaps, with as much ardor, and as little power to resist it, as my father had to restrain his.

Bravo! bravo! said my lord—Let me ask you, nephew—May *all* young men, if they will, improve by travelling, as you have done?—If they may, by my troth, nine parts in ten of those who go abroad, ought to be hanged up at their fathers doors on their return.

Very severe, my lord. But thinking minds will be thoughtful, whether abroad or at home: unthinking ones call for our pity.

Well, Sir, I do assure you, that I am proud of my nephew, whatever you are of your uncle: and there are two or three things that I want to talk to you about; and one or two that I would consult you upon.

He rang, and asked, what time dinner would be ready?

In half an hour was the answer.

Mrs. Giffard came in. Her face glowed with passion. My lord seemed affected at her entrance. It was easy to see, that they were upon ill terms with each other; and that my lord was more afraid of her, than she was of him.

She endeavoured to assume a complaisant air to me; but it was so visibly struggled for, that it sat very awkwardly on her countenance; and her lips trembled when she broke silence, to ask officiously, as she did, after the health of my sister Charlotte.

I would be alone with my nephew, said my lord, in a passionate tone.

You *shall* be alone, my lord, impertinently replied she, with an air that looked as if they had quarrelled more than once before, and that she had made it up on her own terms. She pulled the door after her with a rudeness that he only could take, and deserve, who was conscious of having degraded himself.

Foolish woman! Why came she in when I was there, except to shew her supposed consequence, at the expence of his honour? She knew my opinion of her. She would, by a third hand, once have made overtures to me of her interest with my lord; but I should have thought meanly of myself, had I not, with disdain, rejected the tender of her services.

A damn'd woman, said my lord; but looked first, as if he would be sure she was out of hearing.

This woman, nephew, and her behaviour, is one of the subjects I wanted to consult you upon.

Defer this subject, my lord, till you have recovered your temper. You did not design to begin with it. You are discomposed.

And so I am: and he puffed and panted, as if out of breath.

I asked him some indifferent questions: to have followed him upon the subject at that time, whatever

resolutions he had taken, they would probably have gone off, when the passion to which they would have owed their vigour, had subsided.

When he had answered them, his colour and his wrath went down together.

He then ran out into my praises again, and particularly, for my behaviour to Mrs. Oldham; who, he said, lived now very happily, and very exemplarily; and never opened her lips, when she was led to mention me, but with blessings heaped upon me.

That woman, my lord, said I, was *once* good. A recovery, where a person is not totally abandoned, is more to be hoped for, than the reformation of one who never was well-principled. All that is wished for, in the latter, is, that she may be made unhurtful. Her highest good was never more than harmlessness. She that was once good, cannot be easy, when she is in a state of *true* penitence, till she is restored to that from which she was induced to depart.

You understand these matters, cousin: I don't. But if you will favour me with more of your company, I shall, I believe, be the better for your notions. But I must talk about this woman, nephew. I am calm now. I must talk of this woman, now—I am resolved to part with her: I can bear her no longer. Did you not mind how she pulled the door after her, though you were present?

I did, my lord. But it was plain, that something disagreeable had passed before; or she could not so totally have forgotten herself. But, my lord, we will postpone this subject, if you please. If you yourself lead to it after dinner, I will attend to it with all my heart.

Well, then, be it so. But now tell me, Have you, nephew, any thoughts of marriage?

I have great honour for the state, and hope to be one day happy in it.

Well said—And are you at liberty, kinsman, to receive a proposal of that nature?

And then, without waiting for my answer, he proposed Lady Frances N. and said, he had been spoken to on that subject.

Lady Frances, answered I, is a very deserving young lady. My father set on foot a treaty with her family: but it has long been broken off: it cannot be resumed.

Well, what think you of Lady Anne S.? I am told, that *she* is likely to be the lady. She has a noble fortune. Your sisters, I hear, are friends to Lady Anne.

My sisters wish me happily married. I have such an opinion of both those ladies, that it would give me some little pain, to imagine each would not, in her turn, refuse me, were I offered to her, as I cannot, myself, *make* the offer. I cannot bear, my lord, to think of returning slight for respect, to my *own* sex: but as to ladies; how can we expect that delicacy and dignity from them, which are the bulwarks of their virtue, if we do not treat them with dignity?

Charming notions! If you had them not abroad, you had them from your mother: she was all that was excellent in woman.

Indeed she was. Excellent woman! She is always before my eyes.

And excellent kinsman too! Now I know your reverence for your mother, I will allow of all you say of your father, because I see it is all from principle. I have known some men who have spoken with reverence of their mothers, to give themselves dignity; that is to say, for bringing creatures so important as themselves into the world; and who have exacted respect to the good old women, who were *merely* good old women, as we call them, in order to take the incense offered the parent, into their own nostrils. This was duty in parade.

The observation, my good Dr. Bartlett, I thought above my Lord W. I think I have heard one like it, made by my father, who saw very far into men; but was sometimes led, by his wit, into saying a severe thing: and yet, whenever I hear a man praised highly for the performance of common duties; as for being a good husband, a good son, or a kind father; though each is *comparatively* praise-worthy, I conclude, that there is nothing extraordinary to be said of him. To call a man a good FRIEND, is indeed comprising all the duties in one word: for friendship is the balm, as well as seasoning, of life: and a man cannot be defective in *any* of the social duties, who is capable of it, when the term is rightly understood.

Well, cousin, since you cannot think of either of those ladies, how should you like the rich and beautiful Countess of R.? You know what an excellent character she bears.

I do. But, my lord, I should not choose to marry a widow: and yet, generally, I do not disrespect widows, nor imagine those men to blame who marry them. But as my circumstances are not unhappy, and as riches will never be my principal inducement in the choice of a wife, I may be allowed to indulge my peculiarities; especially as I shall hope (and I should not deserve a good wife if I did not) that, when once married, I shall be married for my whole life.

The countess once declared, said my lord, before half a score in company, two of them her particular admirers, that she never would marry any man in the world, except he were just such another, in mind and manners, as Sir Charles Grandison.

Ladies, my lord, who in absence speak favourably of a man who forms not pretensions upon them, nor is likely to be troublesome to them, would soon con-

vince that man of his mistake, were his presumption to rise upon their declared good opinion of him.

I wonder, proceeded my lord, that every young man is not good. I have heard you, cousin, praised in all the circles where you have been mentioned. It was certainly an advantage to you to come back to us a stranger, as I may say. Many youthful follies may perhaps be over-passed, that we shall never know any thing of: but, be that as it will, I can tell you, sir, that I have heard such praises of you, as have made my eyes glisten, because of my relation to you. I was told, within this month past, that no fewer than five ladies, out of one circle, declared, that they would stand out by consent, and let you pick and choose a wife from among them.

What your lordship has heard of this nature, let me say, without affecting to disclaim a compliment apparently too high for my merits, is much more to the honour of the one sex than of the other. I should be glad, that policy, if not principle (principle might take root, and grow from it) would mend us men.

So should I, nephew: but I [poor man! he hung down his head!] have not been a better man than I ought to be. Do you not despise me, in your heart, cousin?—You must have heard—That cursed woman —But I begin to repent! And the truly good, I believe, cannot be either censorious, or uncharitable. Tell me, however, Do you not despise me?

Despise my mother's brother! No, my lord. Yet were a sovereign to warrant my freedom, and there were a likelihood that he would be the better for it; I would, with decency, tell him my whole mind. I am sorry to say it; but your lordship, if you have not had virtue to make you worthy of being imitated, have too many examples among the great, as well as among the middling, to cause you to be censured for

*singularity*. But your lordship adds, to a confession that is not an ungenerous one, that you begin to repent.

Indeed I do. And your character, cousin, has made me half-ashamed of myself.

I am not accustomed, my lord, to harangue on these subjects to men who know their duty: but let me say, that your lordship's good resolutions, to be efficacious, must be built upon a better foundation than occasional disgust or disobligation. But here, again, we are verging to a subject that we are both agreed to defer till after dinner.

I am charmed with your treatment of me, cousin. I shall, for my own sake, adore my sister's son. Had I consulted my chaplain, who is a good man too, he would have too roughly treated me.

Divines, my lord, must do their duty.

He then introduced the affair between Sir Hargrave Pollexfen and me, of which, I found, he was more particularly informed, than I could have imagined: and after he had launched out upon that, and upon my refusal of a duel, he, by a transition that was very natural, mentioned the *rescued lady*, as he called her. I have heard, cousin, said he, that she is the most beautiful woman in England.

I think her so, my lord, replied I; and she has one excellence, that I never before met with in a beauty: she is not proud of it.

I then gave my opinion of Miss Byron in such terms, as made my lord challenge me, as my sisters once did, on the warmth of my description and praises of her.

And does your lordship think, that I cannot do justice to the merits of such a lady as Miss Byron, but with an interested view? I do assure you, that what I have said, is short of what I think of her. But I can praise a lady without meaning a compli-

ment to myself. I look upon it, however, as one of the most fortunate accidents of my life, that I have been able to serve her, and save her from a forced marriage with a man whom she disliked, and who could not deserve her. There is hardly any thing gives me more pain, than when I see a worthy woman very unequally yoked, if her own choice has not been at first consulted; and who yet, though deeply sensible of her misfortune, irreproachably supports her part of the yoke.

You are a great friend to the sex, kinsman.

I am. I think the man who is not, must have fallen into bad company; and deserves not to have been favoured with better. Yet, to unwomanly faults, to want of morals, and even to want of delicacy, no man is more quick-sighted.

I don't know how it is; but I have not, at this rate, fallen into the best company: but perhaps it is for want of that delicacy, in my own mind, which you are speaking of.

Were we men, my lord, to value women (and to let it be known that we do) for those qualities which are principally valuable in the sex; the less estimable, if they would not be reformed, would shrink out of our company, into company more suitable to their taste; and we should never want objects worthy of our knowledge, and even of our admiration, to associate with. There is a kind of magnetism in goodness. Bad people will indeed find out bad people, to accompany with, in order to keep one another in countenance; but they are bound together by a rope of sand; while trust, confidence, love, sympathy, twist a cord, by a reciprocation of beneficent offices, which ties good men to good men, and cannot be easily broken.

I have never had these notions, cousin; and yet they are good ones. I took people as I found them;

and, to own the truth, meaning to serve myself, rather than any body else; I never took pains to look out for worthy attachments. The people I had to do with, had the same views upon *me*, as I had upon *them*; and thus I went on in a state of hostility with all men; mistrusting and guarding, as well as I could, and not doubting that every man I had to do with would impose upon me, if I placed a confidence in him.—But as to this Miss Byron, nephew, I shall never rest till I see her—Pray, what is her fortune? They tell me, it is not above 15,000l.—What is that to the offers you have had made you?

Just then we were told, dinner was on the table.

I am wishing for an inclination to rest; but it flies me. The last letter from Beauchamp, dated from Bologna, as well as those from the bishop, afflict me. Why have I such a feeling heart? Were the unhappy situation of affairs there owing to my own enterprising spirit, I should deserve the pain it gives me. But I should be too happy, had I not these *without-door* perplexities, as I may call them, to torment me. Thank God that they arise not from *within*, though they make themselves too easy a passage to my heart!

My paper is written out. If I am likely to find a drowsy moment, I shall welcome its approach: if not, I will rise, and continue my subject.

## LETTER X.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON TO DR. BARTLETT.

Sunday, March 19.

I HAVE had two happy hours of forgetfulness; I could not, though I tried for it, prevail for more: and I will continue my subject.

After dinner, every attendant being dismissed, my lord, making me first see that nobody was listening in the passages, began as follows:

I am determined, nephew, to part with this Giffard. She is the plague of my life. I would have done it half a year ago, on an occasion that I will not mention to you, because you would despise me, if I did, for my weakness: and now she wants to bring in upon me a sister of hers, and her husband, and to part with two other worthy folks, that I know love me; but of whom, for that reason, she is jealous; and then they would divide me among them: for this man and his wife have six children; all of whom, of late, make an appearance that cannot be honestly supported.

And have you any difficulty, my lord, in parting with her, but what arises from your own want of resolution?

The most insolent devil that ever was about a man at one time, and the most whining at another. Don't despise me, nephew, you know I have taken her as —You know what I mean—

I understand you, my lord.

But say, you don't despise me, Sir Charles Grandison. As I hope to live, I am half afraid of you.

My pity, my lord, where I see compunction, is stronger than my censure.

That is well said—Now I agreed with this woman, in a weak moment, and she has held me to it, to give her an annuity of 150l. for life; which was to be made up 250l. if I parted with her, without her consent; and here we have been for several months, plaguing one another, whether I shall turn *her* out of the house, or she will leave *me*: for she has told me, that she will not stay, unless I take in her sister and brother; yet will not go, because she will then have no more than the 150l. a year: and

that is too much for her deserts for these two years past.

Your lordship sees the inconveniences of this way of life; and I need not mention to you, how much happier that state is, which binds a man and woman together by interest, as well as by affection, if discretion be not forgotten in the choice. But let me express my surprise, that your lordship, who has so ample an estate, and no child, should seem to value your peace of mind at so low a rate as 100l. a year.

I will not let her go away with such a triumph. She has not deserved from me—

Pray, my lord, was she of reputation when you took her?

She was a widow—

But was her character tolerable in the eye of the world? She might be a greater object of pity for being a widow.

My gouty disorders made me want a woman about me. I hated fellows—

Well, my lord, this regards your *motive*. But have you any previous or later incontinence to charge her with?

I can't say I have. Her cursed temper would frighten, rather than invite, lovers. I *heard* it was no good one; but it broke not out to *me*, till within these two years.

Your lordship, surely, must not dispute the matter with her. If you are determined to part with her, give her the 250l. a year, and let her go.

To reward a cursed woman for misbehaviour!—I cannot do it.

Give me leave to say, that your lordship has deserved some punishment: give her the annuity, not as a reward to her, but as a punishment to yourself.

You hurt my sore place, nephew.

Consider, my lord, that 250l. a year for life, or

even for ever, is a poor price, for the reputation of a woman with whom a man of your quality and fortune condescended to enter into treaty. Every quarterly payment must strike her to the heart, if she live to have compunction seize her, when she thinks that she is receiving, for subsistence, the wages of her shame. Be *that* her punishment. You intimate, that she has so behaved herself, that she has but few friends: part with her, without giving her cause of complaint, that may engage pity for her, if not friends, at your expence. A woman who has lost *her* reputation, will not be regardful of *yours*. Suppose she sue you for non-performance of covenants: would your lordship appear to such a prosecution? You cannot be *capable* of pleading your privilege on a prosecution that would otherwise go against you. You cannot be in earnest to part with this woman, she cannot have offended you beyond forgiveness, if you scruple 100l. a year to get rid of her.

He fervently swore, that he was in earnest; and added, I am resolved, nephew, to marry, and live honest.

He looked at me, as if he expected I should be surprised.

I believe I could not change countenance, on such a hint as this. You have come to a good resolution, my lord; and if you marry a prudent woman, your lordship will find the difference in your own reflections, as well as in your reputation and interest. And shall the difference of 100l. a year—Don't let me say, that I am ashamed for my Lord W.

I knew that you would despise me, Sir Charles.

I know that I should despise myself, were I not to deal freely with your lordship in this respect. Indeed, my lord, you have not had so good reason (forgive me!) to think hardly of my father's spirit, as you had to correct your own.

I cannot bear this, nephew. He looked displeased.

You must not be angry, my lord. I will not bear anger from any man breathing, and keep him company, who, consulting me, shall be displeased with me for speaking my mind with freedom and sincerity.

What a man am I talking to!—Well, rid me of this torment! [you have spirit, nephew; and nobody can reproach you with acting contrary to your own principles] and I will for ever love you. But *talk* to her: I hardly dare. She whimpers and sobs, and threatens by turns, and I cannot bear it.—Once she was going to tie herself up—Would to God I had not prevented her—And then (O my folly!) we went on again.

My good Dr. Bartlett, I was ashamed of my uncle. But you see what an artful, as well as insolent woman, this is. What *folly* is there in wickedness! Folly encounters with folly, or how could it succeed so often as it does?—Yet my mother's brother to wish he had suffered a creature with whom he had been familiar, to destroy herself! I could hardly bear him. Only that I thought it would be serving both wretches, and giving both a chance for repentance; or I should not have kept my seat—But we see in my mother, and in her brother, how habitual wickedness debases, and how habitual goodness exalts the human mind. In their youth they were supposed nearer an equality in their understandings and attainments, than in their maturity, when occasion called out into action their respective talents. But perhaps the brother was not the better man for the uninterrupted prosperity that attended him, and for having never met with check or controul; whereas the most happily married woman in the world must have a will to which she must sometimes resign her own. What a glory to a good woman

must it be, who can not only resign her will, but make so happy an use of her resignation, as my mother did.

My lord repeated his request, that I would talk with the woman; and that directly.

I withdrew, and sent for her accordingly.

She came to me out of breath with passion; and, as I thought, partly with apprehension for what her own behaviour might be before me.

I see, Mrs. Giffard, said I, that you are in great emotion. I am desired to talk with you; a task I am not very fond of: but you will find nothing but civility, such as is due to you for your sex's sake, from me. Calm therefore your mind: I will see you again in a few moments.

I took a turn, and soon came back. Her face looked not quite so bloated; and she burst into tears. She began to make a merit of her services; her care; her honesty; and then inveighed against my lord for the narrowness of his spirit. She paid some compliments to me; and talked of being ashamed to appear before me as a guilty creature; introductory to what she was prepared to say of her sacrifices, the loss of her good name, and the like; on which, with respect to my lord, and his ingratitude to her, as she called it, she laid great stress.

I am never displeased, my dear friend, with the testimony which the most profligate women bear to the honour of virtue, when they come to set a value upon their departure from it.

You have it not to say, Mrs. Giffard, that my lord betrayed, seduced, or deceived you. I say not this so much for reproach, as for justice-sake; and not to suffer you to deceive yourself, and to load him with greater faults than he has been guilty of. You were your own mistress: you had no father, mother, husband, to question you, or to be offended with

you. You knew your duty. You were treated with as a sole and independent person. One hundred and fifty pounds a year, Mrs. Giffard, though a small price for the virtue of a good woman, which is indeed above all price, is, nevertheless, greatly above the price of common service. I never seek to palliate faults of a flagrant nature; though it is not my meaning to affront, a woman especially, and one who supposes herself in distress. You *must know*, madam, the frail tenure by which you were likely to hold: you stipulated, therefore, for a provision, accordingly. The woman who never hoped to be a wife, can have no hardship, to take the stipulation, and once more give herself the opportunity to recover her lost fame. This independence my lord is desirous to give you—

What independence, Sir?

One hundred and fifty—

*Two* hundred and fifty, Sir, if you please—If my lord thinks fit to dismiss me.

My lord has told me, that *that* was indeed the stipulation; but he pleads misbehaviour.

I was willing to make a little difficulty of the 100l. a year, though I thought my *lord* ought not—And as to misbehaviour, Dr. Bartlett, I hardly know how to punish a woman for that, to her keeper. Does she not first misbehave to herself, and to the laws of God and man? And ought a man, that brings her to violate her first duties, to expect from her a regard to a mere discretionary obligation? I would have all these *moralists*, as they affect to call themselves, suffer by such libertine principles as cannot be pursued, but in violation of the very first laws of morality.

*Misbehaviour!* Sir. He makes this plea to cover his own baseness of heart. I never misbehaved, as he calls it, till I saw—

Well, madam, this may lead to a debate that can answer no end. I presume, you are as willing to leave my lord, as he is to part with you. It must be a wretchedness beyond what I can well imagine, to live a life of guilt (I must not palliate in this case) and yet of hatred and animosity, with the person who is a partaker in that guilt.

I am put upon a very unequal task, Sir, to talk with *you* on this subject. My lord will not refuse to see me, I hope. I know what to say to *him*.

He has requested me to talk with you, madam. As I told you, I am not fond of the task. We have all our faults. God knows what he will pardon, and what he will punish. His pardon, however, in a great measure depends upon yourself. You have health and time, to all appearance, before you: your future life may be a life of penitence. I am no divine, madam; I would not be thought to preach to you: but you have now a prospect opened of future happiness, through your mutual misunderstandings, that you never otherwise *might* have had. And let me make an observation to you; That where hatred or dislike have once taken place of liking, the first separation in such a case as this, is always the best. Affection or esteem between man and woman, once forfeited, hardly ever is recovered. Tell me truth—Don't you as heartily dislike my lord, as he does you?

I do, Sir——He is——

I will not hear *what* he is, from the mouth of declared prejudice. He has his faults. One great fault is, *that* in which you have been joint partakers—But if you might, would you choose to live together to be torments to each other?

I can torment him more than he can me—

Diabolical temper!—Woman! (and I stood up, and looked sternly) can you forget *to* whom you say this—and *of* whom—Is not Lord W. my uncle?

This (as I intended it should) startled her. She asked my pardon.

What a fine hand, proceeded I, has a peer of the realm made of it! to have this said *of* him, and perhaps, had you been in his presence, *to* him, by a woman whose courage is founded in his weakness? Let me tell you, madam——

She held up her clasped hands—For God's sake, forgive me, Sir! and stand my friend.

A hundred and fifty pounds a year, madam, is rich payment for *any* consideration that a woman could give, who has more spirit than virtue. Had you kept *that*, madam, you would, though the daughter of cottagers, have been superior to the greatest man on earth, who wanted to corrupt you.—But thus far, and as a punishment to my lord for his wilful weakness, I *will* be your friend—Retire from my lord: you shall have 250l. a year: and as you were not brought up to the expectation of one half of the fortune, bestow the hundred a year, that was in debate, upon young creatures of your sex, as an encouragement to them to preserve that chastity, which you, with your eyes open, gave up; and, with the rest, live a life suitable to that disposition; and then, as my fellow-creature, I will wish you happy.

She begged leave to withdraw: she could not, she said, stand in my presence.

I had, indeed, spoken with warmth. She withdrew, trembling, courtesying, mortified; and I returned to my lord.

He was very earnest to hear my report. I again put it to him, Whether he adhered to his resolution of parting with his woman? He declared in the affirmative with greater earnestness than before; and begged to know, if I could manage it that she should go, and that without seeing him? I cannot bear to see her, said he.

Bravoes of the law, cowards and cullies to their paramours, are these keepers, generally. I have ever suspected the courage (to magnanimity they must be strangers) of men who can defy the laws of society. I pitied him: and believing that it would not be difficult to manage this heroine, who had made her weak lord afraid of her; I said, Have you a mind," my lord, that she shall quit the house this night, and before I leave it? If you have, I think I can undertake that she shall.

And *can* you do this for me? If you can, you shall be my great Apollo. That will, indeed, make me happy: for the moment you are gone, she will force herself into my presence, and will throw the gout, perhaps, into my stomach. She reproaches me, as if she had been an innocent woman, and I the most ungrateful of men. For God's sake, nephew, release me from her, and I shall be happy. I would have left her behind me in the country, proceeded he; but she would come with me. She was afraid that I would appeal to you: she stands in awe of nobody else. You will be my guardian angel, if you will rid me of this plague.

Well, then, my lord, you will leave it to me to do the best I can with her: but it cannot be the best on your side, for your honour's sake, if we do her not that justice that the law would, or ought to do her. In a word, my lord, you must forgive me for saying, that you shall not resume that dignity to distress this woman, which you laid aside, when you entered into treaty with her.

Well, well, I refer myself to your management: only this 100l. a year—Once again, I say, it would hurt me to reward a woman for plaguing me: and 150l. a year is two-thirds more than ever she, or any of her family, were intitled to.

The worst and meanest are intitled to justice, my

lord; and I hope your lordship will not refuse to perform engagements that you entered into with your eyes open: you must *not*, if I take any concern in this affair.

Just then the woman sent in, to beg the favour of an audience, as she called it, of me.

She addressed me in terms above her education. There is something, said she, in your countenance, Sir, so terrible, and yet so sweet, that one must fear your anger, and yet hope for your forgiveness, when one has offended. I was too free in speaking of my lord to his nephew—And then she made a compliment to my character, and told me, she would be determined by my pleasure, be it what it would.

How seldom are violent spirits, true spirits! When over-awed, how tame are they, generally, in their submission! Yet this woman was not without art in hers. She saw, that, displeased as she apprehended I was with her, I had given her hopes of the payment of the hundred pounds a year penalty; and this made her so acquiescent.

I was indeed displeased with you, Mrs. Giffard; and could not, from what you said, but conclude in your disfavour, in justification of my lord's complaints against you.

Will you give me leave, Sir, to lay before you the true state of every thing between my lord and me? Indeed, Sir, you don't know——

When two persons, who have lived in familiarity, differ, the fault is seldom wholly on one side: but thus far I judge between you, and desire not to hear particulars: the man who dispenses with a known duty, in such a case as this before us, must render himself despicable in the eyes of the very person whom he raises into consequence by sinking his own. Chastity is the crown and glory of a woman. The most profligate of men love modesty in the sex,

at the very time they are forming plots to destroy it in a particular object. When a woman has submitted to put a price upon her honour, she must appear, at times, despicable in the eyes even of her seducer; and when these two break out into animosity, ought either to wish to live with the other?

Indeed, indeed, Sir, I am struck with remorse: I see my error. And she put her handkerchief to her eyes, and seemed to weep.

I proceeded; You, Mrs. Giffard, doubted the continuance of my lord's passion: you made your terms, therefore, and proposed a penalty besides. My lord submitted to the terms, and by that means secured his right of dismissing you, at his pleasure; the only conveniency that a man dishonouring himself by despising marriage, can think he has. Between him and you, what remains to be said (though you are both answerable at a tribunal higher than your own) but that you should have separated long ago? Yet you would not consent to it: you would not leave him at liberty to assert the right he had reserved to himself. Strange weakness in him, that he would suffer that to depend upon you!—But one weakness is the parent of another.

She then visibly wept.

You found it out, that you could *torment your lord in a higher degree than he could torment you;* and how, acting upon such principles, you have lived together for some time past, you have let every one see.

She, on her knees, besought my pardon for the freedom of that expression;—not from motives of contrition, as I apprehend; but from those of policy.

She was strong enough to raise herself, without my assistance. She did, unbidden, on seeing me step backward a pace or two, to give her an opportunity to do so; and looked very silly; and the more, for having missed my assisting hand; by which I sup-

posed that she had usually better success with my lord, whenever she had prevailed on herself to kneel to him.

It is easy, my good Dr. Bartlett, from small crevices, to discover day in an artful woman's heart. Nothing can be weaker, in the eye of an observer, who himself disdains artifice, than a woman who makes artifice her study. In a departure from honest nature, there will be such curvings, as that the eyes, the countenance, will generally betray the heart: and if she either breaks out into uncalled for apologies, or affects undue reserve, she gives room to confirm the suspicion, that all is not right in her mind.

I excuse you, Mrs. Giffard, said I; my lord has deservedly brought much of what has distressed him, upon himself: but now it is best for you to part. My lord chooses not to see you. I would advise you to remove this very afternoon.

What, Sir, and not have my 250l. a year!

Will you leave the house this night, if I give you my word—

For the whole sum, Sir?—Two hundred and fifty pounds a year, Sir?

Yes, for the whole sum.

I will, Sir, with all my heart and soul. Most of my things are in the country. My lord came up in a passion, to talk with you, Sir. Two or three bandboxes are all I have here. Mr. Halden (he is my lord's favourite) shall go down, and see I take nothing but my own—I will trust to your word of honour, Sir—and leave, for ever, the most ungrateful—

Hush, Mrs. Giffard, these tears are tears of passion. There is not a female feature, at this instant, in your face—[What a command of countenance! It cleared up in a moment. I *expected* it from her]

A penitent spirit is an humble, a broken spirit: you shew, at present, no sign of it.

She dropt me a courtesy, with such an air (though not designed, I believe) as shewed that the benefit she was to reap from the advice, would not be sudden, if ever; and immediately repeated her question, if she had my honour for the payment of the entire sum—And you don't insist, Sir (I have poor relations) that I shall pay out the hundred a year, as you mentioned?

You are to do with the whole annuity as you please. If your relations are worthy, you cannot do better than to relieve their necessities. But remember, Mrs. Giffard, that every quarter brings you the wages of iniquity, and endeavour at some atonement.

The woman could too well bear this severity. Had a finger been sufficient to have made her feel, I would not have laid upon her the weight of my whole hand.

She assured me, that she would leave the house in two hours time. I returned to my lord, and told him so.

He arose from his seat, embraced me, and called me his good angel. I advised him to give his orders to Halden, or to whom he thought fit, to do her and himself justice, as to what belonged to her in the country.

But the terms! the terms! cried my lord. If you have brought me off for 150l. I will adore you.

These are the terms (you promised to leave them to me): you pay no more than 150l. a year for her life, till you assure me, upon your honour, that you cheerfully, and on mature consideration, make it up 250l.

How is that! How is that, nephew?—Then I never shall pay more, depend upon it.

Nor will I ever ask you.

He rubbed his hands, forgetting the gout; but was remembered by the pain, and cried Oh!—

But how did you manage it?—I never should have brought her to any thing—How did you manage it?

Your lordship does not repent her going?

He swore, that it was the happiest event that could have befallen him. I hope, said he, she will go without wishing to see me—Whether she would whine or curse, it would be impossible for me to see her, and be myself.

I believe she will go without desiring to see you; perhaps while I am here.

Thank God! a fair riddance! Thank God!—— But is it possible, nephew, that you could bring me off for 150l. a year? Tell me truly.

It is: and I tell your lordship, that it shall cost you no more, till you shall know how to value the comfort and happiness of your future life at more than 100l. a year: till then, the respect I pay to my mother's brother, and the regard I have for his honour, will make me cheerfully pay the 100l. a year in dispute, out of my own pocket.

He looked around him, his head turning as if on a pivot; and at last, bursting out into tears and speech together—And is it *thus*, is it *thus*, you subdue me? is it *thus* you convince me of my shameful littleness? I cannot bear it: all that this woman has done to me, is nothing to this. I can neither leave you, nor stay in your presence. Leave me, leave me, for six minutes only—Jesus! how shall I bear my own littleness?

I arose. One word, only, my lord. When I re-enter, say not a syllable more on this subject: let it pass as I put it. I would part with a greater sum than a hundred a year, for the satisfaction of giving to my

uncle the tranquillity he has so long wanted in his own house, rather than that a person who has had a dependence upon him, should think herself intitled to complain of injustice from him.

He caught my hand, and would have met it with his lips. I withdrew it hastily, and retired; leaving him to recollect himself.

When I returned, he thrust into my hand a paper, and held it there, and swore that I should take it. If the wretch live ten years, nephew, said he, *that* will reimburse you; if she dies sooner, the difference is yours: and, for God's sake, for the sake of your mother's memory, don't despise me; that is all the favour I ask of you: no man on earth was ever so nobly overcome. By all that's good, you shall chalk me out my path. Blessed be my sister's memory, for giving me such a nephew! The name of Grandison, that I ever disliked till now, is the first of names: and may it be perpetuated to the end of time!

He held the paper in my hand till he had done speaking. I then opened it, and found it to be a bank note of 1000l. I was earnest to return it; but he swore so vehemently, that he would have it so, that I at last acquiesced; but declared, that I would pay the *whole* annuity, as far as the sum went; and this, as well in justice to him, as to save him the pain of attending to an affair that must be grievous to him: and I insisted upon giving him an acknowledgment under my hand, for that sum; and to be accountable to him for it, as his banker would, in the like case.

And thus ended this affair. The woman went away before me. She begged the favour, at the door, of one word with me. My lord started up at her voice: his complexion varied: he whipt as nimbly behind the door, as if he had no gout in his foot. I will not see her, said he.

I stepped out. She complimented, thanked me,

and wept; yet, in the height of her concern, would have uttered bitter things against my lord: but I stopped her mouth, by telling her, that I was to be her paymaster, quarterly, of the 250l. a year; and she turned her execrations against her lord, into blessings on me: but, after all, departed with reluctance.

Pride, and not tenderness, was visibly the occasion. Could she have secured her whole annuity, I have no doubt but she would have gratified that pride, by leaving her lord in triumph while she thought her departure would have given him regret: but to be *dismissed*, was a disgrace that affected her, and gave bitterness to her insolent spirit.

## LETTER XI.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON TO DR. BARTLETT.

IN CONTINUATION.

My lord, though he had acquitted himself on the occasion in such a manner as darted into my mind a little ray of my beloved mother's spirit, could not forbear giving way to his habitual littleness, when he was assured Giffard was out of the house. He called Halden to him, who entered with joy in his countenance, arising (as it came out) from the same occasion; and ordered him to make all his domestics happy on his *deliverance*, as he meanly called it: asking, If there were any body in the house who loved her? Not a single soul, said Halden; and I am sure, that I may venture to congratulate your lordship, in the names of all your servants: for she was proud, imperious, and indeed a tyranness, to all beneath her.

I then, for the first time, pitied the woman; and should have pitied her still more (true as this might, in some measure, be) had she not gone away so amply rewarded: for, in this little family I looked forward to the family of the state; the sovereign and his ministers. How often has a minister, who has made a tyrannical use of power (and even some who have not) experienced, on his dismission, the like treatment from those who, had they had his power, would perhaps have made as bad an use of it; who, in its plenitude, were fawning, creeping slaves, as these servants might be to this mistress of their lord! We read but of one grateful Cromwell, in all the superb train of Wolsey, when he had fallen into disgrace; and yet he had in it hundreds, some not ignobly born, and all of them less meanly descended than their magnificent master.

Halden addressed himself to me, as having been the means of making his lord, and his whole household, happy. Let the joy be moderate, Halden, said I: the poor woman might, possibly, have numbered among her well-wishers (she could not have disobliged *every* body) some of those, who now will be most forward to load her with obloquy. You must not make her too considerable: it is best for my lord, as well as for those who loved her not, to forget there ever was such a woman; except to avoid her faults, and to imitate her in what was commendable. She boasts of her honesty and management: my lord charges her not with infidelity of any kind.

Halden bowed, and withdrew.

My lord swore, by his soul, that I had not my good name for nothing. Blessed, said he, be the name of the Grandisons! This last plaudit gratified my pride [I need not tell my Dr. Bartlett, that I have pride]; the more gratified it, as Lord W.'s animosity to my father made him not pleased with his name.

I did not think, when my lord began his story to me, that I should so soon have brought about a separation of guilt from guilt: but their mutual disgusts had prepared the way; resentment and pride, mingled with avarice on one side, and self-interestedness, founded (reasonably) on a stipulation made, and not complied with, on the other; were all that hindered it from taking place as from themselves. A mediator had nothing then to do, but to advise an act of justice, and so to gild it by a precedent of disinterestedness in himself, as should excite an emulation in a proud spirit, which, if not then, must, when passion had subsided, have arisen, to make all end as it ought.

When I found my lord's joy a little moderated, I drew my chair near him. Well, my lord, and now as to your hints of marriage—

Blessed God!—Why, nephew, you *overturn* me with your generosity. Are you not my next of kin? And can you give your consent, were I to ask it, that I should marry?

I give you not only my *consent*, as you condescendingly phrase it, but my *advice*, to marry.

Good God! *I* could not, in the like case, do thus. But, nephew, I am not a *young* man.

The more need of a prudent, a discreet, a tender assistant. Your lordship hinted, that you liked not men-servants about your person, in your illness. You are often indisposed with the gout: servants will not always *be* servants, when they find themselves of use. Infirmity requires indulgence: in the very nature of the word and thing, indulgence cannot exist with servility; between man and wife it may: the same interest unites them. Mutual confidence! who can enough value the joy, the tranquillity at least, that results from mutual confidence? A man gives his own consequence to the woman he marries;

and he sees himself respected in the respect paid her: she extends his dignity, and confirms it. There is such a tenderness, such a helpfulness, such a sympathy in suffering, in a good woman, that I am always for excusing men in years, who marry prudently; while I censure, for the same reason, women in years. Male nurses are unnatural creatures! [There is not such a character, that can be respectable] Womens' sphere is the house, and their shining-place the sick chamber, in which they can exert all their amiable, and, shall I say, lenient qualities? Marry, my lord, by all means. You are not much more than fifty; but were you seventy, and so often indisposed; so wealthy; no children to repine at a mother-in-law, and to render your life or hers uncomfortable by their little jealousies; I would advise you to marry. The man or woman deserves not to be benefited in the disposition of your affairs, that would wish you to continue in the hands of mean people, and to rob you of the joys of confidence, and the comfort of tender help, from an equal, or from one who deserves to be made your equal in degree. Only, my lord, marry so, as not to defeat your own end: marry not a gay creature, who will be fluttering about in public, while you are groaning in your chamber, and wishing for her presence.

Blessings on your heart, my nephew! Best of men! I can hold no longer. There was no bearing, *before*, your generosity: what can I say now? But you *must* be in earnest.

Have you, my lord, asked I, any lady in your eye?

No, said he; indeed I have not.

I was the better pleased with him, that he had not: because I was afraid, that like our VIIIth Henry, he had some other woman in view, which might have made him more uneasy than he would other-

wise have been with Giffard: for though it were better that he should marry, than live in scandal; and a woman of untainted character, rather than one who had let the world see that she could take a price for her honour; yet I thought him better justified in his complaints of that woman's misbehaviour, than in the other case he would have been: and that it was a happiness to both (if a right use were made of the event) that they had been unable to live on, as they had set out.

He told me, that he should think himself the happiest of men, if I could find out, and recommend to him, a woman, that I thought worthy of his addresses; and even would court her for him.

Your lordship ought not to expect fortune.

I do not.

She should be a gentlewoman by birth and education; a woman of a serious turn: such a one is not likely in affluence to run into those scenes of life, from which, perhaps, only want of fortune has restrained the gayer creature. I would not have your lordship fix an age, though I think you should not marry a girl. Some women at thirty are more discreet than others at forty: and if your lordship should be blessed with a child or two to inherit your great estate, that happy event would domesticate the lady, and make your latter years more happy than your former.

My lord held up his hands and eyes, and tears seemed to make themselves furrows on his cheeks.

He made me look at him, by what he said on this occasion, and with anger, till he explained himself.

By my soul, said he, and clapped his two lifted up hands together, I hate your father: I never heartily loved him; but now I hate him more than ever I did in my life.

My lord!

Don't be surprised. I hate him for keeping so long abroad a son, who would have converted us both. Lessons of morality, given in so noble a manner, by regular *practice*, rather than by preaching *theory* (those were his words) not only where there is no interest proposed to be served, but *against* interest, must have subdued us both; and that by our own consents. O my sister! and he clasped his hands, and lifted up his eyes, as if he had the dear object of his brotherly address before him; how have you blessed me, in your son!——

This apostrophe to my mother affected me. What a mixture is there in the character of Lord W.! What a good man might he have made, had he been later his own master!—His father died before he was of age.

He declared, that I had described the very wife he wished to have. Find out such a one for me, my dear nephew, said he; and I give you *carte blanche*: but let her not be younger than between forty and fifty. Make the settlements for me: I am very rich: I will sign them blindfold. If the lady be such a one as *you* say I *ought* to love, I *will* love her: only let her say, she can be grateful for my love, and for the provision you shall direct me to make for her; and my first interview with her shall be at the altar.

I think, my friend, I have in my eye such a woman as my lord ought to do very handsome things for, if she condescend to have him. I will not tell you, not even *you*, whom I mean, till I know she will encourage such a proposal; and, for her own fortune's sake, I think she should: but I had her not in my thoughts when I proposed to my lord the character of the woman he should wish for.

Adieu, my dear friend.

## LETTER XII.

### MISS BYRON TO MISS SELBY.

Tuesday, March 21.

Dr. Bartlett went to town yesterday. He returned early enough to breakfast with us. He found at dinner with his patron, the whole Danby family, and Mr. Sylvester; as also, the two masters of the young gentlemen, with Mr. Galliard, whose son is in love with Miss Danby, and she with him. There all the parties had confirmed to them the generous goodness of Sir Charles, of which he had assured Mr. Sylvester and the two brothers and sister before.

I am sorry, methinks, the doctor went to town: we should otherwise, perhaps, have had the particulars of all, from the pen of the benevolent man. Such joy, such admiration, such gratitude, the doctor says, were expressed from every mouth, that his own eyes, as well as Mr. Sylvester's, and most of those present, more than once, were ready to overflow.

Every thing was there settled, and even a match proposed by Sir Charles, and the proposal received with approbation on both sides, between the elder Miss Galliard, and that audacious young man, the *drug-merchant*; who recovered, by his behaviour in this meeting, his reputation with Sir Charles, and every body.

The doctor says, that Mr. Hervey and Mr. Poussin, the two masters of the young gentlemen, are very worthy men; so is Mr. Galliard: and they behaved so handsomely on the occasion, that Sir Charles expressed himself highly pleased with them all. For Mr. Hervey and Mr. Galliard offered to accept of less money than Sir Charles made the young people worth; the one for a portion with Miss Danby; the

other for admitting the elder Danby into a partnership with him, on his marriage with his niece: but Sir Charles had no notion, he said, of putting young men, of good characters and abilities, to difficulties at their entrance into the world: the greatest expences, he observed, were then incurred. In slight or scanty beginnings, scanty plans must be laid, and pursued. Mr. Galliard then declared, that the younger Danby should have the handsomer fortune with his daughter, if she approved of him, for the very handsome one Miss Danby would carry to his son.

Sir Charles's example, in short, fired every one with emulation; and three marriages, with the happiest prospects, are likely very soon to follow these noble instances of generosity. Mr. Sylvester proposed the celebration on one day: in that case, the gentlemen joined to hope Sir Charles would honour them with his presence. He assentingly bowed. How many families are here, at once, made happy!

Dr. Bartlett, after he had given us this relation, said, on our joining in one general blessing of his patron, You know not, ladies, you know not, my lord, what a general *philanthropist* your brother is: his whole delight is in doing good. It has always been so: and to mend the hearts, as well as fortunes of men, is his glory.

We could not but congratulate the doctor on his having so considerable a hand (as Sir Charles always, Lord L. said, delighted to own) in cultivating his innate good principles, at so critical a time of life, as that was, in which they became acquainted.

The doctor very modestly received the compliment, and, to wave our praises, gave us another instance of the great manner in which Sir Charles conferred benefits; as follows:

He once, said the doctor, when his fortune was

not what it now is, lent a very honest man, a merchant of Leghorn, when he resided there (as he did sometimes for a month or two together, for the conveniency of the English chapel) a considerable sum; and took his bond for it: after a while, things not answering to the poor man's expectation, Mr. Grandison took notice to me, said the doctor, that he appeared greatly depressed and dejected, and occasionally came into his company with such a sense of obligation in his countenance and behaviour, that he could not bear it: And why, said he, should I keep it in my power to distress a man, whose modesty and diffidence shew, that he deserves to be made easy?—I may die suddenly: my executors may think it but justice to exact payment: and that exaction may involve him in as great difficulties as those were, from which the loan delivered him.—I will make his heart light. Instead of suffering him to sigh over his uncertain prospects at his board, or in his bed, I will make both his board and his bed easy to him. His wife and his five children shall rejoice with him; they shall see the good man's countenance, as it used to do, shine upon them; and occasionally meet mine with grateful comfort.

He then cancelled the bond: and, at the same time, fearing the man's distress might be deeper than he owned, offered him the loan of a further sum. But, by his behaviour upon it, I found, said Mr. Grandison, that the sum he owed, and the doubt he had of being able to pay it in time, were the whole of the honest man's grievance. He declined, with gratitude, the additional offer, and walked, ever after, erect.

He is now living, and happy, proceeded the doctor; and just before Mr. Grandison left Italy, would have made him some part of payment, from the hap-

pier turn in his affairs; which probably was owing to his revived spirits: but Mr. Grandison asked, What he thought he meant, when he cancelled the obligation? Yet he told him, that it was not wrong in him to make the tender: for free minds, he said, loved not to be ungenerously dealt with.

What a man is this, Lucy!

No wonder, thus gloriously employed, with my Lord W. and the Danbys, said Lord L. and perhaps in other acts of goodness that we know nothing of, besides the duties of his executorship, that we are deprived of his company! But *some* of these, as he has so good a friend as Dr. Bartlett, he might transfer to him—and oblige us more with his presence; and the rather, as he declares it would be obliging himself.

Ah, my lord! said the doctor, and looked round him, his eyes dwelling longest on me—You don't know—He stopped. We all were silent. He proceeded—Sir Charles Grandison does nothing without reason: a good man must have difficulties to encounter with, that a mere man of the world would not be embarrassed by.—But how I engage your attention, ladies!

The doctor arose; for breakfast was over—Dear doctor, said Miss Grandison, don't leave us—As to that Bologna, that Camilla, that bishop—Tell us more of them, dear doctor.

Excuse me, ladies; excuse me, my lord. He bowed, and withdrew.

How we looked at one another! How the fool, in particular, blushed! How her heart throbbed!—At what?

But, Lucy, give me your opinion—Dr. Bartlett guesses, that I am far from being indifferent to Sir Charles Grandison: he must be assured, that my own heart must be absolutely void of *benevolence*, if I did

not more and more esteem Sir Charles, for *his:* and would Dr. Bartlett be so cruel, as to contribute to a flame that, perhaps, is with difficulty kept from blazing out, as one hears new instances of his generous goodness, if he *knew* that Sir Charles Grandison was so engaged, as to render it impossible—What shall I say?—O this cruel, cruel suspense!—What hopes, what fears, what contradictory conjectures! But all will too soon perhaps—Here he is come—Sir Charles Grandison is come——

O no!—A false alarm!—He is *not* come: it is only my Lord L. returned from an airing.

I could beat this girl! this Emily!—It was owing to her!—A chit!—How we have fluttered each other!—But send for me down to Northamptonshire, my dear friends, before I am quite a fool.

* *

Pray—Do you know, Lucy, what is the business that calls Mr. Deane to town, at this season of the year? He has made a visit to Sir Charles Grandison: for Dr. Bartlett told me, as a grateful compliment, that Sir Charles was much pleased with him; yet Mr. Deane did not tell *me,* that he designed it. I beseech you, my dear friends—Do not—But you would not; you *could* not!—I would be torn in pieces: I would not accept of—I don't know what I would say. Only add not disgrace to distress.—But I am safe, if nothing be done but at the motion of my grandmamma and aunt Selby They would not permit Mr. Deane, or any body, to make *improper* visits.—But don't you think, that it must look particular to Sir Charles, to have a visit paid him by a man expressing for me so much undeserved tenderness and affection, so long after the affair was over which afforded him a motive for it?—I dread, as much for Mr. Deane's sake as my own, every thing that may be construed into officiousness or

particularity, by so nice a discerner. Does he not say, that no man is more quick-sighted than himself, to those faults in women which are owing to want of delicacy?

I have been very earnest with Lord and Lady L. and Miss Grandison, that they do not suffer their friendship for me to lay me under any difficulties with their brother. They all took my meaning, and promised to consult my punctilio, as well as my inclination. Miss Grandison was more kindly in earnest, in her assurances of this nature, than I was afraid she would be: and my lord said, It was fit that I should find even niceness gratified in this particular.

[I absolutely confide in you, Lucy, to place hooks where I forget to put them; and where, in your delicate mind, you think I *ought* to put them: that they may direct your eye (when you come to read out before my uncle) to omit those passages which very few men have delicacy or seriousness enough to be trusted with. Yet, a mighty piece of sagacity, to find out a girl of little more than twenty, in love, as it is called! and to make a jest of her for it!]—[But I am peevish, as well as saucy.—This also goes between hooks.]

Adieu, my dear.

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## LETTER XIII.

### SIR CHARLES GRANDISON TO DR. BARTLETT.

Monday night, March 20.

I AM very much dissatisfied with myself, my dear Dr. Bartlett. What pains have I taken, to conquer those sudden gusts of passion, to which, from my early youth, I have been subject, as you have often

heard me confess! yet to find, at times, that I am unequal—to myself, shall I say?—To *myself* I *will* say; since I have been so much amended by your precepts and example. But I will give you the occasion.

My guests, and you, had but just left me, when the wretched Jervois, and her O'Hara, and another bullying man, desired to speak with me.

I bade the servant shew the woman into the drawing-room next my study, and the men into the adjoining parlour; but they both followed her into the drawing-room. I went to her, and, after a little stiff civility (I could not help it) asked, If these gentlemen had business with me?

That gentleman is Major O'Hara, Sir: he is my husband. That gentleman is Captain Salmonet: he is the major's brother-in-law. He is an officer of equal worth and bravery.

They gave themselves airs of importance and familiarity; and the major motioned, as if he would have taken my hand.

I encouraged not the motion. Will you, gentlemen, walk this way?

I led the way to my study. The woman arose, and would have come with them.

If you please to stay where you are, madam, I will attend you presently.

They entered; and, as if they would have me think them connoisseurs, began to admire the globes, the orrery, the pictures, and busts.

I took off that sort of attention—Pray, gentlemen, what are your commands with me?

I am called Major O'Hara, Sir; I am the husband of the lady in the next room, as she told you.

And what, pray, Sir, have I to do, either with you, or your marriage? I pay that lady, as the widow of Mr. Jervois, 200l. a year: I am not obliged to pay

her more than one. She has no demands upon me; much less has her husband.

The men had so much the air of bullies, and the woman is so very wicked, that my departed friend, and the name by which she so lately called the poor Emily, were in my head, and I had too little command of my temper.

Look ye, Sir Charles Grandison, I would have you to know—

And he put his left hand upon his sword-handle, pressing it down, which tilted up the point with an air extremely insolent.

What am I to understand by that motion, Sir?

Nothing at all, Sir Charles—D—n me, if I mean any thing by it——

You are called *major*, you say, Sir—Do you bear the king's commission, Sir?

I *have* borne it, Sir, if I do not now.

That, and the house you are in, give you a title to civility. But, Sir, I cannot allow, that your marriage with the lady in the next room gives you pretence to business with me. If you have, on any other account, pray let me know what it is?

The man seemed at a loss what to say; but not from bashfulness. He looked about him, as if for his woman; set his teeth; bit his lip; and took snuff, with an air so like defiance, that, for fear I should not be able to forbear taking notice of it, I turned to the other: Pray, Captain Salmonet, said I, what are *your* commands with me?

He spoke in broken English: and said, He had the honour to be Major O'Hara's brother: he had married the major's sister.

And why, Sir, might you not have favoured me with the company of all your relations?—Have you any business with me, Sir, on your own account?

I come, I come, said he, to see my brother righted, Sir—

Who has wronged him?—Take care, gentlemen, how—But, Mr. O'Hara, what are your pretensions?

Why, look ye, Sir Charles Grandison (throwing open his coat, and sticking one hand in his side, the other thrown out with a flourish) Look ye, Sir, repeated he—

I found my choler rising. I was afraid of myself.

When I treat *you* familiarly, Sir, then treat *me* so; till when, please to withdraw—

I rang: Frederick came in.

Shew these gentlemen into the little parlour—You will excuse me, Sirs; I attend the lady.

They muttered, and gave themselves brisk and angry airs; nodding their heads at each other; but followed the servant into that parlour.

I went to Mrs. O'Hara, as she calls herself.

Well, madam, what is your business with me, *now?*

Where are the gentlemen, Sir? Where is my husband?

They are both in the next room, and within hearing of all that shall pass between you and me.

And do you hold them unworthy of your presence, Sir?

Not, madam, while *you* are before me, and if they had any business with me, or I with them.

Has not a husband business where his wife is?

Neither wife nor husband has business with me.

Yes, Sir, I am come to demand my daughter. I come to demand a mother's right.

I answer not to such a demand; you know you have no right to make it.

I have been at Colnebrook: she was kept from me: my child was carried out of the house, that I might not see her.

And have you then terrified the poor girl?

I have left a letter for her; and I expect to see

her upon it.—Her new father, as worthy and as brave a man as yourself, Sir, longs to see her—

Her *new father!* madam.—You *expect to see her!* madam—What was your behaviour to her, unnatural woman! the last time you saw her? But if you *do* see her, it must be in my presence, and without your man, if he form pretensions, on your account, that may give either her or me disturbance.

You are only, Sir, to take care of her fortune; so I am advised: I, as her mother, have the natural right over her person. The Chancery will give it to me.

Then seek your remedy in Chancery: let me never hear of you again, but by the officers of that court.

I opened the door leading into the room where the two men were.

They are not officers, I dare say: common men of the town, I doubt not, new-dressed for the occasion. O'Hara, as she calls him, is, probably, one of her temporary husbands only.

Pray walk in, gentlemen, said I. This lady intimates to me, that she will apply to Chancery against me. The Chancery, if she has any grievance, will be a proper *recourse.* She can have no business with me, after such a declaration—Much less can either of you.

And opening the drawing-room door that led to the hall, Frederick, said I, attend the lady and the gentlemen to their coach.

I turned from them, to go into my study.

The major, as he was called, asked me, with a fierce air, his hand on his sword, If this were treatment due to gentlemen?

This house, in which, however, you are an intruder, Sir, is your protection; or that motion, and that air, if you mean any thing by either, would cost you dear.

I am, Sir, the protector of my wife: you have insulted her, Sir.

Have I insulted your wife, Sir?—And I stepped up to him; but just in time recovered myself, remembering where I was—Take care, Sir—But you are safe here—Frederick, wait upon the gentlemen to the door—

Frederick was not in hearing: the well-meaning man, apprehending consequences, went, it seems, into the offices, to get together some of his fellow-servants.

Salmonet, putting himself into violent motion, swore, that he would stand by his friend, his brother, to the last drop of his blood; and, in a posture of offence, drew his sword half-way.

I wish, friend, said I (but could hardly contain myself) that I were in *your* house, instead of your being in *mine*—But if you would have your sword broken over your head, draw it quite.

He did, with a vapour. D—n him, he said, if he bore that! My *own* house, on such an insult as this, should not be my protection; and, retreating, he put himself into a posture of defence.

*Now*, major! *Now*, major! said the wicked woman.

Her major also drew, making wretched grimaces.

I was dressed. I knew not but the men were assassins. I drew, put by Salmonet's sword, closed with him, disarmed him, and, by the same effort, laid him on the floor.

O'Hara, skipping about, as if he watched for an opportunity to make a push with safety to himself, lost his sword, by the usual trick whereby a man, any-thing skilled in his weapons, knows how sometimes to disarm a *less* skilful adversary.

The woman screamed, and ran into the hall.

I turned the two men, first one, then the other, out

of the room, with a contempt that they deserved; and Frederick, Richard, and Jerry, who, by that time, were got together in the hall, a little too roughly perhaps, turned them into the square.

They limped into the coach they came in: the woman, in terror, was already in it. They cursed, swore, and threatened.

The pretended captain, putting his body half-way out of the coach, bid my servants tell me, That I was—That I was—And avoiding a worse name, as it seemed—*No gentleman*; and that he would find an opportunity to make me repent the treatment I had given to men of honour, and to a lady.

The major, in eagerness to say something, by way of resentment and menace likewise—(beginning with damning his blood)—had his intended threatening cut short, by meeting the captain's head with his, as the other, in a rage, withdrew it, after his speech to the servant: and each cursing the other, one rubbing his forehead, the other putting his hand to his head, away drove the coach.

They forgot to ask for their swords; and one of them left his hat behind him.

You cannot imagine, my dear Dr. Bartlett, how much this idle affair has disturbed me: I cannot forgive myself—To be provoked by two such men, to violate the sanction of my own house. Yet they came, no doubt, to bully and provoke me; or to lay a foundation for a demand, that they knew, if personally made, must do it.

My only excuse to myself is, that there were two of them; and that, though I drew, yet I had the command of myself so far as only to defend myself, when I might have done any thing with them. I have generally found, that those that are the readiest to give offence, are the unfittest, when brought to the test, to support their own insolence.

But my Emily! my poor Emily! How must she be terrified!—I will be with you very soon. Let not her know any thing of this idle affair; nor any body but Lord L.

Tuesday morning.

I have just parted with one Blagrave, an attorney, who already had been ordered to proceed against me: but, out of regard to my character, and having, as he owned, no great opinion of his clients, he thought fit to come to me in person, to acquaint me of it, and to inform himself, from me, of the whole affair.

The gentleman's civility intitled him to expect an account of it: I gave it him.

He told me, That if I pleased to restore the swords, and the hat, by him, and would promise not to stop the future quarterly payments of the 200l. a year, about which they were very appprehensive; he dared to say, that, after such an exertion of spirit, as he called a choleric excess, I should not hear any more of them for one while; since he believed, they had only been trying an experiment: which had been carried farther, he dared to say, than they had designed it should.

He hinted his opinion, that the men were common men of the town; and that they had never been honoured with commissions in any service.

The woman (I know not by what name to call her, since it is very probable, that she has not a real title to that of O'Hara) was taken out of the coach in violent hysterics, as O'Hara told him; who, in consulting Mr. Blagrave, may be supposed to aggravate matters, in order to lay a foundation for an action of damages.

She accused the men of cowardice, before Mr. Blagrave; and that in very opprobrious terms.

They excused themselves, as being loth to hurt me; which, they said, they easily could have done; especially before I drew.

They both pretended to Mr. Blagrave, personal damages; but I hope their hurts are magnified.

I am (however that be) *most* hurt; for I am not at all pleased with myself. They, possibly, though they have no cause to be satisfied with their parts in the fray, have been more accustomed to such scuffles, than I; and are above, or rather beneath, all punctilio.

Mr. Blagrave took the swords and the hat with him in the coach that waited for him.

If I thought it would not have looked like a compromise, and encouraged their insolence, I could freely have sent them *more* than what belonged to them. I am really greatly hurt by the part I acted to such men.

As to the annuity; I bid Mr. Blagrave tell the woman, that the payment of that depended upon her future good behaviour; and yet, that I was not sure, that she was intitled to it, but as the *widow* of my friend.

However, I told this gentleman, that no provocation should hinder me from doing strict justice, though I were sure that they would go to law with the money I should cause to be paid to them quarterly. You will, therefore, know, Sir, added I, that the fund which they have to depend upon, to support a law-suit, should they commence one, and think fit to employ in it so honest a man as you seem to be, is 100l. a year. It would be madness, if not injustice, to pay the other 100l. for such a purpose, when it was left to my discretion to pay it, or not, with a view to discourage that litigious spirit, which is one, of an hundred, of this poor woman's bad qualities.

But whahus, for the present, stands this affair. I look spondeny trouble from this woman as over, till some We :heme arises, either among these people, or wom others whom she may consult or employ. You and I, when I have the happiness to attend you and my other friends, will not renew the subject.

I am, &c.

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## LETTER XIV.

### MISS BYRON TO MISS SELBY.

Colnebrook, Wednesday, March 22.

Sir Charles arrived this morning, just as we had assembled to breakfast; for Lady L. is not an early riser. The moment he entered, sunshine broke out in the countenance of every one.

He apologized to all, but me, for his long absence, especially when they had *such* a guest, were his words, bowing to me; and I thought he sighed, and looked with tender regard upon me; but I dared not ask Miss Grandison whether she saw any thing particular in his devoirs to me.

It was owing to his politeness, I presume, that he did not include me in his apologies; because that would have been to suppose, that I had *expected* him. Indeed I was not displeased, in the main, that he did not compliment me, as a *third* sister. See, Lucy, what little circumstances a doubtful mind will sometimes dwell upon.

I was not pleased that he had been so long absent, and had my thoughts to myself upon it; inclining once to have gone back to London; and perhaps *should*, could I have fancied myself of importance enough to make him uneasy by it [The sex! the sex!

Lucy, will my uncle say; but I pretend not above its little foibles]: but the moment I saw all my disgusts were over. After the Anderson, Danby, the Lord W. affairs, he appeared to me in a much more shining light than an hero would have done, returning in a triumphal car covered with laurels, and dragging captive princes at his wheels. How much more glorious a character is that of *The friend of mankind*, than that of *The conqueror of nations!*

He told me, that he paid his compliments yesterday to Mr. and Mrs. Reeves. He mentioned Mr. Deane's visit to him; and said very kind, but just things in his praise. I read not any thing in his eyes, or manner, that gave me uneasiness on the visit that other good man made him.

My dear Emily sat generously uneasy, I saw, for the trouble she had been the cause of giving to her best friend, though she knew not of a visit, that her mother, and O'Hara, and Salmonet, made her guardian on Monday, as the doctor had hinted to us, without giving us particulars.

Sir Charles thanked me for my goodness, as he called it, in getting the good girl so happily out of her mother's way, as *his* Emily would have been too much terrified to see her: and he thanked Lord L. for his tenderness to his ward on that occasion.

My lord gave him the letter which Mrs. Jervois had left for her daughter. Sir Charles presented it to the young lady, without looking into it: she instantly returned it to him, in a very graceful manner. We will read it together by-and-by, my Emily, said he. Dr. Bartlett tells me, there is tenderness in it.

The doctor made apologies to him, for having communicated to us some of his letters—Whatever Dr. Bartlett does, said Sir Charles, must be right.

But what say my sisters to my proposal of correspondence with them?

We should be glad, replied Lady L. to see all you write to Dr. Bartlett; but could not undertake to write you letter for letter.

Why so?

Miss Byron, said Miss Grandison, has put us quite out of heart, as to the talent of narrative letter-writing.

I should be greatly honoured with a sight of such letters of Miss Byron as you, my lord, have seen. Will Miss Byron, applying to me, favour *one* brother, and exclude *another?*

*Brother!* Lucy; I thought he was not, at that time, quite so handsome a man as when he first entered the room.

I was silent, and blushed. I knew not what answer to make; yet thought I should say something.

May we, Sir Charles, said Miss Grandison, hope for a perusal of your letters to Dr. Bartlett for the same number of weeks past, letter for letter, if we could prevail on Miss Byron to consent to the proposal?

Would Miss Byron consent upon that condition?

What say you, Miss Byron? said my lord.

I answered, that I could not presume to think, that the little chit-chat, which I wrote to please my partial friends in the country, could appear tolerable in the eye of Sir Charles Grandison.

They all answered with high encomiums on my pen; and Sir Charles, in the most respectful manner, insisting upon not being denied to see what Lord L. had perused; and Miss Grandison having said, that I had, to oblige them, been favoured with the return of my letters from the country; I thought it would look like a too meaning particularity, if I refused to oblige him, in the light (though not a very agreeable

one, I own, to you, Lucy) of *another* brother: I told him, that I would shew him very willingly, and without condition, all the letters I had written, of the narrative kind, from my first coming to London, to the dreadful masquerade affair, and even Sir Hargrave's barbarous treatment of me, down to the deliverance he had so generously given me.

How did he extol me, for what he called my noble frankness of heart! In that grace, he said, I excelled all the women he had ever conversed with. He assured me, that he would not wish to see a line that I was not willing he should see; and that, if he came to a word or passage that he could suppose would be of that nature, it should have no place in his memory.

Miss Grandison called out—But the *condition*, Sir Charles—

Is only this, replied I (I am sure of your *candor*, Sir); that you will correct me, where I am wrong, in any of my notions or sentiments. I have been very pert and forward in some of my letters; particularly in a dispute that was carried on in relation to learning and languages. If I could not, for *improvement*-sake, more heartily bespeak your correction than your approbation, I should be afraid of your eye there.

Excellent Miss Byron! Beauty shall not bribe me on your side, if I think you wrong in any point that you submit to my judgment: and if I am beauty-proof, I am sure nothing on earth can bias me.

Miss Grandison said, she would number the letters according to their dates, and then would give them to me, that I might make such conditions with her brother, on the loan, as every one might be the better for.

Breakfast being over, Miss Grandison renewed

the talk of the visit made here by Mrs. O'Hara on Sunday last. Miss Jervois very prettily expressed her grief for the trouble given her guardian by her unhappy mother. He drew her to him, as he sat, with looks of tenderness; called her his dear Emily; and told her, she was the *child of his compassion*. You are called upon, my dear, said he, young as you are, to a glorious trial; and hitherto you have shone in it: I wish the poor woman would be but half as much the mother, as you would be the child! But let us read her letter.

His goodness overwhelmed her. He took her mother's letter out of his pocket: she stood before him, drying her eyes, and endeavouring to suppress her emotion: and when he had unfolded the letter, he put his arm round her waist. Surely, Lucy, he is the tenderest, as well as bravest of men! What would I give for a picture drawn but with half the life and love which shone out in his looks, as he cast his eyes, now on the letter, and now up to his Emily!—Poor woman! said he, two or three times, as he read: and, when he had done, You must read it, my dear, said he: there is the *mother* in it: we will acknowledge the mother, wherever we can find her.

Why did not the dear girl throw her arms about his neck, just then?—She was ready to do so. O my best of guardians! said she; and, it was plain, was but just restrained, by virgin modesty, from doing so; her hands caught back, as it were, and resting for a moment on his shoulder: and she looked as much abashed, as if she had *not* checked herself.

I took more notice of this her grateful motion, than any body else. I was affected with the beautiful check, and admired her for it.

And *must* I, Sir, would you *have me*, read it? I will retire to my chamber with it.

He rose, took her hand, and, coming with her to me, put it into mine: Be so good, madam, to fortify this worthy child's heart, by your prudence and judgment, while she reads the *mother*, in the only instance that I have ever known it visible in this unhappy woman.

Emily and I withdrew into the next room; and there the good girl read the letter; but it was long in reading; her tears often interrupting her: and more than once, as wanting a refuge, she threw her arms about my neck, in silent grief.

I called her twenty tender names; but I could not say much: what could I? The letter in some places affected *me*. It was the letter of a mother who seemed extremely sensible of hardships. Her guardian had promised observations upon it: I knew not then all the unhappy woman's wickedness: I knew not but the husband might be in some fault.—What could I say? I could not think of giving comfort to a daughter at the expence of even a *bad* mother.

Miss Grandison came to us: she kissed the sobbing girl, and with tenderness, calling us her two loves, led us into the next room.

Sir Charles, it seems, had owned, in our absence, that Mr. and Mrs. O'Hara, and Captain Salmonet, had made him a visit in town, on their return from Colnebrook, and expressed himself to be vexed at his own behaviour to them.

Miss Jervois gave the letter to her guardian, and went behind his chair, on the back of which she leaned, while he looked into the letter, and made observations upon what he read, as nearly in the following words as I can remember.

*An unhappy mother, whose faults have been barbarously aggravated*—My Emily's father was an indulgent husband! He forgave this unhappy woman crimes, which very few men would have forgiven:

she was the wife of his choice: he doted on her: his first forgiveness of an atrocious crime hardened her.

When he could not live with her, he removed from place to place, to avoid her: at last, afraid of her private machinations, which were of the blackest nature, he went abroad, in order to pursue that traffic in person, which he managed to great advantage by his agents and factors; having first, however, made an handsome provision for his wife.

Thither, after some time passed in riot and extravagance, she followed him.

I became acquainted with him at Florence. I found him to be a sensible and honest man; and every one whom he could serve, or assist, experienced his benevolence. Not a single soul who knew him, but loved him, this wife excepted.

She at *that* time insisted upon his giving up to her management, his beloved Emily; and solemnly promised reformation, on his compliance. She knew that the child would be a great fortune.

I was with Mr. Jervois, on her first visit to him at Leghorn; and, though I had heard her character to be very bad, was inclined to befriend her. She was specious. I hoped that a mother, whatever *wife* she made, could not but be a *mother*; and poor Mr. Jervois had not been forward to say the worst of her. But she did not long save appearances. The whole English factory at Leghorn were witnesses of her flagrant enormities. She was addicted to an excess that left her no guard, and made her a stranger to that grace which is the glory of a woman.

I am told, that she is less frequently intoxicated than heretofore. I should be glad of the least shadow of reformation in her. That odious vice led her into every other, and hardened her to a sense of shame. Other vices, perhaps, at first, wanted *that*

to introduce them; but the most flagitious have been long habitual to her.

Nothing but the justice due to the character of my departed friend, could have induced me to say what I have said of this unhappy woman. Forgive me, my Emily: but shall I not defend your father?—I have not said the *worst* I could say of his wife.

Yet she writes, *That her faults have been barbarously aggravated, in order to justify the ill usage of a husband, who,* she says, *was not faultless.* Ill usage of a husband! Wretched woman! She knew I must see this letter: how *could* she write thus? She knows that I have authentic proofs in my custody, of his unexceptionable goodness to her; and confessions, under her own hand, of her guilt, and ingratitude to him.

But, my Emily—and he arose, and took her hand, her face overwhelmed with tears, You may rejoice in your father's character: he was a good man, in *every* sense of the word. With regard to her, he had but one fault; and that was, his indulgence—Shall I say, that after repeated elopements, after other men had cast her off, he took her back? When she had forfeited his love, his *pity* operated in her favour; and she was hardened enough to despise the man who could much more easily forgive than punish her. I am grieved to be obliged to say this; but repeat, that the memory of my friend must not be unjustly loaded. Would to heaven that I could suggest the shadow of a plea that would extenuate any part of her vileness, either respecting him or herself; let whose-soever character suffer by it, I *would* suggest it. How often has this worthy husband wept to me, for those faults of his wife, for which *she* could not be sorry.

I discourage not these tears, my Emily, on what you have heard me say; but let me now dry them up.

He took her own handkerchief, and tenderly wiped her cheeks: it is unnecessary, proceeded he, to say any thing further, at this time, in defence of your father's character; we come now to other parts of the letter, that will not, I hope, be so affecting to the heart of a good child.

She insists upon your making her a visit, or receiving one from her: she longs, she says, to see you; to lay you in her bosom. She congratulates you, on your improvements: she very *pathetically* calls upon you not to despise her—

My dear girl! You *shall* receive her visit: she shall name her place for it, provided I am present. I shall think it a sign of her amendment, if she is really capable of rejoicing in your improvements. I have always told you, that you must distinguish between the *crime* and the *mother*: the one is intitled to your pity; the other calls for your abhorrence—Do you *choose*, my dear, to see your mother?—I hope you do. Let not even the faulty have cause to complain of unkindness from us. There are faults that must be left to heaven to punish; and against the consequences of which it behoves us only to *guard*, for our own sakes. I hope you are in a safe protection, and have nothing to fear from her: you are *guarded*, therefore. Can my Emily forget the terrors of the last interview, and calmly, in my presence, kneel to her mother?

Whatever you command me to do, I will do.

I would have you answer this letter. Invite her to the house of your guardian—I think you should not go to her lodgings: yet, if you incline to see her there, and she insists upon it, I will attend you.

But, Sir, must I own her husband for my father?

Leave that to me, my dear: little things, punctilios, are not to be stood upon: pride shall have no concern with us. But I must first be satisfied, that

the man and she are actually married. Who knows, if they *are*, but his dependence on her annuity, and the protection she may hope for from him, may make it convenient to both, to live in a more creditable manner than hitherto she has aimed to do? If she save but *appearances*, for the future, it will be a point gained.

I will in every thing, Sir, do as you would have me.

One thing, my dear, I think I will advise: if they are really married; if there be any prospect of their living tolerably together; you shall, if you please, (your fortune is very large) make them a handsome present; and give hope, that it will be an annual one, if the man behave with civility to your mother. She complains, that she is made poor and dependent. Poor if she be, it is her own fault: she brought not 200l. to your father. Ungrateful woman! he married her, as I hinted, for love. With 200l. a year, well paid, she ought not to be poor; but *dependent* she must be. Your father would have given her a larger annuity, had he not known, by experience, that it was but strengthening her hands to do mischief; and to enable her to be more riotous. I found a declaration of this kind among his papers, after his death. This his *intention*, if there could have been any hope of a good use to be made of it, justifies my advice to you, to *enlarge* her stipend: I will put it in such a way, that you, my dear, shall have the credit of it; and I will take upon myself the advice of restraining it to good behaviour, for their own sakes, and for yours.

O Sir! how good you are! You now give me courage to wish to see my poor mother, in hopes that it will be in my power to do her good: continue to your Emily the blessing of your direction, and I shall be a happy girl indeed. O that my mother *may* be

married! that so she may be intitled to the best you shall advise me to do for her.

I doubt her man is a man of the town, added he; but he *may* have lived long enough to see his follies. She *may* be tired of the life she has led. I have made several efforts to do her service; but have no hope to reclaim her. I wish she may now be a wife in earnest. But this, I think, shall be my last effort—Write, my dear; but nothing of your intention. If she is not married, things must remain as they are.

She hastened up stairs, and very soon returned, with the following lines:

MADAM,

I beseech you to believe, that I am not wanting in duty to my mother. You rejoice my heart, when you tell me, that you love me. My guardian was so good, before I could have time to ask him, as to bid me write to you, and to let you know, that he will himself present me to you, whenever you please to favour me with an opportunity to pay my duty to you, at his house in St. James's Square.

Let me hope, my dear mamma, that you will not be so angry with your poor girl, as you was last time I saw you at Mrs. Lane's; and then I will see you with all the duty that a child owes to her mother. For I am, and ever will be,

Your dutiful daughter,

EMILIA JERVOIS.

Sir Charles generously scrupled the last paragraph. We will not, I think, Emily, said he, remind a mother, who has written such a letter as that before us, of a behaviour that she should be glad to forget.

Miss Grandison desired it might stand. Who

knows, said she, but it may make her ashamed of her outrageous behaviour at that time?

She deserves not generous usage, said Lady L.; she cannot feel it.

Perhaps *not*, replied Sir Charles; but we should do proper things *for our own sakes*, whether the persons are capable of feeling them as they ought, or not. What say *you*, Miss Byron, to this last paragraph?

I was entirely in his way of thinking, and for the reason he gave; but the two ladies having given their opinion in a pretty earnest manner, and my lord saying, he thought it might pass, I was afraid it would look like bespeaking his favour at their expence, if I adopted his sentiments: I therefore declined giving my opinion. But being willing to keep Emily in countenance, who sat suspended in her judgment, as one who feared she had done a wrong thing: I said, It was a very natural paragraph, I thought, from Miss Jervois's pen, as it was written, I dared to say, rather in apprehension of hard treatment, from what she remembered of the last, than in a spirit of recrimination or resentment.

The good girl declared it was. Both ladies, and my lord, said, I had distinguished well: but Sir Charles, though he said no more upon the subject, looked upon each sister with meaning; which I wondered they did not observe. Dr. Bartlett was withdrawn, or I believe he would have had the honesty to speak out, which I had not: but the point was a point of delicacy and generosity; and I thought I should not seem to imagine, that I understood it better than they: nor did I think, that Sir Charles would have acquiesced with their opinion.

Miss Jervois retired, to transcribe her letter. We all separated, to dress and I, having soon made an

alteration in mine, dropt in upon Dr. Bartlett in his closet.

I am stealing from this good man a little improvement in my geography: I am delighted with my tutor, and he professes to be pleased with his scholar; but sometimes more interesting articles slide in: but now he had just begun to talk of Miss Jervois, as if he would have led, I thought, to the proposal hinted at by Miss Grandison, from the letter she had so clandestinely seen, of my taking her under my care, when Sir Charles entered the doctor's apartment. He would have withdrawn, when he saw me; but the doctor, rising from his chair, besought him to oblige us with his company.

I was silly: I did not expect to be caught there. But why was I silly on being found with Dr. Bartlett?—But let me tell you, that I thought Sir Charles himself, at first addressing me, seemed a little unprepared. You invited me in, doctor: here I am. But if you were upon a subject that you do not pursue, I shall look upon myself as an intruder, and will withdraw.

We had concluded one subject, Sir, and were beginning another—I had just mentioned Miss Jervois.

Is not Emily a good child, Miss Byron? said Sir Charles.

Indeed, Sir, she is.

We then had some general talk of the unhappy situation she is in from such a mother; and I thought some hints would have been given of his desire that she should accompany me down to Northamptonshire; and my heart throbbed, to think how it would be brought in, and how I should behave upon it: and the more, as I was not to be supposed to have so much as *heard* of such a designed proposal. What would it have done, had I been prevailed upon to

read the letter? But not one word passed, leading to that subject.

I now begin to *fear*, that he has changed his mind, if that *was* his mind. Methinks I am more fond of having the good girl with us, than I imagined it was possible I ever could have been. What a different appearance have things to us, when they are out of our power, to what they had when we believed they were in it?

But I see not, that there is the least likelihood that any thing, on which you had all set your hearts, can happen—I can't help it.

Emily, flattering girl! told me, she saw great signs of attachment to me in his eyes and behaviour; but I see no grounds for such a surmise: his affections are certainly engaged. God bless him, whatever his engagements are!—When he was absent, encouraged by his sisters and Lord L. I thought pretty well of myself; but, now he is present, I see so many excellencies shining out in his mind, in his air and address, that my humility gets the better of my ambition.

Ambition! did I say? Yes, ambition, Lucy. Is it not the nature of the passion we are so foolishly apt to call *noble*, to exalt the object, and to lower, if not to debase, one's self? [You see how Lord W. depreciates me on the score of fortune. I was loth to take notice of that before, because I knew, that were slenderness of fortune the only difficulty, the partiality of all my friends for their Harriet would put them upon making efforts that I would sooner die than suffer to be made. This, Lucy, observe, is between hooks.]

I forget the manner in which Lord W.'s objection was permitted to go off—but I remember, Sir Charles made no attempt to answer it: and yet he tells my lord, that fortune is not a principal article with him;

and that he has an ample estate of his own. No question but a man's duties will rise with his opportunities. A man, therefore, may be as good with a less estate, as with a larger: and is not goodness the essential part of happiness? Be our station what it will, have we any concern but humbly to acquiesce in it, and fulfil the duties belonging to that station?

But who, for selfish considerations, can wish to *circumscribe* the power of this good man? The greater opportunities he has of doing good, the higher must be his enjoyment. No, Lucy, do not let us flatter ourselves.

Sir Charles rejoices, on Sir Hargrave's having just now, by letter, suspended the appointment till next week, of his dining with him at his house on the forest.

## LETTER XV.

### MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

I LEFT Sir Charles with Dr. Bartlett. They would have both engaged me to stay longer; but I thought the ladies would miss me, and think it particular to find me with him in the doctor's closet.

My lord and the two sisters were together in the drawing-room adjoining to the library: on my entrance, Well, Harriet, said Miss Grandison, we will now endeavour to find out my brother: you must be present to yourself, and put in a word now-and-then. We shall see if Dr. Bartlett is right, when he says, that my brother is the most unreserved of men.

Just then came in Dr. Bartlett—I think, doctor, said Lady L. we will take your advice, and ask my brother all the questions in relation to his engagements abroad, that come into our heads.

She had not done speaking, when Sir Charles entered, and drew his chair next me; and just *then* I thought myself he looked upon me with equal benignity and respect.

Miss Grandison began with taking notice of the letter, from which Dr. Bartlett, she said, had read, some passages, of the happiness he had procured to Lord W. in ridding him of his woman. She wished, she told him, that she knew who was the lady he had in his thoughts to commend to my lord for a wife.

I will have a little talk with her before I name her, even to you, my lord, and my sisters. I am sure my sisters will approve of their aunt, if she accept of my lord for a husband: I shall pay my compliments to her, in my return from Grandison-hall.—Do you, Charlotte, choose to accompany me thither? I must, I think, be present at the opening of the church. I don't ask you, my lord, nor you, Lady L. so short as my stay will be there. I purpose to go down on Friday next, and return the Tuesday following.

*Miss Gr.* I think, brother, I should wish to be excused. If, indeed, you would stay there a week or fortnight, I could like to attend you; and so, I dare say, would Lord and Lady L.

*Sir Ch.* I must be in town on Wednesday next week; but you may stay the time you mention: you cannot pass it disagreeably in the neighbourhood of the hall; and there you will find your cousin Grandison: he will gallant you from one neighbour to another: and, if I judge by your freedoms with him, you have a greater regard for him, than perhaps you know you have.

*Miss Gr.* Your servant, Sir, bowing—But I will take my revenge—Pray, Sir Charles, may I ask (we are all brothers and sisters)—

*Sir Ch.* Stop, Charlotte (*pleasantly*): if you are going to ask any questions by way of *revenge*, I answer them not.

*Miss Gr.* Revenge! Not revenge, neither—But when my Lord W. as by the *passages* Dr. Bartlett was so good as to read to us, proposed to you this lady for a wife, and that lady; your answers gave us apprehension that you are not inclined to marry—

*Lady L.* You are very unceremonious, Charlotte.

Indeed, Lucy, she made me tremble. Sure he can have no notion that I have seen the *whole* letter—seen myself named in it.

*Miss Gr.* What signifies ceremony among relations?

*Sir Ch.* Let Charlotte have her way.

*Miss Gr.* Why then, Sir, I would ask—Don't you intend one day to marry?

*Sir Ch.* I do, Charlotte. I shall not think myself happy till I can obtain the hand of a worthy woman.

I was, I am afraid, Lucy, visibly affected: I knew not how to stay; yet it would have looked worse to go.

*Miss Gr.* Very well, Sir—And pray, Have you not, either abroad or at home, seen the woman you could wish to call yours?—Don't think me impertinent, brother.

*Sir Ch.* You cannot be impertinent, Charlotte. If you want to know any thing of me, it pleases me best, when you come directly to the point.

*Miss Gr.* Well, then, if I cannot be impertinent; if you are best pleased when you are most freely treated; and if you are inclined to marry; pray why did you decline the proposals mentioned by Lord W. in behalf of Lady Frances N. of Lady Anne S. and I cannot tell how many more?

*Sir Ch.* The friends of the first-named lady proceeded not generously with my father, in that affair. The whole family builds too much on the interest and quality of her father. I wanted not to depend upon any public man: I chose, as much as possible,

to fix my happiness within my own little circle. I have strong passions: I am not without ambition. Had I loosened the reins to the latter, young man as I am, my tranquillity would have been pinned to the feather in another man's cap. Does this satisfy you, Charlotte, as to Lady Frances?

*Miss Gr.* Why yes; and the easier, because there is a lady whom I could have preferred to Lady Frances.

I should not, thought I, have been present at this conversation. Lord L. looked at me. Lord L. should *not* have looked at me: the ladies did not.

*Sir Ch.* Who is she?

*Miss Gr.* Lady Anne S. you know, Sir—Pray, may I ask, Why that *could not be?*

*Sir Ch.* Lady Anne is, I believe, a deserving woman: but her fortune must have been my principal inducement, had I made my addresses to her. I never yet went so low as that alone, for an inducement to see a lady three times.

*Miss Gr.* Then, Sir, you *have* made your addresses to ladies—abroad, I suppose?

*Sir Ch.* I thought, Charlotte, your curiosity extended only to the ladies in England.

*Miss Gr.* Yes, Sir, it extends to ladies in England, and out of England, if any there be that have kept my brother a single man, when such offers have been made him as we think would have been unexceptionable. But you hint, then, Sir, that there *are* ladies abroad—

*Sir Ch.* Take care, Charlotte, that you make as free a respondent, when it comes to your turn, as you are a questioner.

*Miss Gr.* By your answers to my questions, Sir, teach me how I am to answer yours, if you have any to ask.

*Sir Ch.* Very well, Charlotte. Have I not an-

swered satisfactorily your questions about the ladies you named?

*Miss Gr.* Pretty well. But, Sir, have you not seen ladies abroad whom you like better than either of those I have named?—Answer me to that.

*Sir Ch.* I *have*, Charlotte, and at home too.

*Miss Gr.* I don't know what to say to you—But, pray, Sir, have you not seen ladies abroad whom you have liked better than any you ever saw at home?

*Sir Ch.* No. But tell me, Charlotte, to what does all this tend?

*Miss Gr.* Only, brother, that we long to have you happily married; and we are afraid, that your declining this proposal and that, is owing to some previous attachment—and now *all* is out.

*Lord L.* And now, my dear brother, all *is* out.—

*Lady L.* If our brother will gratify our curiosity—

Had I ever before, Lucy, so great a call upon me as now, for presence of mind?

Sir Charles sighed: he paused: and at last said—You are very generous, very kind, in your wishes to see me married. I *have* seen the lady, with whom, of all the women in the world, I think I could be happy.

A fine blush overspread his face, and he looked down. Why, Sir Charles, did you blush? Why did you look down? The happy, thrice happy woman, was not present, was she?—Ah, No! no! no!—

*Sir Ch.* And now, Charlote, what other questions have you to ask, before it comes to your turn to answer some that I have to put to *you*?

*Miss Gr.* Only one—Is the lady a foreign lady?

How every body but I looked at him, expecting his answer!—He really hesitated. At last, I think, Charlotte, you will excuse me, if I say, that this question gives me some pain—Because it leads to *another*, that *if* made, I *cannot at present myself answer*

[But why so, Sir? thought I]: and if *not* made, it cannot be of any signification to speak to this.

*Lord L.* We would not give you pain, Sir Charles: and yet—

*Sir Ch.* What *yet*, my dear Lord L.?

*Lord L.* When I was at Florence, there was much talk—

*Sir Ch.* Of a lady of that city—Olivia, my lord! —There was. She has fine qualities, but unhappily blended with others less approveable.—But I have nothing to wish for from Olivia. She has done me too much honour. I should not so readily have named her now, had she herself been more solicitous to conceal the distinction she honoured me with. But your lordship, I dare hope, never heard even *ill-will* open its mouth to her disreputation, only that she descended *too much* in her regard for one object.

*Lord L.* Your character, Sir Charles, was as much to the reputation of her favour, as—

*Sir Ch. (interrupting)* O my lord, how *brotherly* partial! But, this lady out of the question, my peace has been broken by a tender fault in my constitution —And yet I would not be without it.

The sweet Emily arose, and, in tears, went to the window. A sob, endeavoured to be suppressed, called our attention to her.

Sir Charles went, and took her hand: Why weeps my Emily?

Because you, who so well deserve to be happy, seem not to be so.

Tender examples, Lucy, are catching: I had much ado to restrain *my* tears.

He kindly consoled her. My unhappiness, my dear, said he, arises chiefly from that of other people. I should but for *that* be happy in myself, because I endeavour to accommodate my mind to bear inevitable evils, and to make, if possible, a virtue of neces-

sity: but, Charlotte, see how grave you have made us all! and yet I must enter with *you* upon a subject that possibly may be thought as serious by you, as that which, at present, I wish to quit.

"Wish to quit!" "The question gave him some pain, because it led to another, which he cannot himself, at present, answer!"—What, Lucy, let me ask you, before I follow him to his next subject, can you gather from what passed in *that*, already recited? If he is himself at an uncertainty, he may deserve to be pitied, and not blamed: but don't you think he might have answered, whether the lady is a foreigner, or not?—How could he *know* what the next question would have been?

I had the assurance to ask Miss Grandison afterwards, aside, Whether any thing could be made out, or guessed at, by his eyes, when he spoke of having seen the woman he could prefer to all others? For he sat next me: she over against him.

I know not what to make of him, said she: but be the lady native or foreigner, it is my humble opinion, that my brother is in love. He has all the symptoms of it that I can guess by.

I am of Charlotte's opinion, Lucy. Such tender sentiments; such sweetness of manners; such gentleness of voice!—Love has certainly done all this for him: and the lady, to be sure, is a foreigner. It would be strange if such a man should not have engaged his heart in the seven or eight years past; and those from eighteen to twenty-six or seven, the most susceptible of a man's life.

But what means he, by saying, "His peace has been broken by a tender fault in his constitution?"—Compassion, I suppose, for some unhappy object.—I will soon return to town, and there prepare to throw myself into the arms of my dearest relations in Northamptonshire: I shall otherwise, perhaps, add to the

number of those who have broken his peace. But it is strange, methinks, that he could not have answered, Whether the lady is a foreigner, or not.

Dr. Bartlett, you are mistaken: Sir Charles Grandison is not so very *un*-reserved a man as you said he was.

But Oh! my dear little flattering Emily, how could you tell me, that you watched his eyes, and saw them always kindly bent on me?—Yes, perhaps, when you thought so, he was drawing comparisons to the advantage of his fair foreigner, from my less agreeable features!—

But this Olivia! Lucy. I want to know something more of *her*. "Nothing," he says, "to wish for from Olivia."—Poor lady! Methinks I am very much inclined to pity her.

Well, but I will proceed now to his next subject. I wish I could find some faults in him. It is a *cruel* thing to be under a kind of necessity to be angry with a man whom we cannot blame: and yet, in the next conversation, you will see *him* angry. Don't you long, Lucy, to see how Sir Charles Grandison will behave when he is angry?

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## LETTER XVI.

### MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Now, Charlotte, said he, (as if he had fully answered the questions put to him—O these men!) let me ask *you* a question or two—I had a visit made me yesterday, by Lord G. What, my dear, do you intend to do with regard to him?—But, perhaps, you would choose to withdraw with me, on this question.

*Miss Gr.* I wish I had made to you the same

overture of withdrawing, Sir Charles, on the questions I put to you: if I had, I should have received more satisfaction, I fancy, than I can now boast of.

*Sir Ch.* I will withdraw with you, if you please, and hear any other questions you have to put to me.

*Miss Gr.* You can put no questions to me, Sir, that I shall have any objection to answer before this company.

*Sir Ch.* You know my question, Charlotte.

*Miss Gr.* What would *you* advise me to do in that affair, brother?

*Sir Ch.* I have only one piece of advice to give you:—it is, that you will either encourage or discourage his address—if you know your own mind.

*Miss Gr.* I believe, brother, you want to get rid of me.

*Sir Ch.* Then you intend to encourage Lord G.?

*Miss Gr.* Does that follow, Sir?

*Sir Ch.* Or you could not have supposed, that I wanted to part with you. But, come, Charlotte, let us retire. It is very difficult to get a direct answer to such questions as these, from ladies, before company, though the company be ever so nearly related to them.

*Miss Gr.* I can answer, before this company, any questions that relate to Lord G.

*Sir Ch.* Then you *don't* intend to encourage him?

*Miss Gr.* I don't see how that follows, neither, from what I said.

*Sir Ch.* It does, very clearly. I am not an absolute stranger to the language of women, Charlotte.

*Miss Gr.* I thought my brother too polite to reflect upon the sex.

*Sir Ch.* Is it to reflect upon the sex to say, that I am not an absolute stranger to their language?

*Miss Gr.* I protest, I think so, in the way you spoke it.

*Sir Ch.* Well then, try if you cannot find a language to speak in, that may *not* be capable of such an interpretation.

*Miss Gr.* I am afraid you are displeased with me, brother. I will answer more directly.

*Sir Ch.* Do, my Charlotte: I have promised Lord G. to procure him an answer.

*Miss Gr.* Is the question he puts, Sir, a brief one —*On* or *off*?

*Sir Ch.* Trust *me*, Charlotte: you *may*, even with your punctilio.

*Miss Gr.* Will you not advise me, Sir?

*Sir Ch.* I will—To pursue your inclination.

*Miss Gr.* Suppose, if I knew *yours*, that *that* would turn the scale?

*Sir Ch.* Is the balance even?

*Miss Gr.* I can't say that, neither.

*Sir Ch.* Then *dismiss* my Lord G.

*Miss Gr.* Indeed, brother, you are angry with me.

*Sir Ch. (addressing himself to me)* I am sure, Miss Byron, that I shall find, in such points as this, a very different *sister* in you, when I come to be favoured with the perusal of your letters. Your cousin Reeves once said, That when you knew your own mind, you never kept any one in suspense.

*Miss Gr.* But I, brother, can't say that I *know* my mind absolutely.

*Sir Ch.* That is another thing; I am silent. Only when you do, I shall take it for a favour, if you will communicate it to me, for your service.

*Miss Gr.* I am among my best friends—Lord L. what is *your* advice? Sir Charles does not incline to give me *his*?

*Sir Ch.* It is owing to my regard to your own inclinations, and not to displeasure or petulance, that I do not.

*Lord L.* I have a very good opinion of Lord G. What is yours, my dear? to Lady L.

*Lady L.* I really think very well of my Lord G. What is yours, Miss Byron?

*Harriet.* I believe Miss Grandison must be the sole determiner, on this occasion. If *she* has no objection, I presume to think, that no one else can have any.

*Miss Gr.* Explain, explain, Harriet—

*Sir Ch.* Miss Byron answers as she always does: penetration and prudence, with her, never quit company. If I have the honour to explain her sentiments in giving mine, take both as follow: My Lord G. is a good-natured, mild man: he will make a woman happy, who has some share of prudence, though she has a still greater share of will. Charlotte is very lively: she loves her jest *almost* as well as she loves her friend—

*Miss Gr.* How, brother!

*Sir Ch.* And Lord G. will not stand in competition with her, in that respect: there should not be a rivalry in particular qualities, in marriage. I have known a poet commence a hatred to his wife, on her being complimented with making better verses than he. Let Charlotte agree upon those qualities in which she will allow her husband to excel; and he allow, in her, those she has a desire to monopolize: and all may do well.

*Miss Gr.* Then Lord G. must not be disputed with, I presume, were I to be his wife, on the subject of moths and butterflies.

*Sir Ch.* Yet Lord G. may give them up, when he has a more considerable trifle to amuse himself with. Pardon me, Charlotte—Are you not, as far as we have gone in this conversation, a pretty trifler?

*Miss Gr. (bowing)* Thank you, brother. The epithets *pretty*, and *young*, and *little*, are great qualifiers of harsh words.

*Sir Ch.* But do you like Sir Walter Watkyns better than Lord G.?

*Miss Gr.* I think not. He is not, I believe, so *good-natured* a man as the other.

*Sir Ch.* I am glad you make that distinction, Charlotte.

*Miss Gr.* You think it a necessary one in my case, I suppose, Sir?

*Sir Ch.* I have a letter of his to answer. He is very urgent with me for my interest with you. I am to answer it. Will you tell me, my sister, (giving her the letter) what I shall say?

*Miss Gr.* (*after perusing it*) Why, ay, poor man! he is very much in love: but I should have some trouble to teach him to spell: and yet, they say, he has both French and Italian at his fingers ends.

She then began to pull in pieces the letter.

*Sir Ch.* I will not permit that, Charlotte. Pray return me the letter. A woman is least of all intitled to ridicule a lover whom she does not intend to encourage. If she has a good opinion of herself, she will pity him. Whether she has or not, if she wounds, she should heal. Sir Walter may address himself to a hundred women, who for the sake of his gay appearance and good estate, will forgive him his indifferent spelling.

*Miss Gr.* The fluttering season is approaching. One wants now-and-then a *dangling* fellow or two after one in public: perhaps I have not seen enough of *either* of these to determine which to *choose*. Will you not allow one, since neither of them have *very* striking merits, to behold them in different lights, in order to enable one's self to judge which is the most *tolerable* of the two? Or, whether a still *more* tolerable wretch may not offer.

She spoke this in her very archest manner, serious as the subject was; and seriously as her brother wished to know her inclinations.

Sir Charles turned to Lord L. and gravely said, I

wonder how our cousin Everard is amusing himself at this instant, at the hall.

She was sensible of the intended rebuke, and asked him to forgive her.

Wit, my lord, continued he, inattentive to the pardon she asked, is a dangerous weapon: but that species of it which cannot shine without a foil, is not a wit to be proud of. The lady before me (what is her name?) and I, have been both under a mistake: I took her for my sister Charlotte: she took me for our cousin Everard.

Every one felt the severity. It seemed to pierce me, as if directed to me. So unusually severe from Sir Charles Grandison; and delivered with such serious unconcern in the manner; I would not, at that moment, have been Miss Grandison for the world.

She did not know which way to look. Lady L. (amiable woman!) felt it for her sister: tears were in the eyes of both.

At last Miss Grandison arose. I will take away the impostor, Sir; and when I can rectify my mistake, and bring you back your *sister*, I hope you will receive her with your usual goodness.

My Charlotte! my sister! (taking her hand) you must not be *very* angry with me. I love to feel the *finer* edge of your wit: but when I was bespeaking your attention upon a very serious subject; a subject that concerned the happiness of your future life, and if *yours*, mine; and you could be able to say something that became only the mouth of an unprincipled woman to say; how could I forbear to wish that some *other* woman, and not my sister, had said it?—*Times* and *occasions*, my dear Charlotte!

No more, I beseech you, Sir: I am sensible of my folly. Let me retire.

I, Charlotte, will retire; don't *you*; but take the

comfort your friends are disposed to give you. Emily, one word with you, my dear. She flew to him, and they went out together.

There, said Miss Grandison, has he taken the girl with him, to warn her against falling into my folly.

Dr. Bartlett retired in silence.

Lady L. expressed her concern for her sister; but said, Indeed, Charlotte, I was afraid you would carry the matter too far.

Lord L. blamed her. Indeed, sister, he bore with you a great while; and the affair was a serious one. He had engaged very seriously, and even from principle, in it. O Miss Byron! he will be delighted with you, when he comes to read your papers, and sees your treatment of the humble servants you resolved not to encourage.

Yes, yes, Harriet will shine, at my expence: but *may* she!—Since I have lost my brother's favour, I pray to heaven, that she may gain it. But he shall never again have reason to say I take him for my cousin Everard. But was I *very* wicked, Harriet?—Deal fairly with me. Was I *very* wicked?

I thought you wrong all the way: I was afraid for you. But, for what you last said, about encouraging men to dangle after you, and seeming to aim at making new conquests, I could have chidden you, had you *not* had your brother to hear it. Will you forgive me? (whispering her) They were the words of a very coquet; and the air was so arch!—Indeed, my Charlotte, you were very much out of the way.

So!—Every body against me!—I must have been wrong indeed—

The *time*, the *occasion*, was wrong, sister Charlotte, said Lord L. Had the subject been of less weight, your brother would have passed it off as pleasantly as he has always before done your vivacities.

Very happy, replied she, to have such a character, that every-body must be in fault who differs from him or offends him.

In the midst of his displeasure, Charlotte, said Lady L. he forgot not the brother. The subject, he told you, concerned the happiness of your future life; and, if *yours*, his.

One remark, resumed Lord L. I must make, to Sir Charles's honour (take it not amiss, sister Charlotte): not the least hint did he give of your error relating to a certain affair; and yet he must think of it, so lately as he has extricated you from it. His aim, evidently, is, to amend, not to wound.

I think, my lord, retorted Miss Grandison, with a glow in her cheeks, you might have spared your remark. If the one brother did not *recriminate*, the other needed not to *remind*. My lord, you have not my thanks for your remark.

This affected good Lady L. Pray, sister, blame not my lord: you will lose *my* pity, if you do. Are not we *four* united in one cause? Surely, Charlotte, we are to speak our whole hearts to each other!

So!—I have brought man and wife upon me now. Please the Lord I will be married, in hopes to have *somebody* on my side. But, Harriet, say, am I wrong *again?*

I hope, my dear Miss Grandison, replied I, that what you said to my lord, was in pleasantry: and if so, the fault was, that you spoke it with too grave an air.

Well, well, let me take hold of your hand, my dear, to help me out of this *new* difficulty. I am dreadfully out of luck to-day. I am sorry I spoke not my pleasantry with a pleasant air—Yet were not you likewise guilty of the same fault, Lady L.? Did not you correct me with too grave an air?

I am very willing, returned Lady L. it should pass so: but, my dear, you must not, by your petulance, rob yourself of the sincerity of one of the best hearts in the world; looking with complacency at her lord.

He bowed to her with an affectionate air.—Happy couple!

As I hope to live, said Miss Grandison, I thought you all pitied me, when Sir Charles laid so heavy a hand upon me: and so *he* seemed to think, by what he said at going out. How did you deceive me, all of you, by your eyes!

I do assure you, said my lord, I did pity you: but had I not thought my sister in fault, I should *not*.

Your servant, my lord. You are a *nice* distinguisher.

And a *just* one, Charlotte, rejoined Lady L,

No doubt of it, Lady L. and that was your motive too. I beseech you, let me not be *deprived of your pity*. I have *yours* also, Harriet, upon the same kind consideration.

Why now *this* archness becomes you, Charlotte, said I [I was willing it should pass so, Lucy]: this is *pretty* pleasantry.

It is a *pretty* specimen of Charlotte's penitence, said Lady L.

I was glad Lady L. spoke this with an air of good humour; but Miss Grandison withdrew upon it, not well pleased.

We heard her at her harpsichord, and we all joined her. Emily also was drawn to us, by the music. Tell me, my dear, said Miss Grandison to her (stopping) Have you not had all my faults laid before you, for your caution?

Indeed, madam, my guardian said but one word about you; and this was it: I love my sister: she

has amiable qualities: we are none of us right at all times. You see, Emily, that I, in chiding her, spoke with a little too much petulance.

God for ever bless my brother! said Miss Grandison, in a kind of rapture: but now his goodness makes my flippancy odious to myself—Sit down, my child, and play your Italian air.

This brought in Sir Charles. He entered with a look of serenity, as if nothing had passed to disturb him.

When Emily had done playing and singing, Miss Grandison began to make apologies: but he said, Let us forget each other's failings, Charlotte.

Notice being given of dinner, Sir Charles complaisantly led his sister Charlotte to her seat at the table.

A most *intolerable* superiority!—I wish he would do something wrong; something cruel: if he would but bear malice, would but stiffen his air by resentment, it would be something. As a MAN, cannot he be lordly, and assuming, and where he is so much regarded, I may say *feared*, nod his imperial significance to his vassals about him?—Cannot he be imperious to servants, to shew his displeasure with principals?—No! it is *natural* to him to be good and just. His whole aim, as my lord observed, is "to convince and amend; and not to wound or hurt."

After dinner, Miss Grandison put into my hands the parcel of my letters which I had consented Sir Charles should see. Miss Byron, Sir, said she, will oblige you with the perusal of some of her letters. You will in them see another sort of woman than your Charlotte. May I amend, and be but half as good!—When you have read them, you will say, Amen; and, if your prayer take place, will be satisfied with your sister.

He received them from me, standing up, bowing;

and kissed the papers, with an air of gallantry that I thought greatly became him [O the vanity of the girl! methinks my uncle says, at this place.] He put them in his pocket.

Without conditions, Harriet? said Miss Grandison. Except those of candor, yet correction, answered I. Again he bowed to me.

I don't know what to say to it, Lucy; but I think Sir Charles looks highly pleased to hear me praised; and the ladies and my lord miss no opportunity to say kind things of me. But could he not have answered Miss Grandison's question, whether his favourite was a *foreigner*, or not?—Had any other question arisen afterwards, that he had not cared to answer, he could but have declined answering it, as he did that.

What a great deal of writing does the reciting of half an hour or an hour's conversation make, when there are three or four speakers in company; and one attempts to write what each says in the *first* person! I am amazed at the quantity, on looking back. But it *will* be so in narrative letter-writing. Did not you, Lucy, write as long letters, when you went with your brother to Paris?—I forget. Only this I remember, that I always was sorry when I came to the end of them. I am afraid it is quite otherwise with mine.

By the way, I am concerned that Lady D. is angry with me: yet, methinks, she shews, by her anger, that she had a value for me. As to what you tell me of Lord D.'s setting his heart on the proposed alliance, I am not so much concerned at that, because he never saw me: and had the affair been in his own power, 'tis likely he would not have been very solicitous about his success. Many a one, Lucy, I believe, has found an ardour, when repulsed, which they would never have known, had they succeeded.

Lady Betty, and Miss Clements, were so good as to make me a visit, this afternoon, in their way to Windsor, where they are to pass two or three days. They lamented my long absence from town; and Lady Betty kindly regretted for me, the many fine entertainments I had lost, both public and private, by my country excursion at this unpropitious season of the year, as she called it; shrugging her shoulders, as if in compassion for my rustic taste.

Good lady! she knew not that I am in company that want not entertainments out of themselves. They have no time to kill, or to delude: on the contrary, our constant complaint is, that time flies too fast: and I am sure, for my part, I am forced to be a manager of it; since, between conversation and writing, I have not a moment to spare: and I never in my life devoted so few hours to rest.

Sir Charles spoke very handsomely of Miss Clements, on occasion of Miss Grandison's saying, she was a plain, but good young woman. She is not a beauty, said he; but she has qualities that are more to be admired than mere beauty.

Would she not, asked Lady L. make a good wife for Lord W.? There is, said Sir Charles, too great a disparity in years. She has, and must have, too many hopes. My Lord W.'s wife will, probably, be confined six months, out of twelve, to a gouty man's chamber. She must therefore be one who has outlived half her hopes: she must have been acquainted with affliction, and known disappointment. She must consider her marriage with him, though as an act of condescension, yet partly as a preferment. Her tenderness will, by this means, be engaged; yet her dignity supported: and if she is not too much in years to bring my lord an heir, he will then be the most grateful of men to her.

My dear brother, said Miss Grandison, forgive me

all my faults: your actions, your sentiments, shall be the rule of mine!—But who can come up to you? The Danbys—Lord W.—

Any-body may, Charlotte, interrupted Sir Charles, who will be guided by the well-known rule of *Doing to others, as you would they should do unto you.* Were you in the situation of the Danbys, of Lord W. would you not wish to be done by, as I have done, and intend to do, by them? What must be those who, with hungry eyes, wait and wish for the death of a relation? May they not be compared to savages on the sea-shore, who look out impatiently for a wreck, in order to plunder and prey upon the spoils of the miserable? Lord W. has been long an unhappy man, from want of principles: I shall rejoice, if I can be a means of convincing him, by his own experience, that he was in a wrong course, and of making his latter days happy. Would I not, in *my* decline, wish for a nephew that had the same notions? And can I expect such a one, if I set not the example?

Pretty soon after supper, Sir Charles left us; and Miss Grandison seeing me in a reverie, said, I will lay my life, Harriet, you fancy my brother is gone up to read your letters.—Nay, you are in the right; for he whispered as much to me, before he withdrew. But do not be apprehensive, Harriet (for she saw me concerned); you have nothing to fear, I am sure.

Lady L. said, that her brother's notions and mine were exactly alike, on every subject: but yet, Lucy, when one knows one's cause to be under actual examination, one cannot but have some heart-akes.—Yet why?—If his favourite woman is a *foreigner*, what signifies his opinion of my letters?—And yet it does: one would be willing to be well thought of by the worthy.

## LETTER XVII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Thursday, March 23.

We sat down early to breakfast this morning: Miss Grandison dismissed the attendants, as soon as Sir Charles entered the room.

He addressed himself to me, the moment he saw me: Admirable Miss Byron, said he, what an entertainment have your letters given me, down to a certain period!—How, at and after that, have they distressed me, for your sufferings from a savage!—It is well for him, and perhaps for me, that I saw not sooner this latter part of your affecting story: I have read through the whole parcel.

He took it from his bosom, and, with a respectful air, presented it to me—Ten thousand thanks for the favour—I dare not hope for further indulgence—Yet not to say, how desirous I am—But forgive me—Think me not too great an encroacher—

I took them.

Surely, brother, said Miss Grandison, you cannot already have read the whole!

I have—I could not leave them—I sat up late—

And so, thought I, did your *sister* Harriet, Sir.

Well, brother, said Miss Grandison, and what are the *faults*?

Faults! Charlotte.—Such a noble heart! such an amiable frankness! No prudery! No coquetry! Yet so much, and so justly, admired by as many as have had the happiness to approach her!—Then, turning to me, I honour you, madam, for the goodness, the *greatness* of your heart.

How I blushed! how I trembled! How, though so greatly flattered, was I delighted!

Is Miss Byron, in those letters, all perfect, all faultless, all excellence, Sir Charles? asked Miss Grandison: is there no—But I am sensible (though you have raised my envy, I assure you) that Miss Byron's is another sort of heart than your poor Charlotte's.

But I hope, Sir, said I, that you will correct—

You called upon me yesterday, interrupted he, to attend to the debate between you and Mr. Walden: I think I have something to observe upon that subject. I told you, that beauty should not bribe me. I have very few observations to make upon it.

*Lady L.* Will you give us, brother, your opinion, in writing, of what you have read*?

*Sir Ch.* That would fill a volume: and it would be almost all panegyric.

How flattering!—But *this* foreign lady, Lucy?—Lady L. began another subject.—

Pray, brother, said she, let me revive one of the topics of yesterday—Concerning Lord G. and Sir Walter Watkyns—And I hope you, Charlotte, will excuse me.

*Miss Gr.* If it *can* be revived, without reviving the memory of my flippant folly—Not else will I excuse you, Lady L. And casting her eye bashfully round her, Dr. Bartlett withdrew; but as if he had business to do.

*Lady L.* Then let me manage this article for my sister. You said, brother, that you have engaged to give Lord G. either hope, or otherwise—

*Sir Ch.* Lord G. was very earnest with me for my interest with my sister. I, supposing that she is now absolutely disengaged, did undertake to let him know what room he had for hope, or if any; but told him, that I would not, by any means, endeavour to influence her.

*Lady L.* Charlotte is afraid, that you would not,

* This subject is spoken to by Sir Charles, vol. vi.

of yourself, from displeasure, have revived the subject—Not that she values—

There she stopt.

*Sir Ch.* I might, at the time, be a little petulant: but I *should* have revived the subject, because I had engaged to procure an answer for an absent person, to a question that was of the highest importance to him: but, perhaps, I should have entered into the subject with Charlotte when we were alone.

*Lady L.* She can have no objection, I believe, to let all of us, who are present, know her mind, on this occasion.

*Miss Gr.* To be sure I have not.

*Lady L.* What signifies mincing the matter? I undertook, at *her* desire, to recal the subject, because you had seemed to interest yourself in it.

*Sir Ch.* I think I know as much of Charlotte's mind already, from what you have hinted, Lady L. as I ought to be inquisitive about.

*Lady L.* How so, brother? What have I said?

*Sir Ch.* What meant the words you stopt at—*Not that she values?*—Now, though I will not endeavour to lead her choice in behalf of a *prince*; yet would I be *earnest* to oppose her marriage with a man for whom she declaredly has no value.

*Lady L.* You are a little sudden upon me, Sir Charles.

*Sir Ch.* You must not think the words you stopt at, Lady L. slight words: *principle*, and Charlotte's future happiness, and that of a worthy man, are concerned here. But perhaps you mean no more, than to give a little specimen of lady-like pride in those words. It is a very hard matter for women, on such occasions as these, to be absolutely right.—Dear Miss Byron, bowing to me, excuse me.—There is one lady in the world that ought not, from what I have had the honour to see, on her *own* account, to

take amiss my freedom with her sex, though she perhaps will on *that* of those she loves. But have I not some reason for what I say, when even Lady L. speaking for her sister on this concerning subject, cannot help throwing in a salvo for the pride of her sex?

*Harriet.* I doubt not, Sir, but Lady L. and Miss Grandison will explain themselves to your satisfaction.

Lady L. then called upon her sister.

*Miss Gr.* Why, as to value—and all that—To be sure—Lord G.—is not a man, that—(and she looked round her on each person)—that a woman—Hem!—that a woman—But, brother, I think you are a little too ready—to—to—A word and a blow, as the saying is, are two things.—Not that—And there she stopt.

*Sir Ch. (smiling)* O my dear Lord L.! What shall we say to these *Not that's?* Were I my cousin Everard, I am not sure but I should suppose, when ladies were suspending unnecessarily, or with affectation, the happiness of the man they resolve to marry, that they were reflecting on themselves by an indirect acknowledgment of *self-denial*—

*Miss Gr.* Good God! brother.

I was angry at him, in my mind. How came this *good* man, thought I, by such thoughts as these, of our sex? What, Lucy, could a woman do with such a man, were he to apply to her in courtship, whether she denied or accepted of him?

*Sir Ch.* You will consider, Lady L. that you and Charlotte have brought this upon yourselves. *That* I call female pride, which distinguishes not either time, company, or occasion. You will remember, that Lord G. is not *here;* we are *all* brothers and sisters: and why, Charlotte, do you approve of entering upon the subject in this company; yet come with your

exceptions, as if Lord G. had his father present, or pleading for him? These *Not that she values*, and so-forth, are so like the dealings between petty chapmen and common buyers and sellers, that I love *properly* (observe that I say *properly*) to discourage them among persons of sense and honour. But come, Charlotte, enter into your own cause: you are an excellent pleader, on occasion. You know, or at least you *ought* to know, your own mind. I never am for encouraging *agency* (Lady L. excuse me—Will you give up yours?) where principals can be present.

*Lady L.* With all my heart. I stumbled at the very threshold. E'en, Charlotte, be your own advocate. The cause is on.

*Miss Gr.* Why, I don't know what to say.—My brother will be *so* peremptory, perhaps—

*Sir Ch.* A good sign for somebody—Don't you think so, madam? to me.—But the snail will draw in its horns, if the finger hastily touch it—Come, *no* good sign, perhaps, Charlotte.—I will *not* be peremptory. You shall be indulged, if you have not already been indulged enough, in all the pretty *circumambages* customary on these occasions.

*Miss Gr.* This is charming!—But pray, Sir, what is your advice, on this subject?

*Sir Ch.* In our former conversation upon it, I told you what I thought of my lord's good humour; what of your vivacity—Can you, Charlotte, were you the wife of Lord G. content yourself now-and-then to make him start, by the lancet-like delicacy of your wit, without going deeper than the skin? Without exposing him (and yourself for doing so) to the ridicule of others? Can you bear with *his* foibles, if he can bear with *yours?* And if the forbearance is greater on *his* side, than on *yours*, can you value him for it, and for his good humour?

*Miss Gr.* Finely run off, upon my word!

*Sir Ch.* I am afraid only, that you will be able, Charlotte, to do what you will with him. I am sorry to have cause to say, that I have seen very good women who have not known how to bear indulgence! —Waller was not absolutely wrong, as to *such*, when he said, "that women were born to be controuled." If controul is *likely* to be necessary, it will be with women of such charming spirits as you know whose, Charlotte, who will not confine to time and place their *otherwise* agreeable vivacities.

*Miss Gr.* Well, but, Sir, if it should chance to *be* so, and I were Lord G.'s upper servant; for *controul* implies *dominion;* what a fine advantage would he have in a brother, who could direct him so well (though he might still, perhaps, be a bachelor) how to manage a wife so flippant!

*Sir Ch.* Bachelors, Charlotte, are close observers It is not every married couple, if they were solicitous to have a bachelor marry, that should admit him into a very close intimacy with themselves.

*Miss Gr. (archly)* Pray, Lord L. did we not once hear our *cousin Everard* make an observation of this nature?

*Sir Ch.* Fairly retorted, Charlotte!—But how *came* your cousin Everard to make this observation? I once heard you say, that he was but a *common* observer. Every married pair is not Lord and Lady L.

*Miss Gr.* Well, well, I believe married people must do as well as they can. But may I ask you, brother, Is it owing to such observations as those you have been making, that you are now a single man?

*Sir Ch.* A fair question from you, Charlotte. I answer, It is not.

*Miss Gr.* I should be glad, with all my heart, to know what is.

*Sir Ch.* When the subject comes fairly on the

carpet, your curiosity may perhaps be gratified. But tell me, Do you intend that the subject you had engaged Lady L. to introduce, in relation to Lord G. and Sir Walter Watkyns, should be dismissed, at present? I mean not to be *peremptory*, Charlotte: e not *afraid* to answer.

*Miss Gr.* Why that's kind. No, I can't say, that I do: and yet I frankly confess, that I had much rather *ask*, than *answer* questions. You *know*, Sir, that I have a wicked curiosity.

*Sir Ch.* Well, Charlotte, you will find me, wicked as you call it, very ready, at a proper time, to gratify it. To some things that you may want to know, in relation to my situation, you needed not now to have been a stranger, had I had the pleasure of being more with you, and had you yourself been as explicit as I would have wished you to be. But the crisis is at hand. When I am certain myself, you shall not be in doubt. I would not suppose that my happiness is a matter of indifference to my sisters; and if it be not, I should be ungrateful not to let them know every-thing I know, that is likely to affect it.

See! Lucy. What can be gathered from all this? But yet this speech has a noble sound with it: don't you think it has? It is, I think, worthy of Sir Charles Grandison. But by what clouds does this sun seem to be obscured? He says, however, that the *crisis is at hand*—Solemn words, as they strike me. Ah, Lucy!—But this is my prayer—May the crisis produce happiness to him, let who will be unhappy.

*Miss Gr.* You are always good, noble, uniform—*Curiosity*, get thee behind me, and lie still!—And yet, brother, like a favoured squirrel repulsed, I am afraid it will be soon upon my shoulder, if the crisis be suspended.

"Crisis is at hand," Lucy!—I *cannot* get over these words; and yet they make my heart ake.

*Sir Ch.* But now, Charlotte, as to your two admirers—

*Miss Gr.* Why, Sir, methinks I would not be a *petty-chapwoman*, if I could help it: and yet, what can I say?—I don't think highly of either of the men: but, pray now, *what*—Lady L. (affecting an audible whisper) Will you ask a question for me!—

*Lady L.* What is it, Charlotte?

*Miss Gr.* (*Whispering*, but still loud enough for every one to hear.) What sort of a man is Beauchamp?

*Lady L.* Mad girl!—You heard the question, brother.

*Miss Gr.* No!—You did *not* hear it, Sir, if it will displease you. The whispers in conversation are no more to be heard, than the *asides* in a play.

*Sir Ch.* Both the one and the other are wrong, Charlotte. Whisperings in conversation are censurable, to a proverb: the *asides*, as you call them, and the soliloquies, in a play, however frequent, are very poor (because unnatural) shifts of bungling authors to make their performances intelligible to the audience. But *am* I to have heard your whisper, Charlotte, or not?

*Miss Gr.* I think the man my brother so much esteems, must be worth a hundred of such as those we have just now heard named.

*Sir Ch.* Well, then, I am supposed to be answered, I presume, as to the two gentlemen. I will shew you the letter, when written, that I shall send to Sir Walter Watkyns. I shall see Lord G. I suppose, the moment he knows I am in town—

*Miss Gr.* The Lord bless me, brother!—Did you not say, you would not be *peremptory*?

*Lord L.* Very right. Pray, Sir Charles, don't let my sister part with the *two*, without being sure of a *third.*

*Miss Gr.* Pray, Lord L. do you be quiet: your sister is in no hurry, I do assure you.

*Sir Ch.* The female drawback again, Lady L.—'*Not that she values.*

*Harriet.* Well, but, Sir Charles, may I, without offence, repeat Miss Grandison's question in relation to Mr. Beauchamp?

*Miss Gr.* That's my dear creature!

*Sir Ch.* It is impossible that Miss Byron can give offence.—Mr. Beauchamp is an excellent young man; about five-and-twenty, not more: he is brave, learned, sincere, cheerful: gentle in his manners, agreeable in his person. Has my good Miss Byron any further questions to ask? Your frankness of heart, madam, intitles you to equal frankness. Not a question *you* can ask, but the answer shall be ready upon my lips.

Is the lady, Sir, whom you could prefer to all others, a foreign or an English lady?—Ah, Lucy! And do you think I asked him this question—O no! but I had a mind to startle you. I *could* have asked it, I can tell you: and, if it had been proper, it would have been the first of questions with me: yet had not the answer been such as I had liked, perhaps I should not have been able to stay in company.

I only bowed, and I believe blushed with complacency, at the kind manner, in which he spoke to me: every one, by their eyes, took notice of it with pleasure.

*Lady L.* Well, brother, and what think you of the purport of Charlotte's question? Charlotte says, That she does not think highly of either of the other en.

*Sir Ch.* That, at present, is all that concerns me

to know. I will write to Sir Walter; I will let Lord G. know, that there is a man in the clouds that Charlotte waits for: that ladies must not be easily won. Milton justifies you, in his account of the behaviour of your common grandmother, on the first interview between her and the man *for whom* she *was created.* Charming copiers! You, Miss Byron, are an exception. You know nothing of affectation. You—

*Miss Gr.* (*unseasonably interrupting him*) Pray, Sir, be pleased, since we are such fine copiers of the old lady you mentioned, to repeat the lines: I have no remembrance of them.

*Sir Ch.* She heard me thus; and, though divinely brought,
Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,
That wou'd be woo'd, and not unsought be won,
Wrought in her so, that, seeing me, she turn'd.
I follow'd her. She what was honour knew,
And with obsequious majesty approv'd
My pleaded reason——

I have looked for the passage, since, Lucy. He missed several lines.

Now, Charlotte, said Sir Charles, though these lines are a palpable accommodation to the future practice of the daughters of the *old lady*, as you call her, and perhaps intended for an instruction to *them*, since it could not be a natural behaviour in Eve, who was *divinely brought* to be the wife of Adam, and it being in the state of innocence, could not be conscious of *dishonour* in receiving his address; yet, if you know what is meant by *obsequious majesty*, you had as good try for it: and as you are *followed*, and should not *follow*, approve of the *pleaded reason* of one or other of your admirers.

*Miss Gr.* After hearing the *pleaded reason* of *both*, should you not say? *I* have the choice of two; that had not Eve. But, hold! I had like to have been

drawn in to be flippant, again; and then you would have enquired after my cousin Everard, *and-so-forth*, and been angry.

*Sir Ch.* Not *now*, Charlotte: we are now at play together. I see there is constitution in your fault. The subjects we are upon, *courtship* and *marriage*, cannot, I find, be talked seriously of by a lady, before company. Shall I retire with you to solitude? Make a lover's *camera obscura* for you? Or, could I place you upon the mossy bank of a purling stream, gliding through an enamelled mead; in such a scene, a now despised Lord G. or a Sir Walter, might find his account, sighing at your feet. No witnesses but the grazing herd, lowing love around you; the feathered songsters from an adjacent grove, contributing to harmonize and fan the lambent flame—

*Miss Gr.* (*interrupting*) Upon my word, brother, I knew you had travelled through Greece, but dreamt not that you had dwelt long in the fields of *Ar-ca-dy!* —But one question let me ask you, concerning your friend Beauchamp—We women don't love to be slighted—Whether do you think him *too* good, or not good *enough*, for your sister?

*Sir Ch.* The friendship, Charlotte, that has for some years subsisted, and I hope will for ever subsist, between Mr. Beauchamp and me, wants not the tie of relation to strengthen it.

*Lord L.* Happy Beauchamp!

*Sir Ch.* Lord L. himself is not dearer to me, brother as I have the honour to call him, than my Beauchamp. It is one of my pleasures, my lord, that I am assured you will love him, and he you.

Lord L. bowed, delighted; and if *he* did, his good lady, you may be sure, partook of her lord's delight. They are a happy pair! They want not sense; they have both fine understandings! But, O! my Lucy, they are not the striking, dazzling qualities in men

and women, that make happy. Good sense, and solid judgment, a natural complacency of temper, a desire of obliging, and an easiness to be obliged, procure the silent, the serene happiness, to which the fluttering, tumultuous, impetuous, fervors of passion can never contribute. Nothing violent can be lasting.

*Miss Gr. Not that I value*—There, brother—You see, I am a borrower of Lady L.—

*Lady L.* Upon my honour, Charlotte, I believe you led me into those words; so don't say you borrowed them.

*Sir Ch.* Far be it from me to endeavour to cure women of affectation on such subjects as that which *lately* was before us—I don't know what is become of it (looking humorously round, as if he had lost something which he wanted to recover); but that, permit me, ladies, to say, may be an affectation in one company, that is but a necessary reserve in another.—Charlotte has genius enough, I am sure, to vary her humour to the occasion; and, if she would give herself time for reflection, to know when to be grave, when to be airy.

*Miss Gr.* I don't know *that*, brother: but let me say for Charlotte, that I believe you sometimes think better of her (as in the present case) sometimes worse, than she deserves. Charlotte has not much reflection; she is apt to speak as the humour comes upon her, without considering much about the fit, or the unfit. It is *constitution*, you know, brother; and she cannot easily cure it: but she will try.—Only, Sir, be so good as to let me have an answer to my last question, Whether you think your friend too good, or not good enough? Because the answer will let me know what my brother thinks of me; and that, let me tell you, is of very high importance with me.

*Sir Ch.* You have no reason, Charlotte, to endeavour to come at this your end, by indirect or comparative means. Your brother loves you—

*Miss Gr.* With all my faults, Sir?—

*Sir Ch. With all your faults, my dear;* and I had almost said, *for* some of them. I love you for the pretty playfulness, on serious subjects, with which you puzzle yourself, and bewilder me: you see I follow your lead. As to the other part of your question (for I would always answer directly when I can); my friend Beauchamp deserves the best of women. *You* are excellent in my eyes; but I have known two very worthy persons, who, taken separately, have been admired by every one who knew them, and who admired each other before marriage, yet not happy in it.

*Miss Gr.* Is it possible? To what could their unhappiness be owing?—Both, I suppose, *continuing* good?

*Sir Ch.* To a hundred almost nameless reasons—Too little consideration on one side; too much on the other: diversions different: too much abroad the man—too much at home will sometimes have the same effect: acquaintance approved by the one—disapproved by the other: one liking the town; the other the country: or either preferring town or country in different humours, or at different times of the year. Human nature, Charlotte—

*Miss Gr.* No more, no more, I beseech you, brother—Why this human nature, I believe, is a very vile thing; I think, Lady L. I won't marry at all.

*Sir Ch.* Some such trifles, as these I have enumerated, will be likely to make you, Charlotte, with all your excellencies, not so happy as I wish you to be. If you cannot have a man of whose understanding you have a higher opinion than you have of your own,

you should think of one who is likely to allow to yours a superiority. If—

Miss Grandison interrupted him again: I wished she would not so often interrupt him: I wanted to find out his notions of our sex. I am afraid, with all his politeness, he thinks us poor creatures. But why should not the character of a good, a prudent woman, be as great as that of a good, a prudent man?

*Miss Gr.* Well, but, Sir; I suppose the gentleman abroad has more understanding than I have.

*Sir Ch.* A good deal will depend upon what *you'll* think of that: not what I, or the world, will judge.

*Miss Gr.* But the judgment of us women generally goes with the world.

*Sir Ch.* Not *generally*, in *matrimonial* instances. A wife, in general, may allow of a husband's superior judgment; but in particular cases, and as they fall out one by one, the man may find it difficult, to have it allowed in any one instance.

*Miss Gr.* I think you said, Sir, that bachelors were *close* observers.

*Sir Ch.* We may in the *sister*, sometimes, see the *wife*. I admire you, myself, for your vivacity; but I am not sure that a husband would not think himself hurt by it, especially if it be true, as you say, "that Charlotte has not much reflection, and is apt to speak as the humour comes upon her, without troubling herself about the fit or the unfit."

*Miss Gr.* O, Sir, what a memory you have! I hope that the man who is to call me *his* (that's the dialect, isn't it?) will not have half your memory.

*Sir Ch.* For his sake, or your own, do you hope this, Charlotte?

*Miss Gr.* Let me see—Why for *both* our sakes, I believe.

*Sir Ch.* You'll tell the man, in courtship, I hope,

that all this liveliness is "constitution;" and "that you know not how to cure it."

*Miss Gr.* No, by no means, Sir: let him in the *mistress*, as somebody else in the *sister*, guess at the *wife*, and take warning.

*Sir Ch.* Very well answered, Charlotte, in the play we are at; but I am willing to think highly of my sister's prudence; and that she will be happy, and make the man so, to whom she may think fit to give her hand at the altar. And now the question recurs, What shall I say to Lord G.? What to Sir Walter?

*Miss Gr.* Why I think you must make my compliments to Sir Walter, if you will be so good; and, after the example of my sister Harriet to the men she sends a grazing, very civilly tell him, he may break his heart as soon as he pleases; for that I cannot be his.

*Sir Ch.* Strange girl! But I wish not to lower this lively spirit—You will put your determination into English.

*Miss Gr.* In plain English, then, I can by no means think of encouraging the address of Sir Walter Watkyns.

*Sir Ch.* Well, and what shall I say to Lord G.?

*Miss Gr.* Why that's the thing—I was afraid it would come to this—Why, Sir, you must tell him, I think—I profess I can't tell what—But, Sir, will you let me know what you would have me tell him?

*Sir Ch.* I will follow your lead as far as I can—Can you, do you think, love Lord G.?

*Miss Gr.* Love him! love Lord G.? what a question is that!—Why no! I verily believe, I can't say that.

*Sir Ch.* Can you esteem him?

*Miss Gr.* Esteem!—Why that's a quaint word, though a *female* one. I believe, if I were to marry the honest man, I could be civil to him, if he would

be very complaisant, very observant, and all that—Pray, brother, don't, however, be angry with me.

*Sir Ch.* I will not, Charlotte, smiling. It is *constitution*, you say.—But if *you* cannot be *more* than civil; and if *he* is to be very observant; you'll make it your agreement with him, before you meet him at the altar, that he shall subscribe to the woman's part of the vow; and that you shall answer to the man's.

*Miss Gr.* A good thought, I believe! I'll consider of it. If I find, in courtship, the man will bear it, I may make the proposal.—Yet I don't know, but it will be as well to *suppose* the vow changed, without *conditioning* for it, as other good women do; and act accordingly. One would not begin with a singularity, for fear of putting the parson out. I heard an excellent lady once advise a good wife, who, however, very little wanted it, to give the man a hearing, and never do any thing that he would wish to be done, except she chose to do it. If the man loves quiet, he'll be glad to compound.

*Harriet.* Nay now, Miss Grandison, you are much more severe upon your sex, and upon matrimony, than Sir Charles.

*Sir Ch.* Have I been severe upon either, my dear Miss Byron?

*Harriet.* Indeed I think so.

*Sir Ch* I am sorry for it; I only intended to be *just.* See, Charlotte, what a censure, from goodness itself, you draw upon me!—But I am to give encouragement (*am I?*) to Lord G.?

*Miss Gr.* Do as you please, Sir.

*Sir Ch.* That is saying nothing. Is there a man in the world you prefer to Lord G.?

*Miss Gr.* In the world, Sir!—A very wide place, I profess.

*Sir Ch.* You know what I mean by it.

*Miss Gr.* Why No—Yes—No—What can I say to such a question?

*Sir Ch.* Help me, Lady L. You know, better than I, Charlotte's language: help me to understand it.

*Lady L.* I believe, brother, you may let Lord G. know, that he will not be denied an audience, if he come—

*Sir Ch.* "Will not be denied an audience, if he come!" And this to Charlotte's brother! Women! Women! Women!—*You*, Miss Byron, I repeat with pleasure, are an exception—In your letters and behaviour we see what a woman is, and what she ought to be—Yet, I know, you have too much greatness of mind to accept (as you once told Sir Rowland Meredith) of a compliment made you at the expence of your sex—But my *heart* does you justice.

*Lord L.* See, however, brother Grandison, this excellence in the two sisters! You say, indeed, but just things in praise of Miss Byron; but they are more than women: for they *enjoy* that praise, and the acknowledged superiority of the only woman in Britain to whom they can be inferior.

Do you think I did not thank them both for compliments so high? I did.

You DID, Harriet?

Ah, Lucy! I had a mind to surprise you again. I *did* thank them; but it was in downcast silence, and by a glow in my cheeks, that was even painful to me to feel.

The sisters have since observed to me (flattering ladies!) that their brother's eyes—But is it not strange, Lucy, that they did not ask him, in this long conversation, Whether his favourite of our sex is a *foreigner*, or not? If she be, what signifies the eye of pleasure cast upon your Harriet?

But what do you think was Miss Grandison's address to me, on this agreeable occasion? You, my

grandmamma, will love her again, I am sure, though she so lately incurred your displeasure.

Sweet and ever amiable Harriet! said she; Sister! friend! enjoy the just praises of two of the best of men!—You *can* enjoy them with equal modesty and dignity; and we can (What say *you*, Lady L.?) find our praise in the honour you do our sex, and in being allowed to be seconds to you.

And what do you think was the answer of Lady L. (generous woman!) to this call of her sister?

I can cheerfully, said she, subscribe to the visible superiority of my Harriet, as shewn in all her letters, as well as in her whole conduct: but then you, my lord, and you, my brother, who in my eye are the first of men, must not let me have cause to dread, that your Caroline is sunk in yours.

I had hardly power to sit, yet had less to retire; as I had, for a moment, a thought to do. I am glad I did not attempt it: my return to company must have been awkward, and made me look particular. But, Lucy, what is in my letters, to deserve all these fine speeches?—But my lord and his sisters are my true friends, and zealous well-wishers. No fear that I shall be too proud, on this occasion: it is humbling enough to reflect, that the worthy three thought it all no more than necessary to establish me with somebody; and yet, after all, if there be a *foreign* lady, what signify all these fine things?

But how (you will ask) did the brother acknowledge these generous speeches of his sisters and Lord L.?—How? Why as he ought to do. He gave them for their generous goodness to their Harriet, in preference to themselves, such due praises, as more than restored them, in my eye, to the superiority they had so nobly given up.

Sir Charles afterwards addressed himself to me jointly with his sisters: I see, with great pleasure,

said he, the happy understanding that there is between you three ladies: it is a demonstration, to me, of surpassing goodness in you all. To express myself in the words of an ingenious man, to whose works your sex, and if *yours*, *ours*, are more obliged, than to those of any single man in the British world,

> Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
> Demand alliance, and in friendship burn.*

The two sisters and your Harriet bowed as they sat.

Encouraged by this happy understanding among you, let me hope, proceeded he, that *you*, Miss Byron, will be so good as to inform your-*self*, and let *me* know, what I may certainly depend upon to be *our* Charlotte's inclinations with respect to the two gentlemen who court her favour; and whether there is any man that she *can* or *does* prefer to the most favoured of either of them. From *you* I shall not meet with the "Not that she values"—The depreciating indifferences, the affected slights, the *female circumambages*, if I may be allowed the words; the coldly-expressed consent to visits not deserving to be discouraged, and perhaps not *intended* to be so; that I have had to encounter with in the past conversation. I have been exceedingly diverted with my sister's vivacity: but as the affair is of a very serious nature; as I would be extremely tender in my interposition, having really no choice but hers; and wanting only to know on whom that choice will fall, or whether on *any* man, at present; on *your* noble frankness I can rely; and Charlotte will open her mind to you: if not, she has very little profited by the example you have set her in the letters you have permitted her to read.

He arose, bowed, and withdrew: Miss Grandison

* ADDISON'S *Campaign*.

called after him, Brother, brother, brother—One word—Don't leave us—But he only kissed his hand to us at the door; and bowing, with a smiling air, left us looking at each other in a silence that held a few moments.

## LETTER XVIII.

### MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Lord L. broke the silence. You are a delightful girl, Charlotte; but your brother has had a great deal of patience with you.

O my lord, said she, if we women play our cards right, we shall be able to manage the best and wisest of you all, as we please. It is but *persevering*, and you men, if not out-*argued*, may be out-*teazed*.—But, Harriet—upon my word—The game seems to be all in your own hands.

We want but my brother to be among us, said Lady L. Beauty would soon find its power: and *such* a mind—And then they complimented me, that their brother and I were born for each other.

Miss Grandison told us all three her thoughts, in relation to the alliance with Lord G. She said, she was glad that her brother had proposed to know her mind from *me*. Something, Harriet, said she, may rise in the tête-à-tête conversation, that may let us into a little of his own.

But shall I trust myself with him alone, Lucy? Indeed I am afraid of him, of my-*self*, rather. My own concerns so much in my head, I wish I don't confound them with Miss Grandison's. A fine piece of work shall I make of it, if I do. If I get it so happily over, as not to be dissatisfied with myself,

for my part in it, I shall think I have had a deliverance.

But, Lucy, if all these distinctions paid me in this conversation, and all this confidence placed in me, produce nothing—If—Why, what *if* ?—In one word, Should this *if* be more than *if*—Why then it will go the harder, that's all, with your Harriet, than if she had not been so much distinguished.

At afternoon-tea, the Danbys being mentioned, Lord L. asked Sir Charles, What was the danger from which he relieved their uncle? And we all joining in requesting particulars, he gave the following, which I will endeavour to repeat, as near as possible, in his own words. My heart interested itself in the relation.

'Mr. Danby, said he, was a merchant of equal eminence and integrity: he was settled at Cambray: he had great dealings in the manufactures of cambrics and lace. His brother John, a very profligate man, had demanded of him, and took it ill that he denied him, a thousand guineas; for no better reason, but because he had generously given that sum to each of the wicked man's children. Surely, he pleaded, he was as nearly related to his brother as were those his children, No plea is too weak for folly and self-interest to insist upon. Yet my Mr. Danby had often given this brother large sums, which he squandered away almost as soon as he received them.

'My father used to make remittances to Mr. Danby for my use; for his dealings in other branches of commerce extended to the south of France and Italy: this brought me acquainted with him.

'He took a great liking to me. I saw him first at Lyons; and he engaged me to visit him at Cambray, whenever I should go to Paris or Flanders.

'Accompanying a friend, soon after, to Paris, I performed my promise.

'He had a villa in the Cambresis, at a small distance from the city, which he sometimes called his *cottage*, at others his *dormitory*. It was a little lone house: he valued it for its elegance. Thither, after I had passed two days with him at his house in the city, he carried me.

'His brother, enraged at being refused the sum he had so unreasonably demanded, formed a plot to get possession of his whole fortune. My Mr. Danby was a bachelor, and it was known, had, to that time, an aversion to the thought of making his will.

'The wretch, in short, hired three ruffians to murder him. The attempt was to be made in this little house, that the fact might have the appearance of being committed by robbers; and the cabinets in the bed-chamber, if there were time for it, after the horrid fact was perpetrated, were to be broke open, and rifled, in order to give credit to that appearance. The villains were each to be rewarded with a thousand crowns, payable on the wicked man's getting possession of his brother's fortune; and they had fifty crowns a piece paid them in hand.

'Their unnatural employer waited the event at Calais, though he told them he should be at Dunkirk.

'I had one servant with me, who lay with a servant of Mr. Danby in a little room over the stable, about an hundred yards from the house. There were only conveniences in the house for Mr. Danby and a friend, besides two women-servants in the upper part of it.

'About midnight I was alarmed by a noise, as of violence used at the window of Mr. Danby's room. Mine communicated with his. The fastening of the door was a spring-lock, the key of which was on my side.

'I slipt on my clothes in an instant, and, drawing my sword, rushed into the next room, just as one villain, with a large knife in his hand, had seized the throat of Mr. Danby, who, till then, was in a sound sleep. The skin of his neck, and one hand lifted up to defend himself, were slightly wounded before I ran the ruffian into the shoulder, as I did with my sword, and in the same moment disarmed him, and threw him, with violence from the bed, against the door. He roared out, that he was a dead man.

'A second fellow had got up to the window, and was half in: he called out, to a third below, to hasten up after him on a ladder, which was generally left in an outhouse near the little garden.

'I hastened to this second fellow, who then fired a pistol, but happily missed me; and who, feeling my sword's point in his arm, threw himself, with a little of my help, out of the window, upon the third fellow, who was mounting the ladder, and knocked him off: and then both made their escape by the way they came.

'The fellow within had fainted, and lay weltering in his blood.

'By this time the two women-servants had let in our men, who had been alarmed by the report of the pistol, and by the screams of the women from their window; for they ventured not out of their chamber till they were called upon for entrance, by their fellow-servant from below.

'The two footmen, by my direction, bound up the ruffian's shoulder: they dragged him down into the hall: he soon came to himself, and offered to make an ample confession.

'Poor Mr. Danby had crept into my room, and in a corner of it had fainted away. We recovered him with difficulty.

'The fellow confessed, before a magistrate, the whole villainy, and who set him at work: the other two, being disabled by their bruises from flying far, were apprehended next day. The vile brother was sent after to Dunkirk, according to the intelligence given of him by the fellows; but he having informed himself of what had happened, got over from Calais to Dover.

'The wounded man, having lost much blood, recovered not. They were all three ordered to be executed; but, being interceded for, the surviving villains were sent to the galleys.

'It seems they knew nothing of Mr. Danby's having a guest with him: if they had, they owned they would have made their attempt another night.'

We were about to deliver our sentiments on this extraordinary event, when Sir Charles, turning to Lady L. Let me ask you, said he (the servant being withdrawn) Has Charlotte found out her own mind?

Yes, yes, Sir; I believe she has opened all her heart to Miss Byron.

Then I shall know more of it in ten minutes, than Charlotte would let me know in as many hours.

Stand by, every-body, said the humorous lady—Let me get up, and make my brother one of my best courtesies.

Sir Charles was just then called out to a messenger, who brought him letters from town. He returned to us, his complexion heightened, and a little discomposed.

I intended, madam, said he, to me, to have requested the honour of your company for half an hour in my lord's library, on the subject we were talking of: but these letters require my immediate attention. The messenger must return with my answers to two

of them, early in the morning. You will have the goodness, looking round him, to dispense with my attendance on you at supper. But perhaps, madam, to me, you will be so good, as, in one word, to say, No, or Yes, for Charlotte.

*Miss Gr.* What, Sir, to be *given up* without a preface!—I beg your pardon. *Less* than *ten words* shall not do, I assure you, though from my sister Harriet.

*Sir Ch.* Who given up, Charlotte? *yourself?* If so, I have my answer.

*Miss Gr.* Or Lord G.—I have not said which. Would you have my poor lord rejected by a slighting monosyllable only?

*Lady L.* Mad girl!

*Miss Gr.* Why, Lady L. don't you see that Sir Charles wants to take me by *implication?* But my Lord G. is neither so soon lost, nor Charlotte so easily won. Harriet, if *you* would give up yourself at a first question, then I will excuse you if you give up *me* as easily; but not else.

*Harriet.* If Sir Charles thinks a conference upon the subject unnecessary—pray don't let us give him the trouble of holding one. His time, you see, is very precious.

Can you guess, Lucy, at the humour I was in when I said this?—If you think it was a very good one, you are mistaken; yet I was sorry for it afterwards. Foolish self-betrayer! Why should I seem to wish for a conference with him? But that was not all—To be petulant with such a one, when his heart was distressed; for so it proved: but he was too polite, too great, shall I say? to take notice of my petulance. How little does it make me in my own eyes!

Had I, said he, ever so easily obtained a knowledge of my sister's mind, I should not have known how to depend upon it, were it not strengthened, madam,

from your lips. The conference, therefore, which you gave me hopes you would favour me with, would have been absolutely necessary. I hope Miss Byron will allow me to invite her to it to-morrow morning. The intended subject of it is a very serious one with me. My sister's happiness, and that of a man not unworthy, are concerned in it, lightly as Charlotte has hitherto treated it. He bowed, and was going.

*Miss Gr.* Nay, pray, brother—You must not leave me in anger.

*Sir Ch.* I do not, Charlotte. I had rather bear with you, than you should with me. I see you cannot help it. A lively heart is a great blessing. Indulge it. Now is your time.

Dear doctor, said Miss Grandison, when Sir Charles was gone out, What can be the meaning of my brother's gravity? It alarms me.

*Dr. B.* If goodness, madam, would make a heart lively, Sir Charles's would be as lively as your own; but you might have perceived by his air, when he entered, that the letters brought him affected him too much to permit him to laugh off a light answer to a serious question.

*Miss Gr.* Dear doctor!—But I *do* now recollect, that he entered with some little discomposure on his countenance. How *could* I be so inattentive?

*Harriet.* And I, too, I doubt, was a little captious.

*Dr. B.* A *very* little. Pardon me, madam.

Just then came in the excellent man.

Dr. Barlett, I would wish to ask you one question, said he.

*Miss Gr.* You are angry with me, brother.

*Sir Ch.* No, my dear!—But I am afraid I withdrew with too grave an air. I have been a thousand times pleased with you, Charlotte, to one time displeased; and when I have been the latter, you have always known it: I had something in my hand that

ruffled me a little But how could patience be patience, if it were not tried? I wanted to say a few words to my good Dr. Bartlett: and, to say truth, being conscious that I had departed a little abruptly, I could not be easy till I apologized in person for it: therefore came to *ask* the favour of the doctor's advice, rather than *request* it by message.

The doctor and he withdrew together.

In these small instances, said my lord, are the characters of the heart displayed, far more than in greater. What excellence shines out in full lustre, on this unaffected and seemingly little occasion! Fear of offending; of giving uneasiness; solicitude to remove doubts; patience recommended in one short sentence, more forcibly than some would have done it in a long discourse, as well as by example; censuring himself, not from a consciousness of being wrong, but of being *taken* wrong. Ah! my dear sister Charlotte, we should all edify by such an example—But I say no more.

*Miss Gr.* And have *you* nothing to say, Harriet?

*Harriet.* Very little, since I have been much to blame myself: yet let me remind my Charlotte, that her brother was displeased with her yesterday, for treating too lightly a subject he had engaged in seriously; and that he has been forced to refer to her friend, rather than to herself, to help him to the knowledge of her mind. O Charlotte! regret you not the occasion given for the expedient? And do you not [yes, I see you do] blush for giving it? Yet to see him come voluntarily back, when he had left us in a grave humour, for fear the babies should think him angry with them; O how great is he! and how little are we!

*Miss Gr.* Your servant, sister Harriet!—You have made a *dainty* speech, I think: but, great and good as my brother is, we know how it comes to pass,

that your pretty imagination is always at work to aggrandize the man, and to lower the babies!

*Harriet.* I will not say another word on the subject. You are not generous, Charlotte.

She took my hand: Forgive me, my dear—I touched too tender a string. Then turning to Miss Jervois, and with the other hand taking hers, Why twinkles thus my girl?—I charge you, Emily, tell me all you think.

I am thinking, said she, that my guardian is not happy. To see him bear with every-body; to have him keep all his troubles to himself, because he would not afflict any-body, and yet study to lighten and remove the troubles of every-body else—Did he not say, that he should be happy, but for the unhappiness of other people?

Excellent young creature! said Miss Grandison: I love you every day better and better. For the future, my dear, do not retire, whatever subjects we talk of. I see, that we may confide in your discretion. But, well as you love your guardian, say nothing to him of what women talk to women. My Lord L. is an exception, in *this* case: he is one of us.

*Harriet.* O Miss Grandison! what a mixt character is yours! How good you can be, when you please! and how naughty!

*Miss Gr.* Well, and you like me, just now?—That's the beauty of it; to offend and make up, at pleasure. Old Terence was a shrewd man: The falling out of lovers, says he (as Lord L. once quoted him) is the renewal of love. Are we not now better friends, than if we had never differed? And do you think that I will not, if I marry, exercise my husband's patience now-and-then for this very purpose?—Let *me* alone, Harriet: now a quarrel; now a reconciliation; I warrant I shall be happier than any of the yawning see-saws in the kingdom. Everlasting *summers* would be a grievance.

*Harriet.* You may be right, if you are exceeding *discreet* in your perversenesses, Charlotte; and yet if you *are*, you will not lay out for a quarrel, I fancy. The world, or you will have better luck than your brother seems to have had, will find you opportunities enow, for exercising the tempers of both, without your needing to study for occasions.

*Miss Gr. Study* for them, Harriet! I sha'n't study for them, neither: they will come of course.

*Harriet.* I was about to ask a question—But 'tis better left alone.

*Miss Gr.* I *will* have it. What was your question? Don't you see what a good-natured fool I am? You may say any-thing to me: I won't be angry.

*Harriet.* I was going to ask you, If you were ever concerned two hours together, for any fault you ever committed in your life?

*Miss Gr.* Yes, yes, yes; and for two-and-twenty hours: for sometimes the inconveniencies that followed my errors, were not presently over, as in a certain case, which I'll be hanged if you have not in your head, with that sly leer that shews the rogue in your heart: but when I got rid of consequences, no bird in spring was ever more blithe. I carolled away every care at my harpsichord.—But Emily will think me mad—Remember, child, that Miss Byron is the woman by whose mind you are to form yours: never regard *me*, when *she* is in company.—But now (and she whimsically arose, and opened the door, and saying *Begone*, shut it, and coming to her place) I have turned my folly out of door.

Friday morning, seven o'clock.

I have written for these two days past at every opportunity; and, for the two nights (hardly knowing what sleepiness was) two hours, each night, have contented me. I wonder whether I shall be sum-

moned by-and-by to the proposed conference; but I am equally sorry and apprehensive, on occasion of the letters which have given Sir Charles Grandison so much anxiety: foreign letters, I doubt not!—I wish this ugly word *foreign* were blotted out of my vocabulary; out of my memory, rather. I never, till of late, was so narrow-hearted—But that I have said before, twenty times.

I have written—How many sheets of paper—A monstrous letter—Pacquet, rather. I will begin a new one, with what shall offer this day. Adieu, till by-and-by, my Lucy.

## LETTER XIX.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Friday, March 24.

The conference, the impatiently expected conference, my Lucy, is over: and what is the result?—Take the account of it as it was brought on, proceeded with, and concluded. Miss Grandison and her lovers were not our only subjects. I will soon be with you, my dear: but I'll try to be as minute as I used to be, notwithstanding.

Notwithstanding what?

You shall hear, Lucy.

Sir Charles gave us his company at breakfast. He entered with a kind of benign solemnity in his countenance; but the benignity increased, and the solemnity went off, after a little while.

My lord said, he was very sorry that he had met with any-thing to disturb him, in the letters that were brought him yesterday. Emily joined by her eyes, though not in speech, her concern with his

lordship's: Miss Grandison was sedately serious: Lady L. had expectation in her fine face; and Dr. Bartlett sat like a man that was determined to be silent. I had apprehension, and hope, I suppose, struggling in mine, as I knew not whether to wish for the expected conference, or not.

Let us think of nothing, my lord, in this company, said he, but what is agreeable.

He enquired kindly of my health, and last night's rest, because of a slight cold that had affected my voice: of Emily, Why she was so sad? Of Lady L. and my lord, When they went to town? Of Miss Grandison, Why she looked so *meditatingly?* that was his word.—Don't you see, Miss Byron, said he, that Charlotte looks as if she had not quite settled the humour she intends to be in for the next half-hour?

Charlotte looks, I believe, Sir, replied she, as if she were determined to take her humour for the next half-hour from yours, whether grave or airy.

Then, returned he, I will not be grave, because I will not have you so.—May I hope, madam, by-and-by, addressing himself to me, for the honour of your hand, to my lord's library?

Sir, I will—I will—attend you—hesitated the simpleton; but she can't tell how she looked.

Thus, Lucy, was the matter brought on:

He conducted me to my lord's library.—How did I struggle with myself for presence of mind! What a mixture was there of tenderness and respect in his countenance and air!

He seated me; then took his place over-against me. I believe I looked down, and conscious, and silly; but there was such a respectful modesty in his looks, that one could not be uneasy at being now-and-then, with an air of languor, as I thought, contemplated by him: especially as, whenever I reared

my eye-lids to cast a momentary look at him as he spoke, I was always sure to see his eye withdrawn: this gave more freedom to mine, than it possibly otherwise could have had. What a bold creature, Lucy, ought *she* to be who prefers a bold man! If she be *not* bold, how silly must she look under his staring confident eye! How must *her* want of courage add to his self-consequence!

Thus he began the subject we were to talk of.

I will make no apology for requesting the favour of this conference with one of the most frank and open-hearted young ladies in the world: I shall have the honour, perhaps, of detaining your ear on *more* than one subject [how my heart throbbed]: but that which I shall begin with, relates to my Lord G. and *our* sister Charlotte. I observe, from hints thrown out by herself, as well as from what Lady L. said, that she intends to encourage his addresses; but it is easy to see, that she thinks but slightly of him. I am indeed apprehensive, that she is rather induced to favour my lord, from an opinion that he has my interest and good wishes, than from her own inclination. I have told her, more than once, that hers are, and shall be, mine: but such is her vivacity, that it is very difficult for me to know her real mind. I take it for granted, that she prefers my lord to Sir Walter.

I believe, Sir—But why should I say *believe*, when Miss Grandison has *commissioned* me to own, that Lord G. is a man whom she greatly prefers to Sir Walter Watkyns?

Does she, *can* she, do you think, madam, prefer Lord G. not only to Sir Walter, but to all the men whom she at present knows? In other words, Is there *any* man that you think she would prefer to Lord G.? I am extremely solicitous for my sister's happiness; and the more, because of her vivacity, which, I am

afraid, will be thought less to become the wife, than the single woman.

I dare say, Sir, that if Miss Grandison thought of any other man in preference to Lord G. she would not encourage his addresses, upon any account.

I don't expect, madam, that a woman of Charlotte's spirit and vivacity, who has been disappointed by a failure of supposed merit in her first love (if we may so call it) should be deeply in love with a man that has not *very* striking qualities. She can play with a flame now, and not burn her fingers. Lord G. is a worthy, though not a very brilliant man. Ladies have eyes; and the eye expects to be gratified. Hence men of appearance succeed often, where men of intrinsic merit fail. Were Charlotte to consult her happiness, possibly she would have no objection to Lord G. She cannot, in the same man, have every-thing. But if Lord G. consulted *his*, I don't know whether he would wish for Charlotte. Excuse me, madam; you have heard, as well as she, my opinion of both men. Sir Walter, you say, has no part in the question; Lord G. wants not understanding: he is a man of probity; he is a virtuous man, a quality not to be despised in a young nobleman: he is also a mild man: he will bear a great deal. But contempt, or such a behaviour as should look like contempt, in a wife, what husband can bear? I should much more dread, for her sake, the exasperated spirit of a meek man, than the sudden gusts of anger of a passionate one.

Miss Grandison, Sir, has authorized me to say, that if you approve of Lord G.'s addresses, and will be so good as to take upon yourself the direction of every thing relating to settlements, she will be entirely governed by you. Miss Grandison, Sir, has known Lord G. some time: his good character is well known: and I dare answer, that she will acquit

herself with honour and prudence, in *every* engagement, but more especially in that which is the highest of all worldly ones.

Pray, madam, may I ask, if you know what she could mean by the questions she put in relation to Mr. Beauchamp? I think she has never seen him. Does she suppose, from his character, that she could prefer him to Lord G.?

I believe, Sir, what she said in relation to that gentleman was purely the effect of her vivacity, and which she never thought of before, and, probably, never will again. Had she meant any-thing by it, I dare say, she would not have put the questions about him in the manner she did.

I believe so; I love my sister, and I love my friend. Mr. Beauchamp has delicacy. I could not bear, for *her* sake, that were she to behold him in the light hinted at, he should imagine he had reason to think slightly of my sister, for the correspondence she carried on, in so private a manner, with a man absolutely unworthy of her. But I hope she meant nothing, but to give way to that vein of raillery, which, when opened, she knows not always how to stop.

My spirits were not high: I was forced to take out my handkerchief—O my dear Miss Grandison! said I, I was *afraid* she had forfeited, partly, at least, what she holds most dear, the good opinion of her brother!

Forgive me, madam, 'tis a generous pain that I have made you suffer: I admire you for it. But I think I can reveal all the secrets of my heart to you. Your noble frankness calls for equal frankness: you would inspire it, where it is not. My sister, as I told her more than once in your hearing, has not lost any of my love. I love her, with all her faults; but must not be blind to them. Shall not praise and dispraise be justly given? I have faults, great faults, myself:

what should I think of the man who called them virtues? How dangerous would it be to me, in that case, were my opinion of his judgment, joined to self-partiality, to lead me to believe him, and acquit myself?

This, Sir, is a manner of thinking worthy of Sir Charles Grandison.

It is worthy of every man, my good Miss Byron.

But, Sir, it would be very hard, that an indiscretion (I *must* own it to be such) should fasten reproach upon a woman who recovered herself so soon, and whose virtue was never sullied, or in danger.

Indeed it would: and therefore it was in tenderness to her that I intimated, that I never could think of promoting an alliance with a man of Mr. Beauchamp's nice notions, were *both* to incline to it.

I hope, Sir, that my dear Miss Grandison will run no risque of being slighted, by any *other* man, from a step which has cost her so dear in her peace of mind—I hesitated, and looked down.

I know, madam, what you mean. Although I love my friend Beauchamp above all men, yet would I do Lord G. or any other man, as much justice, as I would do him. I was so apprehensive of my sister's indifference to Lord G. and of the difference in their tempers, though both good, that I did my utmost to dissuade him from thinking of her: and when I found that his love was fixed beyond the power of dissuasion, I told him of the affair between her and Captain Anderson; and how lately I had put an end to it. He flattered himself, that the indifference, with which she had hitherto received his addresses, was principally owing to the difficulty of her situation; which being now so happily removed, he had hopes of meeting with encouragement; and doubted not, if he did, of making a merit with her, by his affection and gratitude. And now, madam, give me

your opinion—Do you think Charlotte can be won (I hope she can) by indulgence, by love? Let me caution her by you, madam, that it is fit she should still be more careful to restrain her vivacity if she marry a man to whom she thinks she has superior talents, than she need to be if the difference were in his favour.

Permit me to add, that if she should shew herself capable of returning slight for tenderness; of taking *such* liberties with a man who loves her, after she had given him her vows, as should depreciate him, and, of consequence, *herself*, in the eye of the world; I should be apt to forget that I had more than *one* sister: for, in cases of right and wrong, we ought not to know either relation or friend.

Does not this man, Lucy, shew us that goodness and greatness are synonymous words!

I think, Sir, replied I, that if Lord G. prove the good-natured man he seems to be; if he dislike not that brilliancy of temper in his *lady*, which he seems not to value *himself* upon, though he may have qualities, at least, *equally* valuable; I have no doubt but Miss Grandison will make him very happy: for has she not great and good qualities? Is she not generous, and perfectly good-natured? You know, Sir, that she is. And can it be supposed, that her charming vivacity will ever carry her so far beyond the bounds of prudence and discretion, as to make her forget what the nature of the obligation she will have entered into requires of her?

Well, madam, then I may rejoice the heart of Lord G. by telling him, that he is at liberty to visit my sister, at her coming to town; or, if she come not soon (for he will be impatient to wait on her) at Colnebrook?

I dare say you may, Sir.

As to articles and settlements, I will undertake

for all those things: but be pleased to tell her, that she is absolutely at her own liberty, for me. If she shall think, when she sees further of Lord G.'s temper and behaviour, that she cannnot esteem him as a wife ought to esteem her husband; I shall not be concerned, if she dismiss him; provided that she keeps him not on in suspense, after she knows her own mind; but behaves to him according to the example set her by the best of women.

I could not but know to whom he designed this compliment; and had like to have bowed; but was glad I did not.

Well, madam, and now I think this subject is concluded. I have already written a letter to Sir Walter, as a tthe request of my sister, to put an end, in the civilest terms, to his hopes. My Lord G. will be impatient for my return to town. I shall go with the more pleasure, because of the joy I shall be able to give him.

You must be very happy, Sir: since, besides the pleasure you take in doing good for its own sake, you are intitled to partake, in a very high manner, of the pleasures of every one you know.

He was so nobly modest, Lucy, that I could talk to him with more confidence than I believed, at my entrance into my lord's study, would fall to my share: and I had, besides, been led into a presence of mind, by being made a person of some consequence in the love-case of another: but I was soon to have my whole attention engaged in a subject still nearer to my heart; as you shall hear.

Indeed, madam, said he, I am not *very* happy in myself. Is it not right, then, to endeavour, by promoting the happiness of others, to entitle myself to a share of theirs?

If *you* are not happy, Sir—and I stopt. I believe

I sighed; I looked down: I took out my handkerchief, for fear I should want it.

There seems, said he, to be a mixture of generous concern, and kind curiosity, in one of the loveliest and most intelligent faces in the world. My sisters have, in your presence, expressed a great deal of the latter. Had I not been myself in a manner uncertain as to the event that must, in some measure, govern my future destiny, I would have gratified it; especially as my Lord L. has, of late, joined in it. The crisis, I told them, however, as perhaps you remember, was at hand.

I do remember you said so, Sir. And indeed, Lucy, it was *more* than *perhaps.* I had not thought of any words half so often, since he spoke them.

The crisis, madam, *is* at hand: and I had not intended to open my lips upon the subject till it was over, except to Dr. Bartlett, who knows the whole affair, and indeed every affair of my life: but, as I hinted before, my heart is opened by the frankness of yours. If you will be so good as to indulge me, I will briefly lay before you a few of the difficulties of my situation; and leave it to you to communicate or not, at your pleasure, what I shall relate, to my two sisters and Lord L. You four seem to be animated by one soul.

I am extremely concerned, Sir—I am very much concerned—repeated the trembling simpleton [one cheek feeling to myself very cold, the other glowingly warm, by turns; and now pale, now crimson, perhaps to the eye] that any-thing should make you unhappy. But, Sir, I shall think myself favoured by your confidence.

I am interrupted in my recital of his affecting narration. Don't be impatient, Lucy: I almost wish I had not heard it myself.

## LETTER XX.

### MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

I DO not intend, madam, to trouble you with a history of all that part of my life which I was obliged to pass abroad from about the seventeenth to near the twenty-fifth year of my age; though perhaps it has been as busy a period as could well be, in the life of a man so young, and who never sought to tread in oblique or crooked paths. After this entrance into it, Dr. Bartlett shall be at liberty to satisfy your curiosity in a more *particular* manner; for he and I have corresponded for years with an intimacy that has few examples between a youth and a man in advanced life. And here let me own the advantages I have received from his condescension; for I found the following questions often occur to me, and to be of the highest service in the conduct of my life—'What account shall I give of this to Dr. Bartlett?' 'How, were I to give way to *this* temptation, shall I report it to Dr. Bartlett?'—Or, 'Shall I be a hypocrite, and only inform him of the best, and meanly conceal from him the worst?'

Thus, madam, was Dr. Bartlett in the place of a second conscience to me: and many a good thing did I do, many a bad one avoid, for having set up such a monitor over my conduct. And it was the more necessary that I should, as I am naturally passionate, proud, ambitious; and as I had the honour of being early distinguished (pardon, madam, the seeming vanity) by a sex, of which no man was ever a greater admirer; and, possibly, the *more* distinguished, as, for my safety-sake, I was as studious to decline intimacy with the gay ones of it, however dignified by

rank, or celebrated for beauty, as most young men are to cultivate their favour.

Nor is it so much to be wondered at, that I had advantages which every one who travels, has not. Residing for some time at the principal courts, and often visiting the same places, in the length of time I was abroad, I was considered, in a manner, as a native, at the same time, that I was treated with the respect that is generally paid to travellers of figure, as well in France, as Italy. I was very genteelly supported: I stood in high credit with my countrymen, to whom I had many ways of being serviceable. They made known to every-body my father's affection for me; his magnificent spirit; the antient families, on both sides, from which I was descended. I kept the best company; avoided intrigues; made not myself obnoxious to serious or pious people, though I scrupled not to avow, when called upon, my own principles. From all these advantages, I was respected beyond my degree.

I should not, madam, have been thus lavish in my own praise, but to account to you for the favour I stood in with several families of the first rank; and to suggest an excuse for more than one of them, which thought it no disgrace to wish me to be allied with them.

Lord L. mentioned to you, madam, and my sisters, a Florentine lady, by the name of OLIVIA. She is, indeed, a woman of high qualities, nobly born, generous, amiable in her features, genteel in her person, and mistress of a great fortune in possession, which is entirely at her own disposal; having not father, mother, brother, or other near relations. The first time I saw her was at the opera. An opportunity offered in her sight, where a lady, insulted by a lover made desperate by her just refusal of

him, claimed and received my protection. What I did, on the occasion, was generally applauded: Olivia, in particular, spoke highly of it. Twice, afterwards, I saw her in company where I was a visiter: I had not the presumption to look up to her with hope; by my countryman Mr. Jervois gave me to understand, that I might be master of my own fortune with Lady Olivia. I pleaded difference of religion: he believed, he said, that matter might be made easy —But could I be pleased with the change, would she have made it, when passion, not conviction, was likely to be the motive?—There could be no objection to her person: no body questioned her virtue; but she was violent and imperious in her temper. I had never left MIND out of my notions of love: I could not have been happy with her, had she been queen of the globe. I had the mortification of being obliged to declare myself to the lady's face: it *was* a mortification to me, as much for her sake as my own. I was obliged to leave Florence upon it, for some time; having been apprised, that the spirit of revenge had taken place of a gentler passion, and that I was in danger from it.

How often did I lament the want of that refuge in a father's arms, and in my native country, which subjected me to evils that were more than a match for my tender years, and to all the inconveniencies that can attend a banished man! Indeed I often considered myself in this light; and, as the inconveniencies happened, was ready to repine; and the more ready, as I could not afflict myself with the thought of having forfeited my father's love; on the contrary, as the constant instances which I received of his paternal goodness, made me still more earnest to acknowledge it at his feet.

Ought I to have forborn, Lucy, shewing a sensibility at my eyes on this affecting instance of filial

gratitude? If I ought, I wish I had had more command of myself: but consider, my dear, the affecting subject we were upon. I was going to apologize for the trickling tear, and to have said, as I *truly* might, Your filial goodness, Sir, affects me: but, with the consciousness that must have accompanied the words, would not that, to so nice a discerner, have been to own, that I thought the tender emotion wanted an apology? These little tricks of ours, Lucy, may satisfy our own punctilio, and serve to keep us in countenance with ourselves (and that, indeed, is doing something); but, to a penetrating eye, they tend only to shew, that we imagined a cover, a veil, wanting; and what is that veil, but a veil of gauze?

What makes me so much afraid of this man's discernment? Am I not an honest girl, Lucy?

He proceeded.

From this violent lady I had great trouble; and to this day—But this part of my story I leave to Dr. Bartlett to acquaint you with. I mention it as a matter that *yet* gives me concern, for her sake, and as what I find has given some amusement to my sister Charlotte's curiosity.

But I hasten to the affair which, of all others, has most embarrassed me; and which, engaging my compassion, though my honour is free, gives torture to my very soul.

I found myself not well—I thought I should have fainted.—The apprehension of his taking it as I wished him not to take it (for indeed, Lucy, I don't think it was *that*) made me worse. Had I been by *myself*, this faintishness might have come over my heart. I am sure it was not *that*: but it seized me at a very unlucky moment, you'll say.

With a countenance full of tender concern, he caught my hand, and rang. In ran his Emily. My

dear Miss Jervois, said I, leaning upon her—Excuse me, Sir—And I withdrew to the door: and, when there, finding my faintishness going off, I turned to him, who attended me thither: I am better, Sir, already; I will return, instantly. I must beg of you to proceed with your interesting story.

I was well the moment I was out of the study. It was kept too warm, I believe: and I sat too near the fire: that was it, to be sure: and I said so, on my return; which was the moment I had drank a glass of cold water.

How tender was his regard for me! He did not abash me by *causelesly* laying my disorder on his story, and by offering to discontinue or postpone it. Indeed, Lucy, it was not owing to *that;* I should easily have distinguished it, if it had: on the contrary, as I am not generally so much affected at the moment when any-thing unhappy befals me, as I am upon reflection, when I extend, compare, and weigh consequences, I was quite brave in my heart. Any-thing, thought I, is better than suspense. Now will my fortitude have a call to exert itself; and I warrant I bear, as well as he, an evil that is inevitable. At this instant, this trying instant, however, I found myself thus brave: so, my dear, it was nothing but the too great warmth of the room which overcame me.

I endeavoured to assume all my courage; and desired him to proceed; but held by the arm of my chair, to steady me, lest my little tremblings should increase. The faintness *had* left some little tremblings upon me, Lucy; and one would not care, you know, to be thought affected by any-thing in his story. He proceeded.

At Bologna, and in the neighbourhood of Urbino, are seated two branches of a noble family, marquises

and counts of Porretta, which boasts its pedigree from Roman princes, and has given to the church two cardinals; one in the latter age, the other in the beginning of this.

The Marchese della Porretta, who resides in Bologna, is a nobleman of great merit: his lady is illustrious by descent, and still more so for her goodness of heart, sweetness of temper, and prudence. They have three sons, and a daughter—

[Ah, that daughter! thought I.]

The eldest of the sons is a general officer, in the service of the King of the two Sicilies; a man of equal honour and bravery, but passionate and haughty, valuing himself on his descent. The second is devoted to the church, and is already a bishop. The interest of his family, and his own merits, it is not doubted, will one day, if he lives, give him a place in the Sacred College. The third, Signor Jeronymo (or as he is sometimes called, the Barone) della Porretta, has a regiment in the service of the King of Sardinia. The sister is the favourite of them all. She is lovely in her person, gentle in her manners, and has high, but just, notions of the nobility of her descent, of the honour of her sex, and of what is due to her own character. She is pious, charitable, beneficent. Her three brothers preferred her interests to their own. Her father used to call her, *The pride of his life*; her mother, *Her other self; her own Clementina.*

[CLEMENTINA!—Ah! Lucy, what a pretty name is Clementina!]

I became intimate with Signor Jeronymo at Rome, near two years before I had the honour to be known to the rest of his family, except by his report, which he made run very high in my favour. He was master of many fine qualities; but had contracted friendship with a set of dissolute young men of rank, with whom

he was very earnest to make me acquainted. I allowed myself to be often in their company; but, as they were totally abandoned in their morals, it was in hopes, by degrees, to draw him from them; but a love of pleasure had got fast hold of him; and his other companions prevailed over his good-nature. He had courage, but not enough to resist their libertine attacks upon his morals.

Such a friendship could not hold, while each stood his ground; and neither would advance to meet the other. In short, we parted, nor held a correspondence in absence: but afterwards meeting, by accident, at Padua, and Jeronymo having, in the interim, been led into inconveniences, he avowed a change of principles, and the friendship was renewed.

It however held not many months: a lady, less celebrated for virtue than beauty, obtained an influence over him, against warning, against promise.

On being expostulated with, and his promise claimed, he resented the friendly freedom. He was passionate; and, on this occasion, less polite than it was natural for him to be: he even defied his friend. My dear Jeronymo! how generously has he acknowledged since, the part his friend, at that time, acted! But the result was, they parted, resolving never more to see each other.

Jeronymo pursued the adventure which had occasioned the difference; and one of the lady's admirers, envying him his supposed success, hired Brescian bravoes to assassinate him.

The attempt was made in the Cremonese. They had got him into their toils in a little thicket at some distance from the road. I, attended by two servants, happened to be passing, when a frighted horse ran cross the way, his bridle broken, and his saddle bloody: this making me apprehend some mischief

to the rider, I drove down the opening he came from, and soon beheld a man struggling on the ground with two ruffians; one of whom was just stopping his mouth, the other stabbing him. I leapt out of the post-chaise, and drew my sword, running towards them as fast as I could; and calling to my servants to follow me, indeed calling as if I had a number with me, in order to alarm them. On this, they fled; and I heard them say, Let us make off; we have done his business. Incensed at the villainy, I pursued and came up with one of them, who turned upon me. I beat down his *trombone*, a kind of blunderbuss, just as he presented it at me, and had wounded and thrown him on the ground; but seeing the other ruffian turning back to help his fellow, and on a sudden, two others appearing with their horses, I thought it best to retreat, though I would fain have secured one of them. My servants then seeing my danger, hastened, shouting, towards me. The bravoes (perhaps apprehending there were more than two) seemed as glad to get off with their rescued companion, as I was to retire. I hastened then to the unhappy man: but how much was I surprised, when I found him to be the Barone della Porretta, who, in disguise, had been actually pursuing his amour!

He gave signs of life. I instantly dispatched one of my servants to Cremona, for a surgeon: I bound up, mean time, as well as I could, two of his wounds, one in his shoulder, the other in his breast. He had one in his hip-joint, which disabled him from helping himself, and which I found beyond my skill to do any thing with; only endeavouring, with my handkerchief, to stop its bleeding. I helped him into my chaise, stept in with him, and held him up in it, till one of my men told me, they had, in another part of the thicket, found his servant bound and wounded,

his horse lying dead by his side. I then alighted, and put the poor fellow into the chaise, he being stiff with his hurts, and unable to stand.

I walked by the side of it; and in this manner moved towards Cremona, in order to shorten the way of the expected surgeon.

My servant soon returned with one. Jeronymo had fainted away. The surgeon dressed him, and proceeded with him to Cremona. Then it was, that, opening his eyes, he beheld, and knew me: and being told by the surgeon, that he owed his preservation to me, O Grandison! said he, that I had followed your advice! that I had kept my promise with you!—How did I insult you!—Can my deliverer forgive me? You shall be the director of my future life, if it please God to restore me.

His wounds proved not mortal; but he never will be the man he was: partly from his having been unskilfully treated by this his first surgeon; and partly from his own impatience, and the difficulty of curing the wound in his hip joint. Excuse this particularity, madam. The subject requires it; and Signor Jeronymo now deserves it, and all your pity.

I attended him at Cremona, till he was able to remove. He was visited there by his whole family from Bologna. There never was a family more affectionate to one another: the suffering of one, is the suffering of every one. The barone was exceedingly beloved by his father, mother, sister, for the sweetness of his manners, his affectionate heart, and a wit so delightfully gay and lively, that his company was sought by every-body.

You will easily believe, madam, from what I have said, how acceptable to the whole family the service was which I had been so happy as to render their Jeronymo. They all joined to bless me; and the more, when they came to know that I was the per-

son whom their Jeronymo, in the days of our intimacy, had highly extolled in his letters to his sister, and to both brothers; and who now related to them, by word of mouth, the occasion of the coldness that had passed between us, with circumstances as honourable for me, as the contrary for himself: such were his penitential confessions, in the desperate condition to which he found himself reduced.

He now, as I attended by his bed or his couch-side, frequently called for a repetition of those arguments which he had, till *now*, derided. He besought me to forgive him for treating them before with levity, and me with disrespect, next, as he said, to insult: and he begged his family to consider me not only as the preserver of his life, but as the restorer of his *morals*. This gave the whole family the highest opinion of *mine;* and still more to strengthen it, the generous youth produced to them, though, as I may say, at his own expence (for his reformation was sincere,) a letter which I wrote to lie by him, in hopes to enforce his temporary convictions; for he had a noble nature, and a lively sense of what was due to his character, and to the love and piety of his parents, the bishop, and his sister; though he was loth to think he could be wrong in those pursuits in which he was willing to indulge himself.

Never was there a more grateful family. The noble *father* was uneasy, because he knew not how to acknowledge, according to the largeness of his heart to a man in genteel circumstances, the obligation laid upon them all. The *mother*, with a freedom more amiably great than the Italian ladies are accustomed to express, bid her Clementina regard as her fourth brother, the preserver of the third. The *barone* declared, that he should never rest, nor *recover*, till he had got me rewarded in such manner as all the world should think I had honour done me in it.

When the barone was removed to Bologna, the whole family were studious to make occasions to get me among them. The general made me promise, when *my relations*, as he was pleased to express himself, at Bologna, could part with me, to give him my company at Naples. The bishop, who passed all the time he had to spare from his diocese, at Bologna, and who is a learned man, in compliment to his *fourth* brother, would have me initiate him into the knowledge of the English tongue.

Our Milton has deservedly a name among them. The friendship that subsisted between him and a learned nobleman of their country, endeared his memory to them. Milton, therefore, was a principal author with us. Our lectures were usually held in the chamber of the wounded brother, in order to divert him: *he* also became my scholar. The father and mother were often present; and at such times their Clementina was seldom absent. *She* also called me her tutor; and though she was not half so often present at the lectures as her brothers were, made a greater proficiency than either of them.

[Do you doubt it, Lucy?]

The father, as well as the bishop, is learned; the mother well read. She had had the benefit of a French education; being brought up by her uncle, who resided many years at Paris in a public character: and her daughter had, under her own eye, advantages in her education which are hardly ever allowed or sought after by the Italian ladies. In such company, you may believe, madam, that I, who was kept abroad against my wishes, passed my time very agreeably. I was particularly honoured with the confidence of the marchioness, who opened her heart to me, and consulted me on every material occurrence. Her lord, who is one of the politest of men, was never better pleased than when he found

us together; and not seldom, though we were not engaged in lectures, the fair Clementina claimed a right to be where her mother was.

About this time, the young Count of Belvedere returned to Parma, in order to settle in his native country. His father was a favourite in the court of the Princess of Parma, and attended that lady to Madrid, on her marriage with the late King of Spain, where he held a very considerable post, and lately died there immensely rich. On a visit to this noble family, the young lord saw, and loved Clementina.

The Count of Belvedere is a handsome, a gallant, a sensible man; his fortune is very great: such an alliance was not to be slighted. The marquis gave his countenance to it: the marchioness favoured me with several conversations upon the subject. She was of opinion, perhaps, that it was necessary to know my thoughts, on this occasion; for the younger brother, unknown to me, declared, that he thought there was no way of rewarding my merits to the family, but by giving me a relation to it. Dr. Bartlett, madam, can shew you, from my letters to him, some conversations, which will convince you, that in Italy, as well as in other countries, there are persons of honour, of goodness, of generosity; and who are above reserve, vindictiveness, jealousy, and those other bad passions by which some mark indiscriminately a whole nation.

For my own part, it was impossible (distinguished as I was by every individual of this noble family, and lovely as is this daughter of it, mistress of a thousand good qualities, and myself absolutely disengaged in my affections) that my vanity should not sometimes be awakened, and a wish arise, that there might be a possibility of obtaining such a prize: but I checked the vanity, the moment I could find it begin to play about and warm my heart. To have attempted to

recommend myself to the young lady's favour, though but by looks, by assiduities, I should have thought an infamous breach of the trust and confidence they all reposed in me.

The pride of a family so illustrious in its descent; their fortunes unusually high for the country which, by the goodness of their hearts, they adorned; the relation they bore to the church; my foreign extraction and interest; the lady's exalted merits, which made her of consequence to the hearts of several illustrious youths, before the Count of Belvedere made known his passion for her; none of which the fond family thought worthy of their Clementina, nor any of whom could engage her heart; but, above all, the difference in religion; the young lady so remarkably stedfast in hers, that it was with the utmost difficulty they could restrain her from assuming the veil; and who once declared, in anger, on hearing me, when called upon, avow my principles, that she grudged to a heretic the glory of having saved the Barone della Porretta: all these considerations outweighed any hopes that might otherwise have arisen in a bosom so sensible of the favours they were continually heaping upon me.

About the same time, the troubles, now so happily appeased, broke out in Scotland: hardly any-thing else was talked of, in Italy, but the progress, and supposed certainty of success, of the young invader. I was often obliged to stand the triumphs and exultations of persons of rank and figure; being known to be warm in the interest of my country. I had a good deal of this kind of spirit to contend with, even in this more moderate Italian family; and this frequently brought on debates which I would gladly have avoided holding: but it was impossible. Every new advice from England revived the disagreeable subject; for the success of the rebels, it was not

doubted, would be attended with the restoration of what they called the Catholic religion: and Clementina particularly pleased herself, that then her *heretic tutor* would take refuge in the bosom of his holy mother, the church: and she delighted to say things of this nature in the language I was teaching her, and which, by this time, she spoke very intelligibly."

I took a resolution, hereupon, to leave Italy for a while, and to retire to Vienna, or to some one of the German courts that was less interested than they were in Italy, in the success of the chevalier's undertaking; and I was the more desirous to do so, as the displeasure of Olivia against me began to grow serious, and to be talked of, even by herself, with less discretion than was consistent with her high spirit, her noble birth, and ample fortune.

I communicated my intention to the marchioness first: the noble lady expressed her concern at the thoughts of my quitting Italy, and engaged me to put off my departure for some weeks; but, at the same time, hinted to me, with an explicitness that is peculiar to her, her apprehensions, and her lord's, that I was in love with her Clementina. I convinced her of my honour, in this particular; and she so well satisfied the marquis, in this respect, that, on their daughter's absolute refusal of the Count of Belvedere, they confided in me to talk to her in favour of that nobleman. The young lady and I had a conference upon the subject; Dr. Bartlett can give you the particulars. The father and mother, unknown to us both, had placed themselves in a closet adjoining to the room we were in, and which communicated to another, as well as to that: they had no reason to be dissatisfied with what they heard me say to their daughter.

The time of my departure from Italy drawing near, and the young lady repeatedly refusing the Count of

Belvedere, the younger brother (still unknown to me, for he doubted not but I should rejoice at the honour he hoped to prevail upon them to do me) declared in my favour. They objected the more obvious difficulties in relation to religion, and my country: he desired to be commissioned to talk to me on those subjects, and to his sister on her motives for refusing the Count of Belvedere; but they would not hear of his speaking to me on this subject; the marchioness giving generous reasons, on my behalf, for her joining in the refusal; and undertaking herself to talk to her daughter, and to demand of her her reasons for rejecting every proposal that had been made her.

She accordingly closetted her Clementina. She could get nothing from her, but tears: a silence, without the least appearance of sullenness, had for some days before shewn, that a deep melancholy had begun to lay hold of her heart: she was, however, offended when love was attributed to her; yet her mother told me, that she could not but suspect, that she was under the dominion of that passion without knowing it; and the rather, as she was never cheerful but when she was taking lessons for learning a tongue, which never, as the marchioness said, was likely to be of use to her.

[' As the *marchioness* said'—Ah my Lucy!]

The melancholy increased. Her tutor, as he was called, was desired to talk to her. He did. It was a task put upon him, that had its difficulties. It was observed, that she generally assumed a cheerful air while she was with *him*, but said little; yet seemed pleased with every thing he said to her; and the little she did answer, though he spoke in Italian or French, was in her newly-acquired language: but the moment he was gone, her counte-

nance fell, and she was studious to find opportunities to get from company.

[What think you of my fortitude, Lucy? Was I not a good girl? But my curiosity kept up my spirits. When I come to reflect, thought I, I shall have it all upon my pillow.]

Her parents were in the deepest affliction. They consulted physicians, who all pronounced her malady to be love. She was taxed with it; and all the indulgence promised her that her heart could wish, as to the object, but still she could not, with patience, bear the imputation. Once she asked her woman, who told her that she was certainly in love, Would you have me hate myself?—Her mother talked to her of the passion in favourable terms, and as laudable: she heard her with attention, but made no answer.

The evening before the day I was to set out for Germany, the family made a sumptuous entertainment, in honour of a guest on whom they had conferred so many favours. They had brought themselves to approve of his departure the more readily, as they were willing to see, whether his absence would affect their Clementina; and, if it did, in what manner.

They left it to her choice, whether she would appear at table, or not. She chose to be there. They all rejoiced at her recovered spirits. She was exceeding cheerful: she supported her part of the conversation during the whole evening, with her usual vivacity and good sense, insomuch that I wished to myself, I had departed sooner. Yet it is surprising, thought I, that this young lady, who seemed always to be pleased, and even since these reveries have had power over her, to be most cheerful in my company, should rejoice in my departure; should seem to owe

her recovery to it; a departure which every one else kindly regrets: and yet there was nothing in her behaviour or looks that appeared in the least affected. When acknowledgments were made to me of the pleasure I had given to the whole family, she joined in them: when my health and happiness were wished, she added *her* wishes by cheerful bows, as she sat: when they wished to see me again, before I went to England, she did the same. So that my heart was dilated: I was overjoyed to see such a happy alteration. When I took leave of them, she stood forward to receive my compliments, with a polite French freedom. I offered to press her hand with my lips: My brother's deliverer, said she, must not affect this distance, and, in a manner, offered her cheek; adding, God preserve my tutor wherever he sets his foot (and in English, God convert you too, chevalier!) May you never want such an agreeable friend as you have been to us!

Signor Jeronymo was not able to be with us. I went up to take leave of him: O my Grandison! said he, and flung his arms about my neck; and will you go?—Blessings attend you!—But what will become of a brother and sister, when they have lost you?

You will rejoice me, replied I, if you will favour me with a few lines, by a servant whom I shall leave behind me for three or four days, and who will find me at Inspruck, to let me know how you all do; and whether your sister's health continues.

She must, she shall be yours, said he, if I can manage it. Why, why, will you leave us?

I was surprised to hear him say this: he had never before been so particular.

That cannot, cannot be, said I. There are a thousand obstacles—

All of which, rejoined he, that depend upon us, I

doubt not to overcome. Your heart is not with Olivia?

They all knew, from that lady's indiscretion, of the proposals that had been made me, relating to her; and of my declining them. I assured him that my heart was free.

We agreed upon a correspondence, and I took leave of one of the most grateful of men.

But how much was I afflicted when I received at Inspruck the expected letter, which acquainted me, that this sunshine lasted no longer than the next day! The young lady's malady returned, with redoubled force. Shall I, madam, briefly relate to you the manner in which, as her brother wrote, it operated upon her?

She shut herself up in her chamber, not seeming to regard or know that her woman was in it; nor did she answer to two or three questions that her woman asked her; but, setting her chair with its back towards her, over-against a closet in the room, after a profound silence, she bent forwards, and, in a low voice, seemed to be communing with a person in the closet.—'And you say he is actually gone? Gone for ever? No, not for ever!'

Who gone, madam? said her woman. To whom do you direct your discourse?

'We were all obliged to him, no doubt. So bravely to rescue my brother, and to pursue the bravoes; and as my brother says, to put him in his own chaise, and walk on foot by the side of it—Why, as you say, assassins might have murdered him: the horses might have trampled him under their feet.' Still looking as if she were speaking to somebody in the closet.

Her woman stept to the closet, and opened the door, and left it open, to take off her attention to the place, and to turn the course of her ideas; but

still she bent forwards towards it, and talked calmly, as if to somebody in it: then breaking into a faint laugh, 'In love!—that is such a silly notion: and yet I love every-body better than I love myself.'

Her mother came into the room just then. The young lady arose in haste, and shut the closet door, as if she had somebody hid there, and, throwing herself at her mother's feet, My dear, my ever-honoured mamma, said she, forgive me for all the trouble I have caused you—But I will, I must, you can't deny me; I will be God's child, as well as yours. I will go into a nunnery.

It came out afterwards, that her confessor, taking advantage of confessions extorted from her of regard for her tutor, though only such as a sister might bear to a brother, but which he had suspected might come to be of consequence, had filled her tender mind with terrors, that had thus affected her head. She is, as I have told you, madam, a young lady of exemplary piety.

I will not dwell on a scene so melancholy. How I afflict your tender heart, my good Miss Byron!

[Do you think, Lucy, I did not weep? Indeed I did—Poor young lady!—But my mind was *fitted* for the indulging of scenes so melancholy. Pray, Sir, proceed, said I: what a heart must that be, which bleeds not for such a distress! Pray, Sir, proceed.

Be it Dr. Bartlett's task to give you further particulars. I will be briefer—I will not indulge my own grief.

All that medicine could do, was tried: but her confessor, who, however, is an honest, a worthy man, kept up her fears and terrors. He saw the favour her tutor was in with the whole family: he knew that the younger brother had declared for rewarding him in a very high manner: he had more than once put this favoured man upon an avowal of

his principles; and, betwixt her piety and her gratitude, had raised such a conflict in her mind, as her tender nature could not bear.

At Florence lives a family of high rank and honour, the ladies of which have with them a friend noted for the excellency of her heart, and her genius: and who, having been robbed of her fortune early in life, by an uncle, to whose care she was committed by her dying father, was received both as a companion and a blessing, by the ladies of the family she has now for many years lived with. She is an English woman and a Protestant; but so very discreet, that her being so, though at first they hoped to proselyte her, gives them not a less value for her: and yet they are all zealous Roman-catholics. These two ladies, and this their companion, were visiting one day at the Marchese della Porretta's; and there the distressed mother told them the mournful tale: the ladies, who think nothing that is within the compass of human prudence impossible to their Mrs. BEAUMONT, wished that the young lady might be entrusted for a week to her care, at their own house at Florence.

It was consented to, as soon as proposed; and Signora Clementina was as willing to go; there having always been an intimacy between the families; and she (as every-body else), having a high opinion of Mrs. Beaumont. They took her with them on the day they set out for Florence.

Here, again, for shortening my story, I will refer to Dr. Bartlett. Mrs. Beaumont went to the bottom of the malady: she gave her advice to the family upon it. They were resolved (Signor Jeronymo supporting her advice) to be governed by it. The young lady was told, that she should be indulged in all her wishes. She then acknowledged what those were; and was the easier for the acknowledgment,

and for the advice of such a prudent friend; and returned to Bologna much more composed than when she left it. The tutor was sent for, by common consent; for there had been a convention of the whole family; the Urbino branch, as well as the general, being present. In that, the terms to be proposed to the supposed happy man, were settled; but they were not to be mentioned to him, till after he had seen the lady: a wrong policy, surely.

He was then at Vienna. Signor Jeronymo, in his letter, congratulated him in high terms; as a man, whom he had it now, at last, in his power to reward: and he hinted, in general, that the conditions would be such, as it was impossible but he must find his very great advantage in them: as to fortune, to be sure, he meant.

The friend so highly valued could not but be affected with the news: yet, knowing the lady, and the family, he was afraid that the articles of residence and religion would not be easily compromised between them. He therefore summoned up all his prudence to keep his fears alive, and his hope in suspense.

He arrived at Bologna. He was permitted to pay his compliments to Lady Clementina in her mother's presence. How agreeable, how nobly frank, was the reception from both mother and daughter! How high ran the congratulations of Jeronymo! He called the supposed happy man *brother*. The marquis was ready to recognize the *fourth* son in him. A great fortune additional to an estate bequeathed her by her two grandfathers, was proposed. My father was to be invited over, to grace the nuptials by his presence.

But let me cut short the rest. The terms could not be complied with. For I was to make a formal renunciation of my religion, and to settle in Italy;

only once, in two or three years, was allowed, if I pleased, for two or three months, to go to England; and, as a visit of curiosity, once in her life, if their daughter desired it, to carry her thither, for a time to be limited by them.

What must be my grief, to be obliged to disappoint such expectations as were raised by persons who had so sincere a value for me! You cannot, madam, imagine my distress: so little as could be expected to be allowed by them to the principles of a man whom they supposed to be in an error that would inevitably cast him into perdition! But when the friendly brother implored my compliance; when the excellent mother, in effect, besought me to have pity on *her* heart, and on her *child's* head; and when the tender, the amiable Clementina, putting *herself* out of the question, urged me, for my soul's sake, to embrace the doctrines of her holy mother, the church—What, madam—But how I grieve you!

[He stopt—His handkerchief was of use to him, as mine was to me—What a distress was here!]

And what, and what, Sir, sobbing, was the result? Could you, *could* you resist?

Satisfied in my own faith; entirely satisfied! Having insuperable objections to that I was wished to embrace!—A lover of my native country too—Were not my God and my country to be the sacrifice, if I complied! but I *laboured*, I *studied*, for a compromise. I must have been unjust to Clementina's merit, and to my own character, had she not been dear to me. And indeed I beheld graces in her *then*, that I had before resolved to shut my eyes against; her rank next to princely; her fortune high as her rank; obstacles from religion, country, that had appeared to me insuperable, removed by themselves; and no apprehension left of a breach of the laws of hospitality, which had, till now, made me struggle

to behold one of the most amiable and noble-minded of women with indifference.—I offered to live one year in Italy, one in England, by turns, if their dear Clementina would live with me there; if not, I would content myself with passing only three months, in every year, in my native country. I proposed to leave her entirely at her liberty, in the article of religion; and, in case of children by the marriage, the daughters to be educated by *her*, the sons by *me*; a condition to which his holiness himself, it was presumed, would not refuse his sanction, as there were precedents for it. This, madam, was a great sacrifice to compassion, to love.—What *could* I more!

And would not, Sir, would not Clementina consent to this compromise?

Ah the unhappy lady! It is this reflection that strengthens my grief. She *would* have consented; she was earnest to procure the consent of her friends upon these terms. This her earnestness in my favour, devoted as she was to her religion, *excites* my compassion, and *calls for* my gratitude.

What scenes, what distressful scenes, followed!—The noble father forgot his promised indulgence; the mother indeed seemed, in a manner, neutral; the youngest brother was still, however, firm in my cause; but the marquis, the general, the bishop, and the whole Urbino branch of the family, were not to be moved; and the less, because they considered the alliance as derogatory to their own honour in the same proportion as they thought it honourable to me; a *private*, an *obscure* man, as now they began to call me. In short, I was allowed, I was *desired*, to depart from Bologna; and not suffered to take leave of the unhappy Clementina, though on her knees she begged to be allowed a parting interview—And what was the consequence?—Dr. Bartlett must tell the

rest.—Unhappy Clementina!—Now they wish me to make them one more visit at Bologna!—Unhappy Clementina!—To what purpose?

I saw his noble heart was too much affected, to answer questions, had I had voice to ask any.

But, O my friends! you see how it is! Can I be so unhappy as he is? As his Clementina is? Well might Dr. Bartlett say, that this excellent man is not happy. Well might he himself say, that he has suffered greatly, even from good women. Well might he complain of sleepless nights. Unhappy Clementina! let me repeat after him; and not happy Sir Charles Grandison!—And who, my dear, is happy? Not, I am sure, your

HARRIET BYRON.

## LETTER XXI.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

I WAS *forced* to lay down my pen. I begin a new letter. I did not think of concluding my former where I did.

Sir Charles saw me in grief, and forgot his own, to applaud my *humanity*, as he called it, and sooth me. I have often, said he, referred you, in my narrative, to Dr. Bartlett. I will beg of him to let you see any-thing you shall wish to see, in the free and unreserved correspondence we have held. You, that love to entertain your friends with your narrations, will find something, perhaps, in a story like this, to engage their curiosity. On their honour and candor, I am sure, I may depend. Are they not *your* friends? Would to heaven it were in my *power* to contribute to *their* pleasure and *yours!*

I only bowed. I *could* only bow.

I told you, madam, that my compassion was engaged; but that my honour was free: I *think* it is so. But when you have seen all that Dr. Bartlett will shew you, you will be the better able to judge *of* me, and *for* me. I had rather be thought favourably of by Miss Byron, than by any woman in the world.

Who, Sir, said I, knowing only so far as I know of the unhappy Clementina, but must wish her to be—

Ah Lucy! there I stopt—I had like to have been a false girl!—And yet ought I not, from my heart, to have been able to say what I was going to say?—I do aver, Lucy, upon repeated experience, that love is a narrower of the heart. Did I not use to be thought generous and benevolent, and to be above all selfishness? But am I so now?

And now, madam, said he [and he was going to take my hand, but with an air, as if he thought the freedom would be too great—A tenderness *so* speaking in his eyes; a respectfulness *so* solemn in his countenance; he just touched it, and withdrew his hand] What shall I say?—I cannot tell what I *should* say—But you, I see, can pity me—You can pity the noble Clementina—Honour forbids me! Yet honour bids me—But I cannot be unjust, ungenerous—selfish!—

He arose from his seat—Allow me, madam, to thank you for the favour of your ear—Pardon me for the trouble I see I have given to a heart that is capable of a sympathy so tender—

And, bowing low, he withdrew with precipitation, as if he would not let me see his emotion. He left me looking here, looking there, as if for my heart; and then, as giving it up for irrecoverable, I became for a few moments motionless, and a statue.

A violent burst of tears recovered me to sense and

motion; and just then Miss Grandison (who, having heard her brother withdraw, forbore for a few minutes to enter, supposing he would return) hearing me sob, rushed in.—O my Harriet! said she, clasping her arms about me, What is done?—Do I, or do I not, embrace my sister, my *real* sister, my sister Grandison?

Ah my Charlotte! No flattering hope is now left me—No sister! It must not, it cannot be! The lady is—But lead me, lead me out of this room!—I don't love it! spreading one hand before my eyes, my tears trickling between my fingers—Tears that flowed not only for myself, but for Sir Charles Grandison and the unhappy Clementina: for, gather you not, from what he said, that something disastrous has befallen the poor lady? And then, supporting myself with her arm, I hurried out of Lord L.'s study, and up stairs into my own chamber; she following me—Leave me, leave me here, dear creature, said I, for six minutes: I will attend you then, in your own dressing-room.

She kindly retired; I threw myself into a chair, indulged my tears for a few moments, and was the fitter to receive the two sisters, who came into my room to comfort me.

But I could not relate what had passed immediately with any connexion: I told them only, that all was over; that their brother was to be pitied, not blamed; and that if they would allow me to recollect some things that were most affecting, I would attend them; and they should have my narrative the more exact, for the indulgence.

They staid no longer with me than to see me a little composed.

Sir Charles and Dr. Bartlett went out together in his chariot: he enquired more than once of my health; saying to his sister Charlotte, That he was

afraid he had affected me too much, by the melancholy tale he had been telling me.

He excused himself from dining with us. Poor man! What must be his distress!—Not able to see us, to sit with us!

I would have excused myself also, being not very fit to appear; but was not permitted.

I sat, however, but a very little while at table after dinner; yet how tedious did the dinner-time appear! The servants eyes were irksome to me; so were Emily's (dear girl!) glistening as they did, though she knew not for what, but sympathetically, as I may say; she supposing, that all was not as she would have it.

She came up soon after to me—One word, my dearest madam (the door in her hand, and her head only within it:) Tell me only that there is no misunderstanding between my guardian and you!—Tell me only *that*—

None, my dear!—None at all, my Emily!

Thank God! clasping her hands together; thank God! If there were, I should not have known whose part to take!—But I won't disturb you—And was going.

Stay, stay my precious young friend! Stay, my Emily! I arose; took her hand: My sweet girl! say, Will you live with me?

God for ever bless you, dearest madam!—*Will* I? It is the wish next my heart.

Will you go down with me to Northamptonshire, my love?

To the world's end I will attend you, madam: I will be your handmaid: and I will love you better than I love my guardian, if possible.

Ah my dear! but how will you live without seeing your guardian now and then?

Why, he will live with us, won't he?

No, no, my dear!—And you would choose, then, to live with him, not with me; would you?—

Indeed but I won't—Indeed I will live and die with you, if you will let me; and I warrant his kind heart will often lead him to us. But tell me, Why these tears, madam? Why this grief?—Why do you speak so quick and short? And why do you seem to be in such a hurry?

*Do* I speak quick and short? *Do* I seem to be in a hurry?—Thank you, my love, for your observation. And now leave me: I will profit by it.

The amiable girl withdrew on tiptoe; and I set about composing myself.

I was obliged to her for her observation: it was really of use to me. But you must think, Lucy, that I must be fluttered.—His manner of *leaving* me—Was it not particular?—To break from me so *abruptly*, as I may say—And what he said with looks so earnest! Looks that seemed to carry more meaning than his words: and withdrawing without conducting me out, as he had led me in—and as if—I don't know how as if—But you will give me your opinion of all these things. I can't say but I think my suspense is over; and in a way not very desirable—Yet —But why should I puzzle myself? What must be, must.

At afternoon-tea, the gentlemen not being returned, and Emily undertaking the waiter's office, I gave my lord and the two ladies, though she was present, some account of what had passed, but briefly; and I had just finished, and was quitting the room, as the two gentlemen entered the door.

Sir Charles instantly addressed me with apologies for the concern he had given me. His emotion was visible as he spoke to me. He hesitated: he trembled. *Why* did he hesitate? *Why* did he tremble?

I told him, I was not ashamed to own, that I was

very much affected by the melancholy story. The poor lady, said I, is greatly to be pitied—But remember, Sir, what you promised Dr. Bartlett should do for me.

I have been requesting the doctor to fulfil my engagements.

And I am ready to obey, said the good man. My agreeable task shall soon be performed.

As I *was* at the door, going up stairs to my closet, I courtesied, and pursued my intention.

He bowed, said nothing, and looked, I thought, as if he were disappointed, that I did not return to company.—No, indeed!

Yet I pity him, at my heart: how odd is it, then, to be angry with him?—So much goodness, so much sensibility, so much compassion (whence all his woes, I believe) never met together, in a heart so manly.

Tell me, tell me, my dear Lucy—Yet tell me nothing till I am favoured with, and you have read, the account that will be given me by Dr. Bartlett: then, I hope, we shall have every-thing before us.

Saturday, March 25.

*He* [Yet why that disrespectful word?—Fie upon me, for my narrowness of heart!] *Sir Charles* is setting out for town. He cannot be happy, himself: he is therefore giving himself the pleasure of endeavouring to make his friend so. He can *enjoy* the happiness of his *friends!* O the blessing of a benevolent heart! Let the world frown as it will upon such a one, it cannot possibly bereave it of all delight.—Fortune, do thy worst! If Sir Charles Grandison cannot be happy with his Clementina, he will make himself a partaker of Lord G.'s happiness; and as that will secure, if not her own fault, the happiness of his sister, he will not be destitute of felicity. And let me, after his example—Ah, Lucy! that I could!—

But in time, I hope, I shall *deserve*, as well as be esteemed, to be the girl of my grandmamma and aunt; and then, of course, be worthy to be called, my dear Lucy, your

HARRIET BYRON.

Saturday noon.

Sir Charles is gone; and I have talked over the matter again with the ladies and Lord L.

What do you think?—They all will have it—and it is a faithful account, to the very *best* of my recollection—*They all will have it*, That Sir Charles's great struggle, his great grief, is owing—His great struggle (I don't know what I write, I think—But let it go) is between his *compassion* for the unhappy Clementina, and his *love*—for—somebody else.

But who, my dear, large as his heart is, can be contented with half a heart? *Compassion*, Lucy!—The compassion of such a heart—It must be *love*—And ought it not to be so to *such* a woman?—Tell me—Don't you, Lucy, with all *yours*, pity the unhappy Clementina; who loves, against the principles of her religion; and, in that respect, against her *inclination*, a man who cannot be hers, but by a violation of his honour and conscience? What a fatality in a love so circumstanced!—To *love* against *inclination!* What a sound has that! But what an absurdity is this passion called love? Or, rather of what absurd things does it make its votaries guilty? Let mine be evermore circumscribed by the laws of reason, of duty; and then my recollections, my reflections, will never give me lasting disturbance!

* *

Dr. Bartlett has desired me to let him know what the particular passages are, of which I more immediately wish to be informed, for our better understanding the unhappy Clementina's story, and has promised to transcribe them. I have given him a

list in writing. I have been half guilty of affectation. I have asked for some particulars that Sir Charles referred to, which are not so immediately interesting: the history of Olivia, of Mrs. Beaumont; the debates Sir Charles mentioned between himself and Signor Jeronymo: but, Lucy, the particulars I am most impatient for, are these:

His first conference with Lady Clementina on the subject of the Count of Belvedere; which her father and mother overheard.

The conference he was desired to hold with her, on her being first seized with melancholy.

Whether her particularly cheerful behaviour, on his departure from Bologna, is any-where accounted for.

By what means Mrs. Beaumont prevailed on her to acknowledge a passion so studiously concealed from the tenderest of parents.

Sir Charles's reception, on his return from Vienna.

What regard his proposals of compromise, as to religion and residence, met with, as well from the family, as from Clementina.

The most important of all, Lucy—The last distressful parting: what made it necessary; what happened at Bologna afterwards; and what the poor Clementina's situation now is.

If the doctor is explicit, with regard to this article, we shall be able to account for their desiring him to revisit them at Bologna, after so long an absence, and for his seeming to think it will be to no purpose to oblige them. O Lucy! what a great deal depends upon the answer to this article, as it may happen!—But no more suspense, I beseech you, Sir Charles Grandison! No more suspense, I pray you, Dr. Bartlett! My heart sickens at the thought of further suspense. I cannot bear it!

Adieu, Lucy! Lengthening my letter would be

only dwelling longer (for I know not how to change my subject) on weaknesses and follies that have already given you *too much* pain for your

HARRIET BYRON.

## LETTER XXII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Colnebrook, Monday, March 27.

Dr. Bartlett, seeing our impatience, asked leave to take the assistance of his nephew in transcribing from Sir Charles's letters the passages that will enable him to perform the task he has so kindly undertaken. By this means, he has already presented us with the following transcripts. We have eagerly perused them. When *you* have done so, be pleased to hasten them up, that my cousin Reeves's may have the same opportunity. *They* are so good as to give cheerfully the preference to the venerable circle, as my cousin, who dined with us yesterday, bid me tell you. O my Lucy! what a glorious young man is Sir Charles Grandison! But he had the happiness of a Dr. Bartlett, as he is fond of owning, to improve upon a foundation that was so nobly laid by the best and wisest of mothers.

DR. BARTLETT'S FIRST LETTER.

My task, my good Miss Byron, will be easy, by the assistance you have allowed me: for what is it, but to transcribe parts of Sir Charles's letters, adding a few lines here and there, by way of connexion? And I am delighted with it, as it will make known the heart of my beloved patron in all the lights which the most interesting circumstances can throw upon

it, to so many worthy persons as are permitted a share in this confidence.

The first of your commands runs thus—

> *I should imagine,* say you, *that the debate Sir Charles mentions, between himself and Signor Jeronymo, and his companions, at their first acquaintance, must be not only curious, but edifying.*

They *are*, my good Miss Byron: but as I presume that you ladies are more intent upon being obeyed in the *other* articles [See, Lucy, I had better not have dissembled!] I will only at present transcribe for you, with some short connexions, two letters; by which you will see how generously Mr. Grandison sought to recover his friend to the paths of virtue and honour, when he had formed schemes, in conjunction with, and by the instigation of, other gay young men of rank, to draw him in to be a partaker in their guilt, and an abettor of their enterprizes.

You will judge from these letters, madam (without shocking you by the recital) what were the common-place pleas of those libertines, despisers of marriage, of the laws of society, and of WOMEN, but as they were subservient to their pleasures.

TO THE BARONE DELLA PORRETTA.

Will my Jeronymo allow his friend, his Grandison, the liberty he is going to take with him? If the friendship he professes for him be such a one, as a great mind can, on reflection, glory in, he *will*. And what is this liberty, but such as constitutes the essence of true friendship? Allow me, on this occasion, to say, that your Grandison has seen more of the world than most men, who have lived no longer in it, have had an opportunity to see. I was sent abroad for improvement, under the care of a man

who came out to be the most intriguing and profligate of those to whom a youth was ever entrusted. I saw in *him*, the inconvenience, the odiousness, of libertinism; and, by the assistance of an excellent monitor, with whom I happily became acquainted, and (would it not be false shame, and cowardice, if I did not say) by the Divine assistance, I escaped snares that were laid to corrupt my morals: hence my dearest friend will the more readily allow me to impart to him some of the lessons that were of so much use to myself.

I am the rather encouraged to take this liberty, as I have often flattered myself, that I have seen my Jeronymo affected by the arguments urged in the course of the conversations that have been held in our select meetings at Padua, and at Rome; in which the cause of virtue and true honour has been discussed and pleaded.

I have now no hopes of influencing any one of the noble youths, whom, at your request, I have of late so often met: but of *you* I still have hopes, because you continue to declare, that you prefer my friendship to theirs. You think that I was disgusted at the ridicule with which they generally treated the arguments they could not answer: but, as far as I innocently could, I followed them in their levity. I returned raillery for ridicule, and not always, as you know, unsuccessfully; but still they renewed the charge, and we had the same arguments one day to refute, that the preceding were given up. They could not convince me, nor I them.

I quit therefore (yet not without regret) the society I cannot meet with pleasure: but let not my *Jeronymo* renounce me. In *his* opinion I had the honour to stand high, before I was prevailed upon to be introduced to *them*; we cultivated, with mutual pleasure, each other's acquaintance, independent of

this association. Let us be to each other, what we were for the first month of our intimacy. You have noble qualities; but are diffident, and too often suffer yourself to be influenced by men of talents inferior to your own.

The ridicule they have aimed at, has weakened, perhaps, the force of the arguments that I wished to have a more than temporary effect on your heart. Permit me to remind you on paper, of some of them, and urge to you others: the end I have in view is your good, in hopes to confirm, by the efficacy they may have on you, my own principles: nor think me too serious. The occasion, the call that true friendship makes upon you, is weighty.

You have shewed me letters from your noble father, from your mother, from the pious prelate your brother, and others from your uncle, and still, if possible, more admirable ones, from your sister—All filled with concern for your present and future welfare! How dearly is my Jeronymo beloved by his whole family! and by *such* a family! And how tenderly does he love them all—What ought to be the result? Jeronymo cannot be ungrateful. He knows so well what belongs to the character of a dutiful son, an affectionate brother, that I will not attempt to enforce *their* arguments upon him.

By the endeavours of my friend to find excuses for some of the liberties in which he allows himself, I infer, that if he thought them criminal, he has too much honour to be guilty of them. He cannot say, with the mad Medea,

> ——*Video meliora, proboque;*
> *Deteriora sequor.*——

No! His judgment must be misled, before he can *allow* himself in a deviation. But let him beware; for has not every faulty inclination something to

plead in its own behalf?—Excuses, my dear friend, are more than tacit confessions: and the health of the mind, as of the body, is impaired by almost imperceptible degrees.

My Jeronymo has pleaded, and justly may he boast of, a disposition to benevolence, charity, generosity—What pity, that he cannot be still more perfect?—that he resolves not against meditated injuries to others of his fellow creatures! But remember, my lord, that true goodness is an uniform thing, and will alike influence every part of a man's conduct; and that true generosity will not be confined to obligations, either written or verbal.

Besides, who, though in the least guilty instance, and where some false virtue may hold out colours to palliate an excess, can promise himself to stop, when once he has thrown the reins on the neck of lawless appetite? And may I not add, that my Jeronymo is not in his own power? He suffers himself to be a led man!—O that he would choose his company anew, and be a leader! Every virtue, then, that warms his heart, would have a sister-virtue to encourage the noble flame, instead of a vice to damp it.

Justly do you boast of the nobility of your descent; of the excellency of every branch of your family: bear with my question, my lord; Are you determined to sit down satisfied with the honour of your ancestors? Your progenitors, and every one of your family, have given you reason to applaud *their* worthiness: will *you* not give them cause to boast of *yours*?

In answer to the earnest entreaties of all your friends, that you will marry, you have said, that, were women angels, you would with joy enter into the state—But what ought the *men* to be, who form upon women such expectations?

Can you, my dear lord, despise matrimony, yet

hold it to be a sacrament? Can you, defying the maxims of your family, and wishing to have the sister I have heard you mention with such high delight and admiration, strengthen your family-interest in the female line, determine against adding to its strength in the male?

You have suffered yourself to speak with contempt of the generality of the Italian women, for their illiterateness: let not their misfortune be imputed to them, my noble friend, as their fault. They have the same natural genius's that used to distinguish the men and women of your happy climate. Let not the want of cultivation induce you, a learned man, to hold them cheap. The cause of virtue, and of the sex, can hardly be separated.

But, O my friend, my Jeronymo, have I not too much reason to fear, that guilty attachments have been the cause of your slighting a legal one?—That you are studying for pretences to justify the way of life into which you have fallen?

Let us consider the objects of your pursuit—Alas! there have been more than one!—Are they women seduced from the path of virtue by yourself?—Who otherwise perhaps would have married, and made useful members of society?—Consider, my friend, what a capital crime is a seduction of this kind!—Can you glory in the virtue of a sister of your own, and allow yourself in attempts upon the daughter, the sister, of another? And, let me ask, How can that crime be thought pardonable in a man, which renders a woman infamous?

A good heart, a delicate mind, cannot associate with a corrupt one. What tie can bind a woman who has parted with her honour? What, in such a guilty attachment, must be a man's alternative, but either to be the tyrant of a wretch who has given him reason to despise her, or the dupe of one who despises him?

It is the important lesson of life (allow me to be serious on a subject *so* serious) in this union of soul and body, to restrain the unruly appetites of the latter, and to improve the faculties of the former—Can this end be attained by licentious indulgences, and profligate associations?

Men, in the pride of their hearts, are apt to suppose, that nature has designed them to be superior to women. The highest proof that can be given, of such superiority, is, in the protection afforded by the stronger to the weaker. What can that man say for himself, or for his proud pretension, who employs all his arts to seduce, betray, and ruin, the creature whom he should guide and protect—Sedulous to save her, perhaps, from every foe, but the devil and himself!

It is unworthy of a man of spirit to be solicitous to keep himself within the boundaries of human laws, on *no other* motive than to avoid the temporal inconveniences attending the breach of them. The laws were not made so much for the direction of good men, as to circumscribe the bad. Would a man of honour wish to be considered as one of the latter, rather than as one of those who would have distinguished the fit from the unfit, had they *not* been discriminated by human sanctions? Men are to approve themselves at an higher tribunal than at that of men.

Shall not public spirit, virtue, and a sense of duty, have as much influence on a manly heart, as a new face? How contemptibly low is that commerce in which *mind* has no share!

Virtuous love, my dear Jeronymo, looks beyond this temporary scene; while guilty attachments usually find a much earlier period than that of human life. Inconstancy, on one side or the other, seldom fails to put a disgraceful end to them. But were they to endure for *life*, what can the reflections upon them do towards softening the agonies of the inevitable hour?

Remember, my Jeronymo, that you are a MAN, a rational and immortal agent; and act up to the dignity of your nature. Can sensual pleasure be the great end of an immortal spirit in this life?

*That* pleasure cannot be lasting, and it must be followed by remorse, which is obtained either by doing injustice to, or degrading a fellow-creature. And does not a woman, when she forfeits her honour, degrade herself, not only in the sight of the world, but in the secret thoughts of even a profligate lover, destroying her own consequence with him?

Build not, my noble friend, upon penances and absolutions: I enter not into those subjects on which we differ as Catholics and Protestants: but if we would be thought men of true greatness of mind, let us endeavour so to act, as not, in essential articles, and with our eyes open, either to want absolution, or incur penances. Surely, my lord, it is nobler not to offend, than to be obliged to atone.

Are there not, let me ask, innocent delights enow to fill with joy every vacant hour? Believe me, Jeronymo, there are. Let you and me seek for such, and make them the cement of our friendship.

Religion out of the question, consider what morals and good policy will oblige you to do, as a man born to act a part in public life. What, were the examples set by you and your acquaintance to be *generally* followed, would become of public order and decorum? What of national honours? How will a regular succession in families be kept up? You, my lord, boast of your descent, both by father's and mother's side: why will you deprive *your* children of a distinction in which *you* glory?

Good children, what a blessing to their parents! But what comfort can the parent have in children born into the world heirs of disgrace, and who, owing their very being to profligate principles, have no fa-

mily honour to support, no fair example to imitate, but must be warned by their father, when bitter experience has convinced him of his errors, to avoid the paths in which *he* has trod?

How delightful the domestic connexion! To bring to the paternal and fraternal dwellings, a daughter, a sister, that shall be received there with tender love? to strengthen your own interest in the world by alliance with some noble and worthy family, who shall rejoice to trust to the Barone della Porretta the darling of their hopes—This would, to a generous heart, like yours, be the source of infinite delights. But could you now think of introducing to the friends you revere, the unhappy objects of a vagrant affection? Must not my Jeronymo even estrange himself from his home, to conceal from his father, from his mother, from his sister, persons shut out by all the laws of honour from their society? The persons, so shut out, must hate the family to whose *interests* theirs are so contrary. What sincere union then, what sameness of affection, between Jeronymo and the objects of his passion?

But the present hour dances delightfully away, and my friend will not look beyond it. His gay companions applaud and compliment him on his triumphs. In general, perhaps, he allows, 'that the welfare and order of society ought to be maintained by submission to divine and human laws; but *his* single exception for himself can be of no importance.' Of what, then, is *general* practice made up?—If every one excepts himself and offends in the instance that best suits his inclination, what a scene of horror will this world become! Affluence and a gay disposition tempt to licentious pleasures; penury and a gloomy one to robbery, revenge, and murder. Not one enormity will be without its plea, if once the boundaries of duty are thrown down. But, even in this universal

depravity, would not *his* crime be much worse, who robbed me of my child from *riot* and *licentiousness*, and under the guise of love and trust, than *his* who despoiled me of my substance, and had *necessity* to plead in extenuation of his guilt?

I cannot doubt, my dear friend, but you will take, at *least*, kindly, these expostulations, though some of them are upon subjects on which our conversations have been hitherto ineffectual. I submit them to your consideration. I can have no interest in making them, nor motive, but what proceeds from that true friendship with which I desire to be thought

Most affectionately yours.

You have heard, my good Miss Byron, that the friendship between Mr. Grandison and Signor Jeronymo was twice broken off: once it was, by the unkindly-taken freedom of the expostulatory letter. Jeronymo, at that time of his life, ill-brooked opposition in any pursuit his heart was engaged in. When pushed, he was vehement; and Mr. Grandison could not be over-solicitous to keep up a friendship with a young man who was under the dominion of his dissolute companions; and who would not allow of remonstrances, in cases that concerned his morals.

Jeronymo, having afterwards been drawn into great inconveniences by his libertine friends, broke with them; and Mr. Grandison and he meeting by accident at Padua, their friendship, at the pressing instances of Jeronymo, was again renewed.

Jeronymo thought himself reformed; Mr. Grandison hoped he was: but, soon after, a temptation fell in his way, which he could not resist. It was from a lady who was more noted for her birth, beauty, and fortune, than for her virtue. She had spread her snares for Mr. Grandison before Jeronymo became acquainted with her; and revenge, for her slighted

advances, taking possession of her heart, she hoped an opportunity would be afforded her of wreaking it upon him.

The occasion was given by the following letter, which Mr. Grandison thought himself obliged, in honour, to write to his friend, on his attachment; the one being then at Padua, the other at Cremona.

I am extremely concerned, my dear Jeronymo, at your new engagement with a lady, who, though of family and fortune, has shewn but little regard to her character. How frail are the resolutions of men! How much in the power of women! But I will not reproach—Yet I cannot but regret, that I must lose your company in our projected visits to the German courts: this, however, more for your sake than my own; since to the principal of them I am no stranger. You have excused yourself to me: I wish you had a better motive: but I write rather to warn, than to upbraid you. This lady is mistress of all the arts of woman. She may glory in *her* conquest; you ought not to be proud of *yours*. You *will not*, when you know her better. I have had a singular opportunity of being acquainted with her character. I never judged of characters, of womens especially, by *report*. Had the Barone della Porretta been the first for whom this lady spread her blandishments, a man so amiable as he is, might the more assuredly have depended on the love she professes for him. She has two admirers, men of violence, who, unknown to each other, have equal reason to look upon her as their own. You propose not to marry her. I am silent on this subject. Would to heaven you *were* married to a woman of virtue! Why will you not oblige all your friends? Thus liable as you are—But neither do I expostulate. Well do I know the vehemence with which you are wont to pursue a new

adventure. Yet I *had* hoped—But again I restrain myself. Only let me add, that the man who shall boast of his success with this lady, may have more to apprehend from the competition in which he will find himself engaged, than he can be aware of. Be prudent, my Jeronymo, in this pursuit, for your own sake. The heart that dictates this advice is wholly yours: but, alas! it boasts no further interest in that of its Jeronymo. With infinite regret I subscribe to the latter part of the sentence the once better-regarded name of

GRANDISON.

And what was the consequence? The unhappy youth, by the instigation of the revengeful woman, defied his friend, in her behalf. Mr. Grandison, with a noble disdain, appealed to Jeronymo's cooler deliberation; and told him, that he never would meet, as a foe, the man he had ever been desirous to consider as his friend. You know, my lord, said he, that I am under a disadvantage in having once been obliged to assert myself, in a country where I have no natural connexions; and where you, Jeronymo, have many. If we meet again, I do assure you, it must be by accident; and if that happens, we shall *then* find it time enough to discuss the occasion of our present misunderstanding.

Their next meeting was indeed by accident. It was in the Cremonese; when Mr. Grandison saved his life.

* *

And now, madam, let me give you, in answer to your second enquiry,

*The particulars of the conference which Sir Charles was put upon holding with Clementina, in favour of the Count of Belvedere; and which her father and mother, unknown to either of them, overheard.*

You must suppose them seated; a Milton's Paradise Lost before them: and that, at this time, Mr. Grandison did not presume that the young lady had any particular regard for him.

*Clementina.* You have taught the prelate, and you have taught the soldier, to be in love with your Milton, Sir: but I shall never admire him, I doubt. Don't you reckon the language hard and crabbed?

*Grandison.* I did not propose him to you, madam: your brother chose him. We should not have made the proficiency we have, had I not begun with you by easier authors. But you have heard me often call him a sublime poet, and your ambition (it is a laudable one) leads you to make him your own too soon. Has not your tutor taken the liberty to chide you for your impatience; for your desire of being every-thing at once?

*Clem.* You have; and I own my fault.—But to have done, for the present, with Milton; What shall I do to acquit myself of the addresses of this Count of Belvedere?

*Gr.* Why *would* you acquit yourself of the count's addresses?

*Clem.* He is not the man I can like: I have told my father as much, and he is angry with me.

*Gr.* I think, madam, your father *may* be a little *displeased* with you; though he loves you too tenderly to be *angry* with you. You reject the count, without assigning a reason.

*Clem.* Is it not reason enough, that I don't like him?

*Gr.* Give me leave to say, that the count is a handsome man. He is young; gallant; sensible; of a family antient and noble; a grace to it. He is learned, good-natured: he adores you—

*Clem.* And so let him, if he will: I never can like him.

*Gr.* Dear Lady Clementina! You must not be capricious. You will give the most indulgent parents in the world apprehension that you have cast your thoughts on some other object. Young ladies, except in a case of prepossession, do not often reject a person who has so many great and good qualities as shine in this gentleman; and where equality of degree, and a father's and mother's high approbation, add to his merit.

*Clem.* I suppose you have been spoken to, to talk with me on this subject—It is a subject I don't like.

*Gr.* You began it, madam.

*Clem.* I did so; because it is uppermost with me. I am grieved at my heart, that I cannot see the count with my father's eyes: my father deserves from me every instance of duty, and love, and veneration; but I cannot think of the Count of Belvedere for a husband.

*Gr.* One reason, madam? One objection?

*Clem.* He is a man that is not to my mind: a fawning, cringing man, I think.—And a spirit that can fawn, and cringe, and kneel, will be a tyrant in power.

*Gr.* Dear madam, to whom is he this obsequious man, but to you?—Is there a man in the world that behaves with a more proper dignity to every one else? Nay, to *you*, the lover shines out in him, but the man is not forgot. Is the tenderness shewn in a well-placed love, the veneration paid to a deservedly beloved object, any derogation to the manly character? Far from it: and shall you think the less of your lover, for being the most ardent, and, I have no knowledge of the man, if he is not the most sincere, of men?

*Clem.* An excellent advocate!—I am sure you have been spoken to—Have you not? Tell me truly: perhaps by the Count of Belvedere?

*Gr.* I should not *think*, and, of consequence, not *speak*, so highly as I do, of the count, if he were capable of asking any man, your father and brothers excepted, to plead his cause with you.

*Clem.* I can't bear to be chidden, chevalier. Now *you* are going to be angry with me too. But has not my mamma spoken to you?—Tell me?

*Gr.* Dear lady, consider, if she *had*, what you owe to a mother, who, deserving, for her tenderness to her child, the utmost observance and duty, would condescend to put her authority into a mediation. And yet, let me declare, that no person breathing should make me say what I do not think, whether in favour or disfavour of any man.

*Clem.* That is no answer. I owe implicit, yes, I will say implicit, duty to my mamma, for her indulgence to me: but what you have said is no direct answer.

*Gr.* For the *honour* of that indulgence, madam, I own to you, that your mamma, and my lord too, have wished that their Clementina could or would give one substantial reason why she cannot like the Count of Belvedere; that they might prepare themselves to acquiesce with it, and the count be induced to submit to his evil destiny.

*Clem.* And they have wished this to *you*, Sir? And you have taken upon you to answer their wishes—I protest, you are a man of prodigious consequence, with us all; and by your readiness to take up the cause of a man you have so *lately* known, you seem to know it, too well.

*Gr.* I am sorry I have incurred your displeasure, madam.

*Clem.* You have. I *never* was more angry with you, than I now am.

*Gr.* I hope you never were angry with me *before*. I never gave you reason. And if I have now, I beg your pardon.

I arose to go.

*Clem.* Very humble, Sir!—And are for going before you have it. Now call me *capricious*, again!

*Gr.* I did not know that you could be so easily displeased, madam.

She wept.

*Clem.* I am a very weak creature: I believe I am wrong: but I never knew what it was to give offence to any-body till within these few months. I love my father, I love my mother, beyond my own life; and to think that now, when I wish most for the continuance of their goodness to me, I am in danger of forfeiting it!—I can't bear it!—Do *you* forgive me, however. I believe I have been too petulant to you. Your behaviour is noble, frank, disinterested. It has been a happiness that we have known you. You are every-body's friend. But yet I think it is a little officious in you to plead so *very* warmly for a man of whom you know so little; and when I told you, more than once, I could not like him.

*Gr.* Honoured as I am, by your whole family, with the appellation of a fourth son, a fourth brother; was I, dear madam, to blame to act up to the character? I know my own heart; and if I have consequence given me, I will act so, as to deserve it; at least, my own heart shall give it to me.

*Clem.* Well, Sir, you may be right: I am sure you *mean* to be right. But as it would be a diminution of the *count's* dignity, to apply to you for a supposed interest in me, which *he* cannot have, it would be much *more* so, to have you interfere where a father, mother, and other brothers [you see, Sir, I allow your claim of fourth brotherhood] are supposed to have less weight: so no more of the Count of Belvedere, I beseech you, from your mouth.

*Gr.* One word more, only—Don't let the good-

ness of your father and mother be construed to the disadvantage of the parental character in them. They have not been positive: they have given their wishes, rather than their commands. Their tenderness for you, in a point so *very* tender, has made them unable to tell their own wishes to you, for fear they should not meet with yours; yet would be,' perhaps, glad to hear one solid objection to their proposal—And why? That they might admit of it—Impute, therefore, to my officiousness, what you please; and yet I would not wish to disoblige or offend you; but let *their* indulgence (they never will use their authority) have its full merit with you.

*Clem.* Your servant, Sir. I never yet had a slight notion of their indulgence; and I hope I never shall. If you *will* go, go: but, Sir, next time I am favoured with your lectures, it shall be upon languages, if you please; and not upon lovers.

I withdrew, profoundly bowing. But surely, thought I, the lovely Clementina is capricious.

Thus far my patron.—Let me add, that the marchioness, having acquainted Mr. Grandison, that her lord and she had heard every word that had passed, expressed her displeasure at her daughter's petulance; and, thanking him in her lord's name, as well as for herself, for the generous part he had taken, told him, that Clementina should ask his pardon. He begged that, for the sake of their own weight with her on the same subject, she might not know that they had heard what had passed.

I believe that's best, chevalier, answered the marchioness; and I am apt to think, that the poor girl will be more ready than perhaps one would wish, to make it up with you, were she to find you offended with her in earnest; as you have reason to be, as a *disinterested* man.

You see, chevalier, I know to whom I am speaking: but both my lord, and self, hope to see her of another mind; and that she will soon be Countess of Belvedere. My lord's heart is in this alliance; so is that of my son Giacomo.

I come now, madam, to your third command; which is, To give you,

> *The conference which Sir Charles was put upon holding with the unhappy Clementina, on her being seized with melancholy.* [Mr. Grandison still not presuming on any particular favour from Clementina].

The young lady was walking in one alley of the garden; Mr. Grandison, and the marquis and marchioness, in another. She was attended by her woman, who walked behind her; and with whom she was displeased for endeavouring to divert her; but who, however, seemed to be talking on, though without being answered.

The dear creature! said the marquis, tears in his eyes—See her there, now walking slow, now with quicker steps as if she would shake off her Camilla. She hates the poor woman for her love to her: but who *is* it that she sees with pleasure? Did I think that I should ever behold the pride of my heart, with the pain that I now feel for her? Yet she is lovely in my eye, in all she does, in all she says—But, my dear Grandison, we cannot now make her speak, more than Yes, or No. We cannot engage her in a conversation, no not on the subject of her newly-acquired language. See if you can, on *any* subject.

Ay, chevalier, said the marchioness, do you try to engage her. We have told her, that we will not

talk of marriage to her at all, till she is herself inclined to receive proposals. Her weeping eyes thank us for our indulgence. She prays for us with lifted-up hands: she courtesies her thanks, if she stands before us: she bows, in acknowledged gratitude for our goodness to her, if she sits; but she cares not to speak. She is not easy while we are talking to her. See! she is stepping into the Greek temple; her poor woman, unanswered, talking to her. She has not seen us. By that winding walk we can, unseen, place ourselves in the myrtle-grove, and hear what passes.

The marchioness, as we walked, hinted, that in their last visit to the general at Naples, there was a Count Marulli, a young nobleman of merit, but a soldier of fortune, who would have clandestinely obtained the attention of their Clementina. They knew nothing of it till last night, she said; when herself and Camilla, puzzling to what to attribute the sudden melancholy turn of her daughter, and Camilla mentioning what was *unlikely*, as well as likely; told her, that the count would have bribed her to deliver a letter to the young lady; but that she repulsed him with indignation: he besought her then to take no notice of his offer, to the general, on whom all his fortunes depended. She did not, for that reason, to any-body; but, a few days since, she heard her young lady (talking of the gentlemen she had seen at Naples) mention the young count favourably—Now it is impossible there can be anything in it, said the marchioness: but do you, however, chevalier, lead to the subject of love, but at distance; nor name Marulli, because she will think you have been talking with Camilla. The dear girl has pride: she would not endure you, if she thought you imagined her to be in love, especially with a

man of inferior degree, or dependent fortunes. But on your prudence we wholly rely; mention it, or not, as matters fall in.

There can be no room for this surmise, my dear, said the marquis; and yet Marulli was lately in Bologna: but Clementina's spirit will not permit her to encourage a clandestine address.

By this time we had got to the myrtle-grove, behind the temple, and over-heard them talk, as follows:

*Camilla.* And why, why must I leave you, madam?—From infancy you know how I have loved you. You used to love to hold converse with your Camilla. How have I offended you? I will not enter this temple till you give me leave; but indeed, indeed, I must not, I cannot, leave you.

*Clem.* Officious love!—Can there be a greater torment than an officious prating love!—If you loved me, you would wish to oblige me.

*Cam.* I *will* oblige you, my dear young lady, in every-thing I can—

*Clem.* Then *leave* me, Camilla. I am *best* when I am alone: I am *cheerfullest* when I am alone. You haunt me, Camilla; like a ghost, you haunt me, Camilla. Indeed you are but the ghost of my once obliging Camilla.

*Cam.* My dearest young lady, let me beseech you—

*Clem.* Ay, now you come with your *beseeches* again: but if you love me, Camilla, leave me. Am I not to be trusted with myself? Were I a vile young creature, suspected to be running away with some base-born man, you could not be more watchful of my steps.

Camilla would have entered into farther talk with her; but she absolutely forbad her.

Talk till dooms-day, I will not say one word more

to you, Camilla. I will be silent. I will stop my ears.

They were both silent. Camilla seemed to weep.

Now, my dear chevalier, whispered the marquis, put yourself in her sight; engage her into talk about England, or any-thing: you will have an hour good before dinner. I hope she will be cheerful at table! she *must* be present; our guests will enquire after her. Reports have gone out, as if her head were hurt.

I am afraid, my lord, that this is an unseasonable moment. She seems to be out of humour; and pardon me if I say, that Camilla, good woman as she is, and well meaning, had better give way to her young lady's humour, at such times.

Then, said the marchioness, will her malady get head; then will it become habit. But my lord and I will remain where we are, for a few minutes, and do you try to engage her in conversation. I would have her be cheerful before the patriarch, however: he will expect to see her. She is as much his delight as she is ours.

I took a little turn; and, entering the walk, which led to the temple, appeared in her sight; but bowed, on seeing her sitting in it. Her woman stood silent, with her handkerchief at her eyes, at the entrance. I quickened my steps, as if I would not break into her retirement, and passed by; but, by means of the winding walk, could hear what she said.

She arose; and stepping forward, looking after me, He is gone, said she. Learn, Camilla, of the Chevalier Grandison—

Shall I call him back, madam?

No. Yes. No. Let him go. I will walk. You may now leave me, Camilla: there is somebody in the garden who will watch me: or, you may stay, Camilla; I don't care which: only don't talk to me when I wish you to be silent.

She went into an alley which crossed that in which I was, but took the walk that led from me. When we came to the centre of both, and were very near each other, I bowed: she courtesied; but not seeming to encourage my nearer approach, I made a motion, as if I would take another walk. She stopt. Learn of the Chevalier Grandison, Camilla—repeated she.

May I presume, madam? Do I not invade—

Camilla is a little officious to-day: Camilla has teazed me. Are the poets of your country as severe upon womens tongues, as the poets of ours?

Poets, madam, of all countries, boast the same inspiration: poets write, as other men speak, to their *feeling*.

So, Sir!—You make a pretty compliment to us poor women.

Poets have finer imaginations, madam, than other men; they therefore feel quicker: but as they are not often intitled to boast of judgment (for imagination and judgment seldom go together) they may, perhaps, *give* the cause, and then break out into satire upon the effects.

Don't I see before me, in the orange-grove, my father and mother?—I do. I have not kneeled to them to-day.—Don't go, chevalier.

She hastened towards them. They stopt. She bent her knee to each, and received their tender blessings. They led her towards me. You seemed engaged in talk with the chevalier, my dear, said the marquis. Your mamma and I were walking in. We leave you.—They did.

The best of parents! said she. O that I were a more worthy child!—Have you not seen them, Sir, *before* to-day?

I have, madam. They think you the worthiest of daughters; but they lament your thoughtful turn.

They are very good. I am grieved to give them

trouble. Have they expressed their concern to you Sir?—I will not be so petulant as I was once before, provided you keep clear of the same subject. You are the confident of us all; and your noble and disinterested behaviour deservedly endears you to everybody.

They have been, this very morning, lamenting the melancholy turn you seem to have taken. With *tears*, madam, they have been lamenting it.

Camilla, you may draw near: you will hear your own cause supported. The rather draw near, and hear all the chevalier seems to be going to say; because it may save you and me too a great deal of trouble.

Madam, I have done, said I.

But you must *not* have done. If you are commissioned, Sir, by my father and mother, I am, I *ought* to be, prepared to hear all you have to say.

Camilla came up.

What, madam, can I say? My wishes for your happiness may make me appear importunate: but what hope have I of obtaining your confidence, when your mother fails?

What, Sir, is aimed at? What is sought to be obtained? I am not very well: I used to be a very sprightly creature: I used to talk, to sing, to dance, to play; to visit, to receive visits: and I don't like to do any of these things now. I love to be alone: I am contented with my own company. Other company is, at times, irksome to me; and I can't help it.

But whence this sudden turn, madam, in a lady so young, so blooming? Your father, mother, brothers, cannot account for it; and this disturbs them.

I see it does, and am sorry for it.

No other favourite diversion takes place in your mind. You are a young lady of exemplary piety:

you cannot pay a greater observance than you always paid, to the duties of religion.

You, Sir, an Englishman, an heretic, give me leave to call you; for are you *not* so?—Do *you* talk of piety, of religion?

We will not enter into this subject, madam: what I meant—

Yes, Sir, I know what you meant—And I will own, that I am, at times, a very melancholy strange creature. I know not whence the alteration; but so it is; and I am a greater trouble to myself than I can be to any-body else.

But, madam, there must be some cause—And for you to answer the best and most indulgent of mothers with sighs and tears only: yet no obstinacy, no sullenness, no petulance, appearing: all the same sweetness, gentleness, observance, that she ever rejoiced to find in her Clementina, still shining out in her mind. She cannot urge her *silent* daughter; her tenderness will not permit her to urge her: and how can you, my sister (allow of my claim, madam) how can you still silently withdraw from such a mother? How can you, at other times, suffer *her* to withdraw, her heart full, her eyes running over, unable to stay, yet hardly knowing how to go, because of the *ineffectual* report she must make to your sorrowing father; yet the cause of this very great alteration (which they dread is growing into habit, at a time of life when you were to crown all their hopes) a secret fast locked up in your own heart.

She wept, and turned from me, and leaned upon the arm of her Camilla; and then quitting her arm, and joining me, How you paint my obstinacy, and my mamma's goodness! I only wish—with all my soul I wish—that I was added to the dust of my ancestors. I who was their comfort, I see, now, must be their torment.

Fie, fie, my sister!

Blame me not: I am by no means satisfied with *myself*. What a miserable being must she be, who is at variance with herself?

I do not hope, madam, that you should place so much confidence in your fourth brother as to open your mind to him: all I beg is, that you will relieve the anxious, the apprehensive heart of the best of mothers; and, by so doing, enable her to relieve the equally-anxious heart of the best of fathers.

She paused, stood still, turned away her face, and wept; as if half overcome.

Let your faithful Camilla, madam, be commissioned to acquaint your mamma—

But hold, Sir! (seeming to recollect herself) not so fast—*Open my mind*—What! whether I have any-thing to reveal, or not?—Insinuating man! You had almost persuaded me to think I had a secret that lay heavy at my heart: and when, to oblige you, I began to look for it, I could not find it. Pray, Sir—she stopt.

And pray, *madam* (taking her hand) do not think of receding thus—

You are too free, Sir. Yet she withdrew not her hand.

For a brother, madam? Too free for a brother? And I quitted it.

Well, and what further would my *brother?*

Only to implore, to beseech you, to reveal to your mamma, to your excellent, your indulgent—

Stop, Sir, I beseech you—What! Whether I have any-thing to reveal, or not?—Pray, Sir, *tell* me, *invent* for me, a secret that is fit for me to own: and then, perhaps, if it will save the trouble of enquiries, I may make, at least, my *four* brothers easy.

I am pleased, however, madam, with your agree-

able raillery. Continue but in this temper, and the secret *is* revealed: enquiry will be at an end.

Camilla, here, is continually teazing me with her *persuasions* to be *in love*, as she calls it. That is the silly thing, in our sex, which gives importance to yours: a young creature cannot be grave, cannot indulge a contemplative humour, but she must be in love. I should hate myself, were I to put it in the power of any man breathing to give me uneasiness. I hope, Sir, I hope, that you, my *brother*, have not so poor, so low, so mean a thought of me.

It is neither *poor*, nor *low*; it is not *mean*, to be in love, madam.

What! not with an improper object?

Madam!

What have I said? You want to—But what I have now said, was to introduce what I am going to tell you; that I saw your insinuation, and what it tended to, when you read to me those lines of your Shakespeare; which in your heart, I suppose, you had the *goodness*, or what shall I call it? to apply to me. Let me see if I can repeat them to you in their original English.

With the accent of her country, she very prettily repeated those lines:

——She never told her love;
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.——

Now, chevalier, if you had any design in your pointing to these very pretty lines, I will only say, you are mistaken; and so are all those who affront and afflict me, with attributing my malady to so great a weakness.

I meant not at the *time*, madam—

Nor *now*, I hope, Sir—

Any such application of the lines. How could I? Your refusal of many lovers; your declining the proposals of a man of the Count of Belvedere's consequence and merit; though approved of by every one of your friends; are convictions—

See, Camilla! interrupting me with quickness, the chevalier is convinced!—Pray let me have no more of *your* affronting questions and conjectures on this subject. I tell you, Camilla, I would not be in love for the world, and all its glory.

But, madam, if you will be pleased to assign one cause, to your mamma, for the melancholy turn your lively temper has taken, you will free yourself from a suspicion that gives you pain, as well as displeasure. Perhaps you are grieved, that you cannot comply with your father's views—Perhaps—

*Assign one cause,* again interrupted she—*Assign one cause!*—Why, Sir—I am not well—I am not pleased with myself—as I told you.

If it were any-thing that lay upon your mind, your conscience, madam: your confessor—

Would not make me easy. He is a good, but *(turning aside, and speaking low)* a severe man. Camilla hears not what I say [*she had dropt behind*]. He is more afraid of me, in some cases, than he need to be. And why? Because you have almost persuaded me to think charitably of people of different persuasions, by your noble charity for all mankind: which I think, heretic as you are, forgive me, Sir, carries an appearance of true Christian goodness in it: though Protestants, it seems, will persecute one another; but you would not be one of those, except you are one man in Italy, another in England.

Your mother, madam, will ask, If you have honoured me with any part of your confidence? Her

communicative goodness makes her think every-body should be as unreserved as herself. Your father is so good as to *allow* you to explain yourself to me, when he wishes that I could prevail upon you to open your mind to me in the character of a fourth brother. My lord the bishop—

Yes, yes, Sir, interrupted she, all our family worships you almost. I have myself a very great regard for you, as the fourth brother who has been the deliver and preserver of my third. But, Sir, who can prevail upon you, in any-thing you are determined upon?—Had I any-thing upon my heart, I would not tell it to one, who, brought up in error, shuts his eyes against conviction, in an article in which his everlasting good is concerned. Let me call you a Catholic, Sir, and I will not keep a thought of my heart from you. You shall *indeed* be my brother; and I shall free one of the holiest of men from his apprehensions on my conversing with so determined a heretic as he thinks you. Then shall you, *as my brother*, command those secrets, if any I have, from that heart in which you think them locked up.

*Why*, then, madam, will you not declare them to your mamma, to your confessor, to my lord bishop?

Did I not say, *If any I have?*

And is your reverend confessor uneasy at the favour of the family to me!—How causeless!—Have I ever, madam, talked with you on the subject of religion?

Well but, Sir, are you so obstinately determined in your errors, that there is no hope of convincing you? I really look upon you, as my father and mother first bid me do, as my *fourth* brother: I should be glad that *all* my brothers were of one religion. Will you allow Father Marescotti and Father Geraldino to enter into a conference with you on this

subject? And if they answer all your objections, will you act according to your convictions?

I will not, by any means, madam, enter upon this subject.

I have long intended, Sir, to propose this matter to you.

You have often intimated as much, madam, though not so directly as now; but the religion of my country is the religion of my choice. I have a great deal to say for it. It will not be heard with patience by such strict professors as either of those you have named. Were I to be questioned on this subject before the Pope, and the whole Sacred College, I would not prevaricate: but good manners will make me shew respect to the religion of the country I happen to be in, were it the Mahometan, or even the Pagan; and to venerate the good men of it: but I never will enter into debate upon the subject as a traveller, a sojourner; that is a rule with me.

Well, Sir, you are an obstinate man, that's all I will say. I pity you; with all my soul I pity you: you have great and good qualities. As I have sat at table with you, and heard you converse on subjects that every one has in silence admired you for, I have often thought to myself, surely this man was not designed for perdition!—But begone, chevalier; leave me. You are an obstinate man. Yours is the *worst* of obstinacy; for you will not give yourself a *chance* for conviction.

We have so far departed from the subject we began upon, that it is proper to obey you, madam. I only beg that my sister——

Not so far departed from it, perhaps, as you imagine, interrupted she; and turned a blushing cheek from me—But *what* do you beg of your sister?

That she will rejoice the most indulgent of parents and the most affectionate of brothers, with a cheerful aspect at table, especially before the patriarch. Do not, madam, in silence—

You find, Sir, I have been talkative enough with *you.*—Shall we go through your Shakespeare's Hamlet to-night?—Farewell, chevalier. I will try to be cheerful at table: but, if I am *not,* let not your eye reproach me.—She took another walk.

I was loth, my dear Dr. Bartlett, to impute to myself the consequence with this amiable lady, which might but naturally be inferred from the turn which the conversation took; but I thought it no more than justice to the whole family, to hasten my departure: and when I hinted to Clementina, that I should soon take leave of them, I was rejoiced to find her unconcerned.

This, my good Miss Byron, is what I find in my patron's letters relating to this conference. He takes notice, that the young lady behaved herself at table as she was wished to do.

Mr. Grandison was prevailed upon, by the entreaties of the whole family, to suspend his departure for a few days.

The young lady's melancholy, to the inexpressible affliction of her friends, increased; yet she behaved with so much greatness of mind, that neither her mother nor her Camilla could persuade themselves that love was the cause. They sometimes imagined, that the earnestness with which they solicited the interest of the Count of Belvedere with her, had hurried and affected her delicate spirits; and therefore they were resolved to say little more on that subject till they should see her disposed to lend a more favourable ear to it: and the count retired to his own palace in Parma, expecting and hoping for

such a turn in his favour: for he declared, that it was impossible for him to think of any other woman for a wife.

But Signor Jeronymo doubted not, all this time, of the cause; and, without letting any-body into his opinion, not even Mr. Grandison, for fear a disappointment should affect him, resolved to make use of every opportunity that should offer, in favour of the man he loved, from a principle of gratitude, that reigned with exemplary force in the breast of every one of this noble family: a principle which took the firmer root in their hearts, as the prudence, generosity, magnanimity, and other great and equally amiable qualities of Mr. Grandison, appeared every day more and more conspicuous to them all.

I will soon, madam, present you with further extracts from the letters in my possession, in pursuance of the articles you have given me in writing. I am not a little proud of my task.

CONTINUATION OF MISS BYRON'S LETTER, BEGUN P. 208.

Can you not, Lucy, gather from the setting-out of this story, and the short account of it given by Sir Charles in the library-conference, that I shall soon pay my duty to you all in Northamptonshire? I shall, indeed.

Is it not strange, my dear, that a father and mother, and brothers, so jealous, as Italians, in general, are said to be, of their women; and so proud as this Bologna family is represented to be of their rank; should all agree to give so fine a man, as this is, in mind, person, and address, such free access to their daughter, a young lady of eighteen?

Teach her English!—Very discreet in the father and mother, surely! And to commission him to talk

with the poor girl in favour of a man whom they wished her to marry!—Indeed you will say, perhaps, that by the *honourable* expedient they fell upon, unknown to either tutor or pupil, of listening to all that was to pass in the conference, they found a method to prove his integrity; and that, finding it proof, they were justified to prudence in their future confidence.

With all my heart, Lucy: if you will excuse these parents, you may. But I say, that *any*-body, though *not* of Italy, might have thought such a tutor as this was dangerous to a young lady; and the more, for being a man of honour and family. In every case, the teacher is the obliger. He is called *master*, you know; and where there is a *master*, a *servant* is implied. Who is it that seeks not out for a married man, among the common tribe of tutors, whether professing music, dancing, languages, science of any kind? But a tutor such a one as *this*—

Well, but I will leave them to pay the price of their indiscretion.

* *

I am this moment come from the doctor. I insinuated to him, as artfully as I could, some of the above observations. He reminded me, that the marchioness herself had her education at Paris; and says, that the manners of the Italians are very much altered of late years; and that the French freedom begins to take place among the people of condition, in a very visible manner, of the Italian reserve. The women of the family of Porretta, particularly, he says, because of their learning, freedom, and conversableness, have been called, by their enemies, French-women.

But you will see, that honour, and the laws of hospitality, were Mr. Grandison's guard: and I

believe a young flame may be easily kept under. Sir Charles Grandison, Lucy, is used to do only what he *ought*. Dr. Bartlett once said, that the life of a good man was a continual warfare with his passions.

You will see, in the second conference between Mr. Grandison and the lady, upon the melancholy way she was in, how artfully, yet, I must own, honourably, he reminds her of the *brotherly* character which he passes under to her! How officiously he *sisters* her!

Ah, Lucy! your Harriet is his *sister* too, you know! He has been *used* to this dialect, and to check the passions of us forward girls; and yet I have gone on confessing mine to the whole venerable circle, and have almost gloried in it to them. Have not also his sisters detected me? While the noble Clementina, as in that admirable passage cited by her,

——Never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek.——

How do I admire her for her silence! But yet, had she been circumstanced as your Harriet was, would Clementina have been so *very* reserved?

Shall I run a parallel between our two cases?

Clementina's relations were all solicitous for her marrying the Count of Belvedere, a man of unexceptionable character, of family, of fortune; and who is said to be a gallant and a handsome man, and who adores her, and is of her own faith and country.

Harriet's relations were all solicitous, from the first, for an alliance with their child's deliverer. They never had encouraged any man's address; nor had *she*: and all his nearest and dearest friends were partial to her, and soon grew ardent in her favour.

| | |
|---|---|
| What difficulties had Clementina to contend with! It was *great* in her to endeavour to conquer a love, which she could not, either in duty, or with her judgment and conscience, acknowledge. | Harriet, not knowing of any engagement he had, could have no difficulties to contend with; except inferiority of fortune were one. She had therefore no reason to *endeavour* to conquer a passion not ignobly founded; and of which duty, judgment, and conscience, approved. |
| No wonder, then, that so excellent a young lady suffered *concealment, like a worm in the bud, to feed on her damask cheek.* | *Suspense* therefore, only, and not *concealment* (since every one called upon Harriet to acknowledge her love) could feed on *her* cheek. |

And is not suspense enough to make it pale, though it has not yet given it a *green and yellow* cast? O what tortures has suspense given me! But certainty is now taking place.

What a right method, Lucy, did Clementina, so much in earnest in her own persuasion, take, in this second conference, could she have succeeded, in her solicitude for his change of religion!—Could that have been effected, I dare say she would have been less reserved, as to the *cause* of her melancholy; especially as her friends were all as indulgent to her as mine are to me.

But my pity for the noble Clementina begins to take great hold of my heart. I long to have the whole before me.

Adieu, Lucy; if I write *more*, it will be all a recapitulation of the doctor's letter. I can think of nothing else.

## LETTER XXIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Tuesday, March 28.

Let me now give you a brief account of what we are doing here. Sir Charles so much rejoiced the heart of Lord G. who waited on him the moment he knew he was in town, that he could not defer his attendance on Miss Grandison, till she left Colnebrook; and got hither by our breakfast-time this morning.

He met with a very kind reception from Lord and Lady L. and a civil one from Miss Grandison; but she is already beginning to play her tricks with him.

O Lucy, where is the sense of parading it with a worthy man, of whose affection we have no reason to doubt, and whose visits we allow?

Silly men in love, or pretending to be in love, generally say hyperbolical things, all, in short, that could be said to a creature of superior order (to an angel); because they know not how to say polite, proper, or sensible things. In like manner, from the same defects in understanding, some of us women act as if we thought coyness and modesty the same thing; and others, as if they were sensible, that if they were not insolent, they must drop into the arms of a lover upon his first question.

But Miss Grandison, in her behaviour to Lord G. is governed by motives of archness, and, I may say, downright roguery of temper. Courtship is play to her. She has a talent for raillery, and in no instance is so successful, yet so improper, as on that subject. She could not spare her brother upon it, though she suffered by it.

Yet had she a respect for Lord G. she could not

treat him ludicrously. Cannot a witty woman find her own consequence, but by putting a fool's coat on the back of a friend?—Sterling wit, I imagine, requires not a foil to set it off.

She is indeed good-natured; and this is all Lord G. has to depend upon—Saving a little reliance that he may make upon the influence her brother has over her. I told her, just now, that were I Lord G. I would not wish to have her mine, on any consideration. She called me silly creature, and asked me, If it were not one of the truest signs of love, when men were most fond of the women who were least fit for them, and used them worst? These men, my dear, said she, are very sorry creatures, and know no medium. They will either, spaniel-like, fawn at your feet, or be ready to leap into your lap.

She has charming spirits: I wish I could borrow some of them. But I tell her, that I would not have a single drachm of those over-lively ones which I see she will *play off* upon Lord G. Yet he will be pleased, at present, with any treatment from her; though he wants not feeling, as I can see already—Don't, Charlotte, said I to her, within this half-hour, let him find his own weight in your levity. He admires your wit; but don't let it wound him.

But perhaps she is the sprightlier, in order to give me, and Lord and Lady L. spirits. They are very good to me, and greatly apprehensive of the story, which takes up, in a manner, my whole attention: so is Miss Grandison: and my sweet Emily, as often as she may, comes up to me when I am alone, and hangs upon my arm, my shoulder; and watches, with looks of love, every turn of my eyes.

I have opened my whole heart to her, for the better guarding of hers; and this history of Clementina affords an excellent lesson for the good girl. She blesses me for the lectures I read her on this subject,

and says, that she sees love is a very subtile thing, and, like water, will work its way through the banks that are set up to confine it, if it be not watched, and dammed out in time.

She pities Clementina; and prettily asked my leave to do so. I think, said she, my *heart* loves her; but not so well as it does you. I long to know what my guardian will do about her. How *good* is it in her father and mother to love her so dearly! Her two elder brothers one cannot dislike; but Jeronymo is my favourite. He is a man worth saving; isn't he, madam? But I pity her father and mother, as well as Clementina.

Charming young creature! What an excellent heart she has!

Sir Charles is to dine with Sir Hargrave and his friends to-morrow, on the forest, in his way to Grandison-hall. The doctor says, he expects to hear from him, when there. What! will he go by this house, and not call in?—With all my heart.—We are *only* sisters! Miss Grandison says, she'll be *hanged* (that is her word) if he is not *afraid of me.* Afraid of me! A sign, if he is, he knows not what a poor forward creature I am. But as he seems to be pre-engaged—Well, but I shall soon know every-thing, as to that. But sure he might call in as he went by.

The doctor says, he longs to know how he approves of the decorations of his church, and of the alterations that are made and making, by his direction, at the hall.

He has a great taste, the doctor tells us, yet not an expensive one; for he studies situation and convenience, and pretends not to level hills, or to force and distort nature; but to help it, as he finds it, without letting art be seen in his works, where he can possibly avoid it. For he says, He would rather let a stranger be pleased with what he sees, as if it

were always so; than to obtain comparative praise by informing him what it was in its former situation.

As he is to be a suitor for Lord W. before he returns, he will not, perhaps, be with us, while I am here. He *may* court for others: he has had very little trouble of that sort for himself, I find.

A very disturbing thought is just come into my head: Sir Charles, being himself in suspense, as to the catastrophe of this knotty affair, did not intend to let us know it till all was over—As sure as you are alive, Lucy, he had seen my regard for him through the thin veil that covered it; and began to be apprehensive (*generously* apprehensive) for the heart of the poor fool; and so has suffered Dr. Bartlett to transcribe the particulars of the story, that they may serve for a check to the over-forward passion of your Harriet.

*This* thought excites my pride; and *that* my contempt of myself: near borderers, Lucy!—What a little creature does it make me, in my own eyes!—O Dr. Bartlett, your kindly-intended transcripts shall cure me: indeed they shall.

But now this subject is got uppermost again. What, Lucy, can I do with it?

Miss Grandison says, that I shall be with her every day when I go to town: I can have no exception, she says, when her brother is *absent*—Nor when he is *present*, I begin now to think.

Lord help me, my dear! I must be so very careful of my punctilio!—No, thought I, in the true spirit of prudery, I will not go to Sir Charles's house for the world: and why? Because he is a single man; and because I think of something—that he perhaps has no notion of. But now I may go and visit his sister without scruple, may I not? For he perhaps thinks only of his Clementina—And is not this a

charming difficulty got over, Lucy?—But as I said, I will *soon* be with you.

I told Miss Grandison that I *would*, just now—Lovers, said she, are the weakest people in the world; and people of punctilio the most *un*-punctilious—You have not talked till *now* of going in such a hurry. Would you have it thought that you staid in town for a *particular* reason? and, when that ceased, valued nobody else?—She held up her finger—Consider! said she.

There is something in this, Lucy. Yet what *can* I do?

But Dr. Bartlett says, he shall soon give me another letter.

Farewell, my dear.

## LETTER XXIV.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Wednesday, March 29.

Sir Charles came hither this morning, time enough to breakfast with us.

Lady L. is not an early riser. I am sure this brother of hers is: so is Miss Grandison. If I say *I* am, my Lucy, I will not allow you to call it boasting, because you will, by so calling it, acknowledge early rising to be a virtue; and if you thought it such, I am sure you would distinguish it by your practice. Forgive me, my dear: this is the only point in which you and I have differed—And why have I in the main so patiently suffered this difference, and not tried to teaze you out of it? Because my Lucy always *so well* employs her time when she is *alive*.

But would not one the *more* wish that well-employed life to be made as long as possible?

I endeavoured to be very cheerful at breakfast; but I believe my behaviour was awkward and affected. After Sir Charles was gone, on my putting the question to the two sisters, Whether it was not so? they acquitted me—Yet my heart, when in his company, laboured with a sense of constraint.

My pride made me want to find out pity for me in his looks and behaviour, on purpose to quarrel with him in my mind; for I could not get out of my head that degrading surmise, that he had permitted Dr. Bartlett to hasten to me the history of Clementina, in order *generously* to check any hopes that I might entertain, before they had too strongly taken hold of my foolish heart.

But nothing of this was discoverable. Respect, tender respect, appeared, as the ladies afterwards took notice, in every word, when he addressed himself to me; in every look that he cast upon me.

He studiously avoided speaking of the Bologna family. We were not indeed any of us fond of leading to the subject.

I am sure, I pitied *him*.

Pity, my dear, is a softer passion, I dare say, in the bosom of a woman, than in that of a man. There *is*, there *must be*, I should fancy, more generosity, more tenderness, in the pity of the one, than in that of the other. In a man's pity [I write in the first case from my own sensibilities, in the other from my apprehensions] there is, too probably, a mixture of insult or contempt. Unhappy, indeed, must the woman be, who has drawn upon her the *helpless* pity of the man she loves!

The ladies and Lord L. will have it, that Sir Charles's *love*, however, is not so much engaged for Clementina as h *compassion*. They are my sincere

friends: they see that I am pretty delicate in my notions of a first love; and they generously endeavour to inculcate this distinction upon me: but to what purpose, when we evidently see, from what we already know of this story, that his engagements, be the motive what it will, are of such a nature, that they cannot be dispensed with while this lady's destiny is undetermined?

Poor Lady Clementina! From my heart I pity her: and tenderness, I am sure, is the sole motive of my compassion for this fair unfortunate.

Sir Charles set out, immediately after breakfast, for Sir Hargrave's. He will dine with him, and intends to pass the evening with Lord W. We shall all go to town to-morrow.

* *

With this I send the doctor's second pacquet. O my dear! What a noble young lady is Clementina! What a purity is there in her passion! A letter of Mrs. Beaumont (Mrs. Beaumont herself an excellent woman) will shew you, that Clementina deserves every good wish. Such a noble struggle did I never hear of, between religion and love. O Lucy! you will be delighted with Clementina: you will even, for a while, forget your Harriet; or, if you are just, will think of her but next after Clementina! Never did a young lady do more honour to her sex, than is done it by Clementina! A flame the most vehement, suppressed from motives of piety, till, poor lady! it has devoured her intellects!

Read the letter, and be lost, as I was, for half an hour after I had read it, in silent admiration of her fortitude! O my dear! she *must* be rewarded with a Sir Charles Grandison! My reason, my justice, compel from me my vote in her favour.

My Lord L. and the two ladies admire her as much as I do. They look at me with eyes of tender con-

cern. They say little. What *can* they say?—But they kindly applaud me for my unfeigned admiration of this extraordinary young lady. But where is *my* merit? Who can forbear admiring her?

DR. BARTLETT'S SECOND LETTER.

Your fourth enquiry, madam, is,

*Whether the particularly cheerful behaviour of the young lady, on the departure of Mr. Grandison from Bologna, after a course of melancholy, is any where accounted for?*

And your fifth is, *What were the particulars of Mrs. Beaumont's management of the lady, at Florence, by which she brought her to own her love, after she had so long kept it a secret from her mother, and all her family?*

What I shall transcribe, in order to satisfy you, madam, with regard to the fifth article, will include all that you can wish to be informed of, respecting the fourth.

But let me premise, that Mrs. Beaumont, at the request of the marchioness, undertook to give an account of the health of the young lady, and what effect the change of air, of place, and her advice, had upon her mind, after she had been at Florence, for two or three days. She, on the fourth day of their being together, wrote to that lady the desired particulars. The following is a translation of her letter:

Your ladyship will excuse me for not writing till now, when you are acquainted, that it was not before last night that I could give you any tolerable

satisfaction on the subject upon which I had engaged to do myself that honour.

I have made myself mistress of the dear young lady's secret. Your ladyship guessed it, perhaps, *too* well. Love, but a pure and laudable love, is the malady that has robbed her of her tranquillity for so long a space, and your splendid family of all comfort: but such a magnanimity shewn, or endeavoured at, that she deserves to be equally pitied and admired. What is it that the dear young lady has not suffered in a conflict between her duty, her religion, and her love?

The discovery, I am afraid, will not give pleasure to your family; yet certainty, in what must be, is better than suspense. You will think me a managing person, perhaps, from the relation I have to give you: but it was the task prescribed me; and you commanded me to be very minute in the account of all my dealings with her, that you might know how to conduct yourselves to her for the cure of the unhappy malady. I obey.

The first and second days, after our return to Florence, were passed in endeavouring to divert her, as our guest, in all the ways we could think of: but finding, that company was irksome to her, and that she only bore with it for politeness-sake; I told the ladies, that I would take her entirely into my own care, and devote my whole time to her service. They acquiesced: and when I told Lady Clementina of my intention, she rejoiced at it, and did me the honour to assure me, that my conversation would be balm to her heart, if she could enjoy it without mixt company.

Your ladyship will see, however, from what I have mentioned of her regard for me, that I had made use of my time in the two past days to ingratiate myself into the favour of your Clementina. She will have

me call her nothing but Clementina: excuse therefore, madam, the freedom of my stile.

She engaged me last night to give her a lesson, as she called it, in an English author. I was surprised at her proficiency in my native tongue. Ah, my dear! said I, what an admirable manner of teaching must your tutor have had, if I am to judge by the great progress you have made in so short a time, in the acquiring of a tongue that has not the sweetness of your own, though it has a force and expressiveness that is more than equal, I think, to any of the modern languages!

She blushed—Do you think so? said she—And I saw, by the turn of her eye, and her consciousness, that I had no need to hint to her Count Marulli, nor any other man.

I took upon me, without pushing her, just then, upon the supposed light dropt in from this little incident, to mention the Count of Belvedere, with distinction, as the marquis had desired I would.

She said, she could not by any means think of him.

I told her, that as all her family approved highly of the count, I thought they were intitled to know her objections; and to judge of the reasonableness or unreasonableness of them. Indeed, my dear, said I, you do not, in this point, treat your father and mother with the dutifulness that their indulgence deserves.

She started. That is severely said; is it not, madam?

Consider of it, my dear, and if you pronounce it so, after an hour's reflection, I will call it so, and ask your pardon.

I am afraid, said she, I am in fault. I have the best and most indulgent of parents. There are some things, some secrets, that one cannot be forward to

divulge. One should perhaps be commanded out of them with a high hand.

Your acknowledgment, my dear, said I, is more generous than the occasion given for it: but if you will not think me impertinent—

Don't, don't, ask me too close questions, madam, interrupted she; I am afraid I can deny you nothing.

I am persuaded, my dear Clementina, that the mutual unbosoming of secrets is the cement of faithful friendship, and true love. Whenever any new turn in one's affairs happens, whenever any new lights open, the friendly heart rests not, till it has communicated to its fellow-heart the new lights, the interesting events; and this communicativeness knits the true lover's knot still closer. But what a solitariness, what a gloom, what a darkness, must possess that mind which can trust no friend with its inmost thoughts! The big secret, when it is of an interesting nature, will swell the heart till it is ready to burst. Deep melancholy must follow—I would not for the world have it so much as thought, that I had not a soul large enough for friendship. And is not the essence of friendship communication, mingling of hearts, and emptying our very soul into that of a true friend?

Why, that's true. But, madam, a young creature may be so circumstanced as not to have a true friend: or, if she has near her a person to whom she *might* communicate her whole mind without doubt of her *fidelity*, yet there may be a forbiddingness in the person; a difference in years; in degree; as in my Camilla, who is, however, a very good woman—We people of condition, madam, have more courtiers about us than friends: but Camilla's fault is teazing, and always harping upon one string, and that by my friends commands: it would be therefore more

laudable to open my mind to my mother, than to her; as it would be the same thing.

Very true, my dear: and as you have a mother, who is less of the mother than she would be of the sister, the friend; it is amazing to me, that you have kept such a mother in the dark so long.

What can I say?—Ah, madam!—There she stopt. At last said, But my mother is in the interest of the man I cannot love.

The question recurs—Are not your parents intitled to know your objections to the man whose interest they so warmly espouse?

I have no particular objections. The Count of Belvedere deserves a better wife than I can make him. I should respect him very much, had I a sister, and he made his addresses to her.

Well then, my dear Clementina, if I *guess* the reason why you cannot approve of the Count of Belvedere, will you tell me, with that candor, with that friendship, of the requisites of which we have been speaking, whether I am right or not?

She hesitated. I was silent in expectation.

She then spoke—I am *afraid* of you, madam.

You have reson to be so, if you think me unworthy of your friendship.

What is your guess, Mrs. Beaumont?

That you are prejudiced in favour of some other man; or you could not, if you had a sister, wish her a husband that you thought unworthy of yourself.

I don't think the Count of Belvedere unworthy neither, madam.

Then my conjecture has received additional strength.

O Mrs. Beaumont! How you press upon me!

If impertinently, say so; and I have done.

No, no, not impertinently, neither; yet you distress me.

That could not be, if I were not right; and if the person were not too unworthy of you, to be acknowledged.

O Mrs. Beaumont! how closely you urge me! What can I say?

If you have any confidence in me—If you think me capable of advising you—

I *have* confidence: your known prudence—And then she made me compliments, that I could not deserve.

Come, my dear Clementina, I will *guess* again—Shall I?

What would you guess?

That there is a man of low degree—Of low fortunes—Of inferior sense—

Hold, hold, hold—And do you think that the Clementina before you is sunk *so* low?—If you do, why don't you cast the abject creature from you?

Well, then, I will *guess* again—That there is a man of a royal house; of superior understanding; of whom you can have no hope.

O Mrs. Beaumont! And cannot you guess that this prince is a Mahometan, when your hand is in?

Then, madam, and from the hints your ladyship had given, I had little doubt that Clementina was in love; and that religion was the apprehended difficulty. Zealous Catholics think not better of Protestants, than of Mahometans: nor, indeed, are zealous Protestants without their prejudices. Zeal will be zeal, in persons of whatever denomination.

I would not, however, madam, like a sudden frost, nip the opening bud.

There is, said I, a young soldier of fortune, who has breathed forth passionate wishes for Clementina.

A soldier of fortune, madam! with an air of disdain. There cannot be such a man living, that can have his wishes answered.

Well, then, to say nothing of *him;* there is a Roman nobleman—a younger brother—Of the Borghese house—Permit me to suppose *him* the man.

With all my heart, madam.

She was easy, while I was at a distance.

But if the Chevalier Grandison [she coloured at his name]—has done him ill offices—

The Chevalier Grandison, madam, is incapable of doing *any* man ill offices.

Are you sure, madam, that the chevalier has not art?—He has great abilities. Men of great abilities are not always to be trusted. They don't strike till they are sure.

He has *no* art, madam. He is *above* art. He *wants* it not. He is beloved wherever he goes. He is equally noted for his prudence and freedom of heart. He is *above* art, repeated she, with warmth.

I own, that he deserves every-thing from your family. I don't wonder that he is caressed by you all: but it is amazing to me, that, in contradiction to all the prudent maxims and cautions of your country, such a young gentleman should have been admitted —I stopt.

Why, now, you don't imagine, that I—that I—She stopt, and hesitated.

A prudent woman would not put it in any man's power to give her a prejudice to persons of unexceptionable honour; and to manage—

Nay, madam, now has somebody prejudiced you against your countryman—He is the most disinterested of men.

I have heard young ladies, when he was here, speak of him as a handsome man.

A handsome man! And is not Mr. Grandison an handsome man? Where will you see a man so handsome?

And do you think he is so very extraordinary a

man, as to *sense*, as I have heard him reported to be? I was twice in his company—I thought, indeed, he looked upon *himself* as a man of consequence.

Nay, madam, don't say he is not a *modest* man. It is true, he knows when to speak, and when to be silent: but he is not a confident man; nor is he, in the least, conceited.

Was there so much bravery in his relieving your brother, as some people attribute to him in that happy event? Two servants and himself, well armed; the chance of passengers on the same road: the assassins that appeared but two; their own guilt to encounter with—

Dear, dear, Mrs. Beaumont, with what prejudiced people have you conversed? The Scripture says, *A prophet has no honour in his own country*; but Mr. Grandison has not much from his own countrywoman.

Well, but did Mr. Grandison ever speak to you of any one man, as a man worthy of your favour?

Did he!—Yes, of the Count of Belvedere. He was *more* earnest in *his* favour than—

Really?

Yes, really—than I thought he ought to be.

Why so?

Why so!—Why because—because—Why what was it to him—you know?

I suppose he was put upon it—

I believe so.

Or he would not—

I believe, if the truth were known, you, Mrs. Beaumont, hate Mr. Grandison. You are the only person that I ever in my life heard speak of him, even with indifference.

Tell me, my dear Clementina, What are your sincere thoughts of Mr. Grandison, person and mind?

You may gather them from what I have said.

That he is a handsome man; a generous, a prudent, a brave, a polite man.

Indeed I think him to be all you have said: and I am not singular.

But he is a *Mahometan*—

—A *Mahometan!* madam.—Ah, Mrs. Beaumont!

And ah, my dear Clementina!—And do you think I have not found you out?—Had you never known Mr. Grandison, you would not have scrupled to have been Countess of Belvedere.

And can you *think*, madam—

Yes, yes, my dear young lady, I can.

My good Mrs. Beaumont, you don't know what I was going to say.

Be sincere, my dear. Cannot a lover, talking to a second person, be sincere?

What! madam, a man of another religion! A man obstinate in his errors! A man who has never professed love to me! A man of inferior degree! A man who owns himself absolutely dependent upon his father's bounty! His father living to the height of his estate!—Forbid it pride, dignity of birth, duty, religion—

Well, then, I may safely take up the praises of Mr. Grandison: you have imputed to me, slight, injustice, prejudice against him: let me now shew you, that the *Prophet* HAS *honour with his country-woman*. Let me collect his character from the mouth of every man who has spoken of him in my hearing or knowledge—His country has not in this age sent abroad a private man who has done it more credit. He is a man of honour in every sense of the word. If moral rectitude, if practical religion (your brother the barone testifies this on his own experience) were lost in the rest of the world, it would, without glare or ostentation, be found in him. He is courted by

the best, the wisest, the most eminent men, wherever he goes; and he does good without distinction of religion, sects, or nation: his own countrymen boast of him, and apply to him for credentials to the best and most considerable men in their travels through more countries than one: in France, particularly, he is as much respected as in Italy. He is descended from the best families in England, both by father and mother; and can be a senator of it, whenever he pleases. He is heir to a very considerable estate; and is, as I am informed, courted to ally with some of the greatest families in it. Were he not born to a fortune, he would make one. You own him to be generous, brave, handsome—

O my dear, dear Mrs. Beaumont! All this is too much, too much!—Yet all this I think him to be!—I can no longer resist you. I own, I own, that I have no heart but for Mr. Grandison. And now, as I don't doubt but my friends set you to find out the love-sick girl, how shall I, who cannot disown a secret you have so fairly, and without condition, come at, ever look them in the face? Yet let them know (I will enable you to tell them) how all this came about, and how much I have struggled against a passion so evidently improper to be encouraged by a daughter of their house.

He was, in the first place, as well you know, the preserver of a beloved brother's life; and that brother afterwards owned, that had he followed his friendly advice, he never would have fallen into the danger from which he rescued him.

My father and mother presented him to me, and bid me regard him as a fourth brother; and it was not immediately that I found out, that I *could* have but three brothers.

My brother's deliverer proved to be the most amiable and humane, and yet bravest of men.

All my friends caressed him. Neither family forms, nor national forms, were stood upon. He had free access to us all, as one of us.

My younger brother was continually hinting to me his wishes that I were his. Mr. Grandison was above all other reward; and my brother considered me in a kind light, as *able* to reward him.

My confessor, by his fears and invectives, rather confirmed than lessened my esteem for a man whom I thought injured by them.

His own respectful and disinterested behaviour to me contributed to my attachment. He always addressed me as his *sister*, when he put on the familiar friend, in the guise of a tutor; I could not therefore arm against a man I had no reason to suspect.

But still I knew not the strength of my passion for him, till the Count of Belvedere was proposed to me with an earnestness that alarmed me: then I considered the count as the interrupter of my hopes; and yet I could not give my friends the reason *why* I rejected him. How *could* I, when I had none to give but my prepossession in favour of another man? A prepossession entirely hidden in my own heart.

But still I thought I would sooner die, than be the wife of a man of a religion contrary to my own. I am a zealous Catholic myself: all my relations are zealous Catholics. How angry have I been at this obstinate heretic, as I have often called him; the first heretic, my dear Mrs. Beaumont (for once I did not love *you*) that my soul detested not! For he is as tenacious a Protestant as ever came out of England. What had he to do in Italy? Why did he not stay at home? Or why, if he must come abroad, did he stay so long among us; yet hold his obstinacy, as if in defiance of the people by whom he was so well received?

These were the reproaches that my heart in silence often cast upon him.

I was at first concerned only for his *soul's* sake: but afterwards, finding him essential to my earthly happiness, and yet resolving never to think of him if he became not a Catholic, I was earnest for his conversion for my *own* sake; hoping that my friends' indulgence to me would make my wishes practicable; for on his part, I doubted not, if that point were got over, he would think an alliance with our family an honour to him.

But when I found him invincible on this article, I was resolved either to conquer my passion, or die. What did I not undergo in my endeavours to gain this victory over myself! My confessor hurt me, by terrors; my woman teazed me; my parents, and two elder brothers, and all my more distant relations, urged me to determine in favour of the Count of Belvedere. The count was importunate: the chevalier was importunate in the count's behalf—Good Heaven! What could I do?—I was hurried, as I may say: I had not time given me to weigh, ponder, recollect. How could I make my mother, how could I make *any-body*, my confident? My judgment was at war with my passion; and I hoped it would overcome. I struggled; yet every day the object appearing more worthy, the struggle was too hard for me. O that I had had a Mrs. Beaumont to consult—Well might melancholy seize me—Silent melancholy!

At last the chevalier was resolved to leave us. What pain, yet what pleasure, did this his resolution give me! Most sincerely I hoped, that his absence would restore my tranquillity.

What a secret triumph did I give myself, on my behaviour to him, before all my friends, on the parting evening!—My whole deportment was uniform,

I was cheerful, serene, happy in myself, and I made all my friends so. I wished him happy wherever he set his foot, and whatsoever he engaged in. I thanked him, with the rest of my friends, for the benefits we had received from him, and the pleasure he had given us, in the time he had bestowed upon us; and I wished that he might never want a friend so agreeable and entertaining as he had been to us all.

I was the more pleased with myself, as I was not under a necessity of putting on stiffness or reserve to hide a heart too much affected. I thought myself secure, and stood out forwarder than he seemed to hope for, and with *more* than my offered hand, at the moment of his departure. I thought I read in his eyes a concern, for the first time, that called for a pity which I imagined I myself wanted not. Yet I had a pang at parting—When the door shut out the agreeable man, never again, thought I, to be opened to give him entrance! I sighed at the reflection: but who perceived it? I never could be insensible in a parting scene, with *less* agreeable friends: it was the easier for me to attribute to the gentleness of my heart, the instant sensibility. My father clasped me to his bosom: my mother embraced me, without mortifying me by saying for what: my brother the bishop called me twenty fond names: all my friends complimented me, but only on my cheerfulness; and said, I was once more their own Clementina. I went to rest, pleased that I had so happily acquitted myself; and that possibly I contributed to the repose of dear friends, whose repose I had been the cause of disturbing.

But, alas! this conduct was too great for the poor Clementina to maintain: my soul was too high-set—You know the rest; and I am lost to the joys of this life: for I never, never, will be the wife of a man,

if I *might*, who by his religion is an enemy to the faith I never wavered in; nor would ever change, were an earthly crown on the head of the man I love to be the reward; and a painful death, in the prime of my life, the contrary.

A flood of tears prevented farther speech. She hid her face in my bosom. She sighed—Dear lady! How she sighed!

This, madam, is the account I have to give of what has passed between your beloved Clementina and me. Never was there a more noble struggle between duty and affection; though her heart was too tender, and, in short, the man's merits too dazzling, to allow it to be effectual. She is unwilling that I should send you the particulars: she shall be ashamed, she says, to look her father, her mother, in the face; and she dreads still more, if possible, her confessor's being made acquainted with the state of her heart, and the cause of her disorder. But I tell her, it is absolutely necessary for her mother to know every-thing that I know, in order to attempt a cure.

This cure, madam, I am afraid will never be effected, but by giving her in marriage to the happy man. I must think *him* so, who will be intitled, by general consent, to so great a blessing.

You, madam, will act in this affair as you judge proper: but if you can at Bologna, at Urbino, and Naples, get over your family objections, you will perhaps find yourselves obliged, such are the young lady's *own* scruples, on the score of religion, to take *pains* to persuade her to pursue her inclination, and accept Mr Grandison for a husband.

Be this as it may, I would humbly recommend a gentle and soothing treatment of her. She never knew yet what the contrary was; and were she to experience *that* contrary now, upon an occasion so

very delicate, and in which her judgment and her love are, as she hints, at variance, I verily think, she would not be able to bear it.—*That* God direct you for the best, whom you and yours have always served with signal devotion!

I will only add, That since the secret which had so long preyed upon her fine spirits, is revealed, she appears to be much more easy than before; but yet she dreads the reception she shall meet with on her return to Bologna. She begs of me, when that return shall be ordered, to accompany her, in order to enable her, as she says, to support her spirits. She is very desirous to enter into a nunnery. She says, she never can be the wife of any other man; and she thinks she ought not to be his, on whom her heart is fixed.

A word of comfort on paper, from your honoured hand, I know, madam, would do a great deal towards healing her wounded heart.

I am, madam, with the greatest veneration and respect,

Your ladyship's most faithful humble servant,

HORTENSIA BEAUMONT.

Let me add, my good Miss Byron, that the marchioness sent an answer to this letter, expressing the highest obligation and gratitude to Mrs. Beaumont; and inclosed a letter to her daughter, filled with tender and truly-motherly consolation; inviting her back to Bologna, and her amiable friend with her: promising, in the name of her father and brothers, a most indulgent welcome; and assuring her, that every-thing should be done that *could* be done, to make her happy in her own way.

## LETTER XXV.

### MISS BYRON TO MISS SELBY.

Wednesday night, March 29.

I INCLOSE, my Lucy, the doctor's *third* pacquet. From its contents you will pity Sir Charles, as well as Clementina; and if you enter impartially into the situation of the family, and allow as much to their zeal for a religion they are satisfied with, as you will do for Sir Charles's steadiness in his, you will also pity *them*. They are all good; they are all considerate. A great deal is to be said for them: though much more for Sir Charles, who insisted not upon that change of religion in the lady, which they demanded from him.

How great does he appear in my eyes! A confessor, though not a martyr, one may call him, for his religion and country.—How deep was his distress! A mind so delicate as his, and wishing for the sake of the sex, and the lady and family, as he did, rather to be repulsed by them, than to be obliged himself to decline their intended favour.

You will admire the lady in her sweetly-modest behaviour, on his first visit before her mother; but more, for the noble spirit she endeavoured to resume in her conversation with him in the garden.

But how great will he appear in your eyes, in the eyes of my grandmother, and aunt Selby, for that noble apostrophe!—'But, O my religion and my country! I cannot, cannot, renounce you! What can this short life give, what can it promise, to warrant such a sacrifice!'

Yet *her* conduct, you will find, is not inferior to *his*; firmly persuaded, as she is, of the truth of her religion and loving him with an ardor that he had

from the first restrained in himself from hopelessness.

But to admire her as she deserves, I should transcribe all she says, and his account of her whole behaviour.

O my dear! Who could have acted as Clementina acted!—Not, I fear, your

HARRIET BYRON.

## DR. BARTLETT'S THIRD LETTER.

The next thing you injoin me in, madam, is,

*To give you the particulars of Mr. Grandison's reception from the marchioness and her Clementina, on his return to Bologna from Vienna, at the invitation of Signor Jeronymo.*

Mr. Grandison was received at his arrival with great tokens of esteem and friendship, by the marquis himself, and by the bishop.

Signor Jeronymo, who still kept his chamber, the introducer being withdrawn, embraced him: and now, said he, is the affair, that I have had so long in view, determined upon. O chevalier! you will be a happy man. Clementina will be yours: you will be Clementina's: and now indeed do I embrace my brother—But I detain you not: go to the happy girl: she is with her mother, and both are ready to receive and welcome you. Allow for the gentle spirit: she will not be able to say half she thinks.

Camilla then appeared, to conduct me, says Mr. Grandison, to her ladies, in the marchioness's drawing-room. She whispered me in the passage; Wellcome, thrice welcome, best of men! Now will you be rewarded for all your goodness!

I found the marchioness sitting at her toilette, richly dressed, as in ceremony; but without attendants: even Camilla retired, as soon as she had opened the door for me.

The lovely Clementina stood at the back of her mother's chair. She was elegantly dressed: but her natural modesty, heightened by a glowing consciousness, that seemed to arise from the occasion, gave her advantages that her richest jewels could not have given her.

The marchioness stood up. I kissed her hand—You are welcome, chevalier, said she. The only man on earth that I could *thus* welcome, or is fit to be *so* welcomed!—Clementina, my dear!—turning round, and taking her hand.

The young lady had shrunk back, her complexion varying; now glowing, now pale—Excuse her *voice*, said the condescending mother; her *heart* bids you welcome.

Judge for me, my dear Dr. Bartlett, how I must be affected at this gracious reception: I, who knew not the terms that were to be prescribed to me. 'Spare me, dear lady, thought I, spare me my conscience, and take all the world's wealth and glory to yourselves: I shall be rich enough with Clementina.'

The marchioness seated her in her own chair. I approached her: but how *could* I with that grateful ardor, that, but for my doubts, would have sprung to my lips? Modest love, however, was attributed to me; and I had the praise *wholly* for that which was but *partly* due to it.

I drew a chair for the marchioness, and, at her command, another for myself. The mother took one hand of her bashful daughter: I presumed to take the other: the amiable lady held down her blushing face, and reproved me not, as she did once before, on the like freedom, for being *too* free. Her mother asked me questions of an indifferent nature: as of my journey; of the courts I had visited since I left them; when I heard from England; after my father; my sisters: the latter questions in a kind way, as if

she were asking after relations that were to be her own.

What a mixture of pain had I with the favour shewn me, and *for* the favour shewn me! For I questioned not but a change of religion would be proposed, and insisted on; and I had no doubt in my mind about my own.

After a short conversation the amiable daughter arose; courtesied low to her mother, with dignity to me; and withdrew.

Ah, chevalier! said the marchioness, as soon as she was gone, little did I think, when you left us, that we should so soon see you again; and on the account we see you: but you know how to receive your good fortune with gratitude. Your modesty keeps in countenance our forwardness.

I bowed—What could I say?

I shall leave, so will my lord, particular subjects to be talked of between the bishop and you. You will, if it be not your own fault, have a treasure in Clementina; and a treasure with her. We shall do the same things for her, as if she had married the man we wished her to have when we thought her affections disengaged. You may believe we love our daughter—Else—

I applauded their indulgent goodness.

I can have no doubt, Mr. Grandison, that you love Clementina above all women.

[I had never seen the woman, Dr. Bartlett, that I *could* have loved so well, had I not restrained myself, at first, from the high notion I knew they had of their quality and rank; from considerations of the difference in religion; of the trust and confidence the family placed in me; and by the resolution I had made, as a guard to myself from the time of my entering upon my travels, of never aiming to marry a foreigner.]

I assured the marchioness, that I was absolutely disengaged in my affections: that, not having presumed to encourage hopes of the good fortune that seemed to await me, I could hardly *yet* flatter myself that so great a happiness was reserved for me.

She answered, That I deserved it all: that I knew the value they had for me: that Clementina's regard was founded in virtue: that my character was my happiness: that, however, what the *world* would say, had been no small point with them; but that was as good as got over; and she doubted not but all that depended upon me, would, as well from generosity as gratitude, be complied with.

[Here, thought I, is couched the expectation: and if so, would to heaven I had never seen Italy!]

The marquis joined his lady and me soon after. His features had a melancholy cast. This dear girl, said he, has fastened upon me part of her malady. Parents, chevalier, who are blessed with even *hopeful* children, are not always happy. This girl—But no more: she is a good child. In the general economy of Providence, none of the sons of men are unhappy, but some others are the happier for it. Our son the bishop will talk to you upon terms.

I have hinted to the chevalier, my lord, said the marchioness, the happiness that awaits him.

How *does* the poor girl?—Bashful enough, I suppose!

Indeed, my lord, she cannot look up, answered the lady.

Poor thing! I supposed it would be so.

Why, why, thought I, was I suffered to see this mother, this daughter, before their conditions were proposed to me!

But what indulgent parents are these, Dr. Bartlett? What an excellent daughter? Yet not to be happy!—But how much more unhappily circum-

stanced did I think myself?—I, who had rather have been rejected with disdain by twenty women in turn, than to be obliged to decline the honour intended me by a family I reverenced!

Thus far Mr. Grandison. This, madam, will answer your question, as to the VIth article: but I believe a few more particulars will be acceptable.

The marquis led me, proceeds Mr. Grandison, into the chamber of Signor Jeronymo. Your good fortune, chevalier, said he, as we entered it, is owing to Jeronymo, who owes his life to you. I bless God, we are a family that know not what ingratitude means.

I made my acknowledgments both to father and son.

The marquis then went into public affairs; and soon after left us together.

I was considering, whether I had best tell that sincere friend my apprehensions in relation to the articles of religion and residence; for he had with an air of humour congratulated me on the philosophical manner in which I bore my good fortune; when Camilla entered, and whispered me, of her own head, as she said, That her young lady was just gone into the garden.

I dare say, it *was* of her own head: for Camilla has a great deal of good-nature, and is constantly desirous of obliging, where she thinks she shall not offend any body.

Follow her then, said Jeronymo, who heard what Camilla said: Clementina perhaps expects you.

Camilla waited for me at the entrance into the garden. One word, Sir, if you please. I am afraid of the return of my young lady's thoughtfulness. She says, she is ashamed of the poor figure she made

before her mother: she is sure she must look mean in your eyes. A man to be sent for, Camilla, said she, in compliment to my weakness! Why did not my too indulgent father bid me conquer my folly, or die! O that I had not owned my attachment! 'Naughty Mrs. Beaumont! Had it not been for you, my own bosom had contained the secret; till shame, and indignation against myself, had burst my heart!' She is resolved to resume a spirit becoming her birth and quality; and I am afraid of her elevations. Her great apprehensions are, that, with all this condescension of her parents, obstacles will arise on *your* part. If so, she says, she shall not be able to bear her own reflections, nor look her friends in the face.

My dear Dr. Bartlett, how have I, who have hitherto so happily escaped the snares by which the feet of unreflecting youth are often entangled by women of light fame, been embarrassed by perverse accidents that have arisen from my friendships with the *worthy* of the sex! Was there ever a more excellent family than this?—Every individual of it is excellent. And is not their worthiness, and even their piety, the cause to which our mutual difficulties are owing?

But, O my religion and my country! I cannot, cannot renounce you! What can this short life give, what can it promise, to warrant such a sacrifice!

I said nothing to Camilla, you may believe, of what I *could* or could *not* do; yet she saw my distress: she took notice of it. Being firmly persuaded of the excellency of her own religion, she wondered that a man of reflection and reading could be of a contrary one. Her heart, she said, as well as the heart of her young lady, boded an unhappy issue to our loves: Heaven avert it! said the honest woman: but what may we not fear by way of judgment, where a young lady—Forgive me, Sir—prefers a man she thinks she

ought *not* to prefer; and where a gentleman will not be convinced of errors which the church condemns?

She again begged I would forgive her. I praised her good intention, and sincere dealing; and, leaving her, went into the garden.

I found the young lady in the orange-grove. You have been in that garden, Dr. Bartlett.

She turned her face towards me, as I drew near her; and, seeing who it was, stopt.

Clementina, armed with conscious worthiness, as if she had resumed the same spirit which had animated her on the eve of my departure from Bologna, condescended to advance two or three paces towards me.

Lovely woman, thought I, encourage the true dignity that shines in that noble aspect!—Who knows what may be our destiny?

I bowed. Veneration, esteem, and concern, from the thought of what *that* might be, all joined to make my obeisance profound.

I was going to speak. She prevented me. Her air and manner were great.

You are welcome, Sir, said she. My mamma bid me say welcome. I could not *then* speak: and she was so good to *you*, as to answer for my heart. My voice is now found: but tell me—Do I see the same generous, the same noble Grandison, that I have heretofore seen?—Or, do I see a man inclined to slight the creature whom her indulgent parents are determined to oblige, even to the sacrifice of all their views?

You see, madam, the same Grandison, his heart only oppressed with the honour done him; and with the fear that the happiness designed for him may yet be frustrated. If it should, how shall I be able to support myself?

[What a difficult situation, my dear Dr. Bartlett,

was mine!—Equally afraid to urge my suit with ardor, or to be imagined capable of being indifferent to her favour.]

What do you fear, Sir?—You have grounds in your own heart, perhaps, for your fear. If you *have*, let me know them. I am not *afraid* to know them. Let me tell you, that I opposed the step taken. I declared that I would sooner die, than it *should* be taken. It was to YOU, they said; and you would know how to receive as you ought the distinction paid you. I have a soul, Sir, not unworthy of the spirit of my ancestors: tell me what you fear?—I only fear one thing; and that is, that I should be thought to be more in your power than in my own.

Noble lady! And think you, that while my happiness is not yet absolutely resolved upon, I have not *reason* to fear?—You will always, madam, be in your own power: you will be most so when in mine. My gratitude will ever prompt me to acknowledge your goodness to me as a condescension.

But say; tell me, Sir; Did you not, at first receiving the invitation, despise, in absence, the Clementina, that now perhaps, in presence, you have the *goodness* to *pity?*

O that the high-souled Clementina would not think so contemptibly of the man before her, as she *must* think, when she puts a question that would intitle him to infamy, could he presume to imagine an *answer* to it necessary!

Well, Sir; I shall see how far the advances made on the *wrong* side will be justified, or rather countenanced, by the advances, or, shall I say (I will if you please) *condescensions* to be made on *yours.*

[What a petulance, thought I!—But can the generous, the noble Clementina, *knowing* that terms will be proposed, with which in honour and conscience I cannot comply, put my regard for her on such a

test as this?—I will not suppose that she is capable of mingling art with her magnanimity.]

Is this, madam, said I, a generous anticipation? Forgive me: but when your friends are so good as to think me incapable of returning ingratitude for obligation, I hope I shall not be classed, by their beloved daughter, among the lowest of mankind.

Excuse me, Sir; the woman who has been once wrong, has reason to be always afraid of herself. If *you* do not think meanly of me, I will endeavour to think well of *myself;* and then, Sir, I shall think better of *you*, if better I *can* think: for, after all, did I not more mistrust *myself* than I do *you*, I should not perhaps be so capricious as, I am afraid, I sometimes am.

The marquis has hinted to me, madam, that your brother the bishop is to discourse with me on the subject now the nearest to my heart of all others: may I presume to address myself to their beloved daughter upon it, without being thought capable of endeavouring to prepossess her in my favour before my lord and I meet?

I will answer you frankly, Sir: there are preliminaries to be settled; and, till they are, I that *know* there are, do not think myself at liberty to hear you upon *any* subject that may tend to prepossession.

I acquiesce, madam: I would not for the world be thought to wish for the honour of your attention, while it is improper for you to favour me with it.

[I did not know, Dr. Bartlett, but upon a supposition of a mutual interest between us, as I had hoped she would allow, Clementina might *wish* that I would lead to some particular discourse. Though modesty becomes ours as well as the other sex, yet it would be an indelicacy not to prevent a lady, in some certain cases. But thus discouraged,] Perhaps, madam,

said I, the attendance I do myself the honour to pay you here, may not be agreeable to the marquis.

Then, Sir, you will choose, perhaps, to withdraw. But don't—Yes, do.

I respectfully withdrew; but she taking a winding alley, which led into that in which I slowly walked, we met again. I am afraid, said she, I have been a little petulant: indeed, Sir, I am not satisfied with myself. I *wish*—And there she stopt.

What, madam, do you wish? Favour me with your wishes. If it be in *my* power—

It is *not*, interrupted she—I wish I had not been at Florence. The lady I was with, is a good woman; but she was too hard for me. Perhaps (and she sighed) had I not been with *her*, I had been at rest, and happy, before now; but if I had *not*, there is a pleasure, as well as pain, in melancholy. But now I am *so* fretful!—If I hated the bitterest enemy I have, as *much* as at times I hate myself, I should be a very bad creature.

This was spoken with an air so melancholy, as greatly disturbed me. God grant, thought I, that the articles of religion and residence may be agreed upon between the bishop and me!

Here, my good Miss Byron, I close this letter. Sir Charles has told you, briefly, the event of the conference between the bishop and him; and I hasten to obey you in your next article.

## LETTER XXVI.

### MISS BYRON TO MISS SELBY.

Thursday morning, March 30.

I SEND you now inclosed the doctor's fourth letter. I believe I must desire my grandmamma and my aunt Selby to send for me down.

We shall all be in London this evening.

Would to Heaven I had never come to it!—What of pleasure have I had in it?—This abominable Sir Hargrave Pollexfen!—But for *him* I had been easy and happy; since but for *him* I had never wanted the relief of Sir Charles Grandison; never had known him. Fame might perhaps have brought to my ears, in general conversation, as other persons of distinction are talked of, some of his benevolent actions; and he would have attracted my admiration without costing me one sigh. And yet, had it been so, I should then have known none of those lively sensibilities that have mingled pleasure with my pain, on the pride I have had in being distinguished as a sister to the sisters of so extraordinary a man. O that I had kept my foolish heart free! I should then have had enough to boast of for my whole life; enough to talk of to every one: and when I had been asked by my companions and intimates, What diversions, what entertainments, I had been at? I should have said, 'I have been in company and conversed with Sir Charles Grandison: and been favoured and distinguished by all his family:' and I should have passed many a happy winter evening, when my companions came to work and read with me at Selby-house, in answering their questions about all these; and Sir Charles would have been known among us principally by the name of *The fine gentleman*; and

my young friends would have come about me, and asked me to tell them something more of *The excellent man.*

But now my ambition has overthrown me: aiming, wishing, to be every thing, I am nothing. If I am asked about him, or his sisters, I shall seek to evade the subject: and yet, what other subject can I talk of? For what have I seen, what have I known, since I left Northamptonshire, but him and them; and what else, indeed, since I have known this family, have I wished to see, and to know?

On reviewing the above, how have I, as I see, suffered my childish fancies to delude me into a short forgetfulness of *his*, of *every*-body's distresses! —But, O my Lucy, my heart is torn in pieces; and, I verily think, more for the unhappy Clementina's sake, than for my own! How severely do I pay for my curiosity! Yet it was necessary that I should know the worst. So Sir Charles seems to have thought, by the permission he has given to Dr. Bartlett, to oblige me.

Your pity will be more raised on reading the letter I inclose, not only for Clementina and Sir Charles, but for the whole family; none of whom, though they are all unhappy, are to be blamed. You will dearly love the noble Jeronymo, and be pleased with the young lady's faithful Camilla: but, my dear, there is so much tenderness in Sir Charles's woe—It must be love—But he *ought* to love Clementina: she is a glorious, though unhappy young creature. I must not have one spark of generosity left in my heart, I must be lost wholly in *self*, if I did not equally admire and love her.

DR. BARTLETT'S FOURTH LETTER.

As I remember, madam, Sir Charles mentions to

you, in a very pathetic manner, the distress he was in when the terms and conditions, on which he was to be allowed to call the noble Clementina his, were proposed to him; as they were by the bishop. He has briefly told you the terms, and his grief to be obliged to disappoint the expectation of persons so deservedly dear to him. But you will not, I believe, be displeased, if I dwell a little more on these particulars, though they are not commanded from me.

The bishop, when he had acquainted Mr. Grandison with the terms, said, You are silent, my dear Grandison: you hesitate. What, Sir! Is a proposal of a daughter of one of the noblest families in Italy; that daughter a *Clementina*; to be slighted by a man of a private family; a foreigner; of dependent fortunes; her dowry not unworthy of a prince's acceptance? Do you hesitate upon such a proposal as this, Sir?

My lord, I am grieved, rather than surprised, at the proposal: I was apprehensive it would be made. My joy at receiving the condescending invitation, and at the honours done me, on my arrival, otherwise would have been immoderate.

A debate then followed, upon some articles in which the church of Rome and the Protestant churches differ. Mr. Grandison would fain have avoided it; but the bishop, supposing he should have some advantages in the argument, which he met not with, would not permit him. He was very warm with Mr. Grandison more than once, which did not help his cause.

The particulars of this debate I will not at this time give you: they would carry me into great length; and I have much to transcribe, that I believe, from what Sir Charles has let me see of your manner of writing to your friends, you would prefer. To that I will proceed; after a

passage or two, which will shew you how that debate, about the difference in religion, went off.

You will call to mind, chevalier, said the bishop, that your church allows of a possibility of salvation out of its pale—Ours does not.

My lord, our church allows not of it members indulging themselves in capital errors, against conviction: but I hope that no more need to be said on this subject.

I think, replied the bishop, we will quit it. I did not expect that you were so firmly rooted in error, as I find you: but to the point on which we began: I should think it an extraordinary misfortune, were we to find ourselves reduced to the necessity of reasoning a private man into the acceptance of our sister Clementina. Let me tell you, Sir, that were she to know that you *but hesitate*—He spoke with earnestness, and reddened.

Pardon an interruption, my lord: you are disposed to be warm. I will not so much as *offer* to defend myself from any imputations that may, in displeasure, be cast upon me, as if I were capable of slighting the honour intended me of a lady who is worthy of a prince. I am persuaded that your lordship cannot think such a defence necessary. I am indeed a private man, but not inconsiderable; if the being able to enumerate a long race of ancestors, whom hitherto I have not disgraced, will give me consideration. But what, my lord, is ancestry? I live to my own heart. My principles were known before I had the condescending invitation. Your lordship would not persuade me to change them, when I cannot think them wrong; and since, as you have heard, I have something to offer, when called upon, in support of them.

You will consider this matter, my dear chevalier. It is you, I think, that are disposed to be warm; but

you are a valuable man. We, as well as our sister, wish to have you among us: our church would wish it. Such a proselyte will justify us to every other consideration, and to all our friends. Consider of it, Grandison; but let it not be known to the principals of our family, that you think consideration necessary: the dear Clementina, particularly, must not know it. Your *person*, chevalier, is not so dear to the excellent creature, as your *soul*. Hence it is, that we are all willing to encourage in her a flame so pure, and so bright.

My distress, my lord, is beyond the power of words to describe. I revere, I honour, and will to my last hour, the Marquis and Marchioness of Porretta, and on better motives than for their grandeur or nobility. Their sons—You know not, my lord, the pride I have always had to be distinguished even by a nominal relation to *them*: and give me your Clementina, without the hard conditions you prescribe, and I shall be happy beyond my highest wish. I desire not dowry with her. I have a father on whose generosity and affection I can rely. But I must repeat, my lord, that my principles are so well known, that I hoped a compromise would be accepted. I would not for the world compel your sister. The same liberty that I crave, I would allow.

And will you not take time, Sir, to consider! Are you absolutely determined?

If your lordship knew the pain it gives me to say that *I am*, you would pity me.

Well, Sir, I am sorry for it. Let us go in to Signor Jeronymo. He has been your advocate ever since he knew you. Jeronymo has gratitude; but you, chevalier, have no affections.

I thank God, said I, that your lordship does not do me justice.

He led me into his brother's apartment.

There, what did I not suffer, from the friendship, from the love of that brother, and from the urgency of the bishop! But what was the result?

The bishop asked me, If he were to conduct me to his father, to his mother, to his sister? Or to allow me to depart without seeing them?—This was the alternative. My compliance or non-compliance was to be thus indicated. I respectfully bowed. I recommended myself to the favour of the two brothers, and through them to that of the three truly-respectable persons they had named; and withdrew to my lodgings with a heart sorely distressed.

I was unable to stir out for the remainder of the day. The same chair into which I threw myself, upon my first coming in, held me for hours.

In the evening Camilla, in disguise, made me a visit. On my servant's withdrawing, revealing herself, O Sir, said she, what a distracted family have I left! They know not of my coming hither; but I could not forbear this officiousness: I cannot stay. But let me just tell you how unhappy we are; and your own generosity will suggest to you, what is best to be done.

As soon as you were gone, my lord bishop acquainted my lady marchioness with what had passed between you. O Sir! you have an affectionate friend in Signor Jeronymo. He endeavoured to soften every-thing. My lady marchioness acquainted my lord with the bishop's report. I never saw that good nobleman in such a passion. It is not necessary to tell you what he said—

In a passion with *me*, Camilla!

Yes. He thought the whole family dishonoured, Sir.

The Marquis della Porretta is the worthiest of men, Camilla, said I. I honour him—But proceed.

The marchioness, in the tenderest manner, broke

the matter to my young lady: I was present. She apprehended, that there might be occasion for my attendance, and commanded me to stay.

Before she could speak all she had to say, my young lady threw herself on her knees to her mamma, and blessing her for her goodness to her, begged her to spare the rest. I see, said she, that I, a daughter of the Porretta family, *your* daughter, madam, am refused. Palliate not, I beseech you, the indignity. You need not. It is enough, that I am refused. Surely, madam, your Clementina is not so base in spirit, as to need your maternal consolation on such a contempt as this. I feel for my father, for you, madam, and for my brothers, I feel the indignity. Blessings follow the man wherever he goes! It would be mean to be angry with him. He is his own master; and now he has made me my own mistress. Never fear, madam, but this affair now will sit as light upon me, as it ought. His humility will allow him to be satisfied with a meaner wife. You, madam, my father, my brothers, shall not find *me* mean.

The marchioness embraced, with tears of joy, her beloved daughter. She brought my lord to her, and reported what her daughter had said: he also tenderly embraced the dear young lady, and rejoiced in her assurances, that now the cure was effected.

But, unseasonably, as the event shewed, Father Marescotti, being talked with, was earnest to be allowed to visit her: *Then*, he said, was the proper time, the very crisis, to urge her to accept of the Count of Belvedere.

I was bid to tell her, that his reverence desired to attend her.

O let me go, said she, to Florence; to my dear Mrs. Beaumont!—To-morrow morning let me go:

and not see Father Marescotti, till I can see him as I wish to see him!

But the good father prevailed: he meant the best. He was with her half an hour. He left her in a melancholy way. When the marchioness went to her, she found her spiritless, her eyes fixed, and as gloomy as ever. She was silent to two or three of her mother's questions; and when she *did* speak, it was with wildness; but declaring, without being solicited in the Count of Belvedere's favour, against marrying him, or any man in the world.

Her mother told her, she should go to Florence, as soon as she pleased: but then the humour was off. Would to Heaven she had gone before she saw his reverence! So they all now wish.

Camilla, said she to me, when we were alone, Was it necessary to load the Chevalier Grandison? Was it necessary to inveigh against him?—It was ungenerous to do so. Was the man obliged to have the creature whose forwardness had rendered her contemptible in his eyes? I could not bear to hear him inveighed against. But never, never, let me hear his name mentioned. Yet, Camilla, I cannot bear being despised, neither.

She arose from her seat, and from that moment her humour took a different turn. She now talks: she raves: she starts: she neither sits nor stands with quietness—She walks up and down her room, at other times, with passion and hurry; yet weeps not, though she makes every-body else weep. She speaks to herself, and answers herself; and, as I guess, repeats part of the talk that passed between Father Marescotti and her: but still, *To be despised!* are the words she oftenest repeats.—*Jesu!* once, said she—*To be despised!*—And by an English Protestant! Who can bear that?

In this way, Sir, is Lady Clementina. The sweetest creature!—I see, I see, you have compassion, Sir! You never wanted humanity! Generosity is a part of your nature! I am sure you love her—I *see* you love her—I pain your noble heart!—Indeed, indeed, Sir, Lady Clementina's love extended beyond the limits of this world: she hoped to be yours to all eternity.

Well might Camilla, the sensible, the faithful, the affectionate Camilla, the attendant from infant years of her beloved Clementina, thus run on, without interruption. I could not speak. And had I been able, to what purpose should I have pleaded to Camilla the superior attachment which occasioned an anguish that words cannot describe?

What can I say, but thank you, my good Camilla, for your intention? I hope you have eased your own heart; but you have loaded mine—Nevertheless, I thank you. Would to Heaven that your lady's own wishes had been complied with; that she had been encouraged to go to the excellent Mrs. Beaumont! The first natural impulses of the distressed heart often point out the best alleviation. Would to Heaven they had been pursued! I have great dependence on the generous friendship of Signor Jeronymo. All that is in my power to do, I will do. I honour, I venerate, every one of the truly-noble family: I never can deserve their favour. On all occasions, Camilla, let them know my devotion to them.

I beg of God, said she, to put it into your heart to restore the tranquillity of a family which was, till lately, the happiest in Bologna. It may not be yet too late. I beg of you to excuse my officiousness. Pray take no notice that I have waited on you. I shall be wanted.

She was hastening away. Good Camilla, said I, taking a ring of some value from my finger, and

forcing it upon hers (she is above accepting of pecuniary presents, and struggled against this) Accept this as a remembrance, not acknowledgment. I may be forbid the palace of the Marquis della Porretta, and so have no opportunity again to see the equally faithful and obliging Camilla.

What other conditions could have been prescribed, Dr. Bartlett, that I should have refused to comply with? How was I anew distressed, at the account Camilla gave me! But my great consolation in the whole transaction is, that my own heart, on the maturest deliberation, acquits me: and the rather, as it is impossible for me to practise a greater piece of self-denial: for can there be on earth a nobler woman than Clementina?

The next morning, early, Mr. Grandison received the following letter from his friend Signor Jeronymo. I translated it, my good Miss Byron, at the time I received it. I will send you the translation, only.

MY DEAR CHEVALIER!

Shall I blame you?—I cannot. Shall I blame my father, my mother?—They blame themselves, for the free access you were allowed to have to their Clementina; yet they own, that you acted nobly. But they had forgot that Clementina had eyes. Yet who knew not her discernment? Who knew not her regard for merit, wherever she found it? Can I therefore blame my sister?—Indeed, no. Has she a *brother* whom I can blame?—No. But ought I not to blame myself? The dear creature owned, it seems, to Mrs. Beaumont, that my declaration in your favour, which was made long before you knew it, was one of her influences. Must I therefore accuse myself?—If I regard my intention, gratitude, for a life preserved by you, and for a sense of my *social* duties (soul as well as body indebted to

you, though a Protestant yourself) will not suffer it. Is there then nobody whom we can blame for the calamity befallen us?—How strangely is that calamity circumstanced!

But is there so irreconcileable a difference between the two religions?—There is: the bishop says there is: Clementina thinks there is: my father, my mother, think there is.

But does *your* father think so? Will you put the whole matter on that issue, chevalier?

O no, you will not. You are as determined as we are: yet, surely, with less reason.

But I debate not the matter with you. I know you are a master of the question.

But what is to be done? Shall Clementina perish? Will not the gallant youth, who ventured his life so successfully to save a brother, exert himself to preserve a sister?

Come, and see the way she is in—Yet they will not admit you into her presence while she is in that way.

The sense she has of her dignity debased, and the perpetual expostulations and apprehensions of her zealous confessor—Can the good man think it his duty to wound and tear in pieces a mind tenacious of its honour, and of that of her sex? At last, you see, I have found somebody to accuse.—But I come to my motive for giving you this trouble.

It is to request you to make me a visit. Breakfast with me, my dear chevalier, this morning. You will perhaps see nobody else.

Camilla has told me, and *only* me, that she attended you last night: she tells me how greatly you are grieved. I should renounce your friendship, were you *not.* At my soul, I pity you, because I knew, long since, your firm attachment to your religion; and because you love Clementina.

I wish I were able to attend *you;* I would save you the pain of this visit; for I know it must pain you: but come, nevertheless.

You hinted to my brother, that you thought, as your principles were so well known, a compromise would be accepted—Explain yourself to me upon this compromise. If I can smooth the way between you—Yet I despair that any-thing will do but your conversion. They love your soul; *they* think they love it better than you do yourself. Is there not a merit in them, which you cannot boast in return?

The general, I hear, came to town last night: we have not seen him yet. He had business with the gonfalionere. I think you must not meet. He is warm. He adores Clementina. He knew not, till last night, that the bishop broke it to him at that magistrate's, our unhappy situation. What a disappointment! One of the principal views he had in coming was, to do you honour, and to give his sister pleasure. Ah, Sir! he came to be present at two solemn acts: the one your nuptials, in consequence of the other.—You must not meet. It would go to my heart, to have offence given you by any of my family, especially in our own house.

Come, however; I long to see you, and to comfort you, whether your hard heart (I did not use to think it a hard one) will allow you, or not, to give comfort to

Your ever-affectionate and faithful friend,

JERONYMO DELLA PORRETTA.

I accepted of the invitation. My heart was in this family: I longed, before this letter came, to see and to hear from it. The face of the meanest servant belonging to it would have been *more* than welcome to me. What, however, were my hopes? Yet, do you think, Dr. Bartlett, that I had not pain in

going: a pain that took more than its turn, with the desire I had once more to enter doors that used to be opened to me with so much pleasure on both sides?

## DR. BARTLETT'S FIFTH LETTER.

Mr. Grandison thus proceeds: I was introduced to Signor Jeronymo. He sat expecting me. He bowed more stiffly than usual, in return to my compliment.

I see, said I, that I have lost my friend.

Impossible, said he. It cannot be.

Then speaking of his sister, Dear creature! said he. A very bad night. My poor mother has been up with her ever since three o'clock: nobody else has any influence with her. These talking fits are worse than her silent ones.

What could I say? My soul was vexed. My friend saw it, and was grieved for me. He talked of indifferent things. I could not follow him in them.

He then entered upon the subject that would not long allow of any other. I expect the general, said he. I will not, I think, have you see each other. I have ordered notice to be given me before any one of the family is admitted while you are with me. If you choose not to see the general, or my father or mother, should they step in to make their morning compliments, you can walk down the back-stairs into the garden, or into the next chamber.

I am not the least sufferer in this distress, replied I. You have invited me. If on your own account you would have me withdraw, I will; but else I cannot conceal myself.

This is like you. It is you yourself. O Grandi-

son! that we could be *real* brothers!—In soul we are so. But what is the compromise you hinted at?

I then told him, That I would reside one year in Italy, another in England, by turns, if the dear Clementina would accompany me; if not, but three months in England, in every year. As to religion, she should keep her own; her confessor only to be a man of known discretion.

He shook his head. I'll propose it as from yourself, if you would have me do so, chevalier. It would do with me; but will not with any-body else. I have undertaken for *more* than that already; but it will not be heard of. Would to God, chevalier, that you, for *my* sake, for *all* our sakes—But I know you have a great deal to say on this subject, as you told my brother. New converts, added he, may be zealous; but you old Protestants, Protestants by descent, as I may say, 'tis strange you should be so very stedfast. You have not many young gentlemen, I believe, who would be so very tenacious; such offers, such advantages—And surely you must love my sister. All our family, you surely love. I will presume to say, they deserve your love; and they give the strongest proofs that can be given of their regard for you.

Signor Jeronymo expected not an argumentative answer to what he said. My stedfastness was best expressed, and surely it was sufficiently expressed (the circumstances of the case so interesting) by silence.

Just then came in Camilla. The marchioness, Sir, knows you are here. She desires you will not go till she sees you. She will attend you here, I believe.

She is persuading Lady Clementina to be blooded. She has an aversion to that operation. She

legs it may not be done. She has been hitherto, on that account, bled by leeches. The marquis and the bishop are both gone out. They could not bear her solicitations to them to *save* her, as she called it.

The marchioness soon after entered—Care, melancholy, yet tenderness, was in her aspect:—grief for her daughter's malady seemed fixed in the lines of her fine face. Keep your seat, chevalier. She sat down, sighed, wept; but would not have had her tears seen.

Had I not been so deeply concerned in the cause of her grief, I could have endeavoured to comfort her. But what could I say? I turned my head aside. I would also have concealed *my* emotion; but Signor Jeronymo took notice of it.

The poor chevalier, kindly said he, with an accent of compassion——

I don't doubt it, answered she, as kindly, though he spoke not out what he had to say. He may be obdurate; but not ungrateful.

Excellent woman! How was I affected by her generosity! This was taking the direct road to my heart. You *know* that heart, Dr. Bartlett, and what a task it had.

Jeronymo enquired after his sister's health; I was afraid to enquire.

Not worse, I hope; but so talkative! poor thing! She burst into tears.

I presumed to take her hand—O madam! Will no compromise! Will no——

It *ought not*, chevalier. I cannot urge it. We know your power, *too well* we know your power, over the dear creature. She will not be long a Catholic, if she be yours; and you know what we then should think of her precious soul!—Better to part

with her for ever—Yet, how can a mother—Her tears spoke what her lips could not utter.

Recovering her voice, I have left her, said she, contending with the doctors against being let blood. She was so earnest with me to prevent it, that I could not stay. It is over by this time—She rang.

At that moment, to the astonishment of all three, in ran the dear Clementina herself.—A happy escape! Thank God! said she—Her arm bound up.

She had felt the lancet; but did not bleed more than two or three drops.

O my mamma! And *you* would have run away from me too, would you!—You don't use to be cruel; and to leave me with these doctors—See! see! and she held out her lovely arm a little bloody, regarding nobody but her mother; who, as well as we, was speechless with surprise—They did attempt to wound; but they could not obtain their cruel ends—And I ran for shelter to my mamma's arms (throwing hers about her neck)—Dearest, dearest madam, don't let me be sacrificed. What has your poor child done, to be thus treated?——

O my Clementina!

And O my mamma, too! Have I not suffered enough!——

The door opened. She cast her fearful eye to it, clinging faster to her mother.—They are come to take me!—Begone, Camilla [it was she]; begone, when I bid you! They sha'n't take me—My mamma will save me from them—Won't you, my mamma? clasping more fervently her arms about her neck, and hiding her face in her bosom. Then lifting up her face, Begone, I tell you, Camilla. They sha'n't have me—Camilla withdrew.

Brother! my dear brother! you will protect me: won't you?

I arose. I was unable to bear this affecting scene—She saw me.

Good God! said she.—Then in English breaking out into that line of Hamlet, which she had taken great notice of, when we read that play together——

Angels, and ministers of grace, defend us!

She left her mother, and stept gently towards me, looking earnestly with her face held out, as if she were doubtful whether it were I, or not.

I snatched her hand, and pressed it with my lips—O madam!—Dearest lady!—I could say no more.

It is he! It is he, indeed, madam! turning her head to her mother, one hand held up, as in surprise, as I detained the other.

The son's arms supported the almost fainting mother; his tears mingling with hers.

For God's sake! for my sake, dear Grandison! said he, and stopt.

I quitted Clementina's hand; Jeronymo's unhealed wounds had weakened him, and I hastened to support the marchioness.

O chevalier! spare your concern for me, said she. My child's *head* is of more consequence to me, than my own *heart*.

What was it of distress that I did not at that moment feel!

The young lady turning to us—Well, Sir, said she, here is sad work! Sad work, to be sure! Somebody is wrong: I won't say who.—But *you* will not let these doctors use me ill—Will you?—See here! shewing her bound-up arm to me—what they would have done!—See! They did get a drop or two; but no more. And I sprung from them, and ran for it.

Her mother then taking her attention, My dearest mamma! How do you!——

O my child! and she clasped her arms about her Clementina.

Camilla came in. She added by *her* grief to the distressful scene. She threw her arms, kneeling about the marchioness: O my dearest lady! said she.—The marchioness feeling for her *salts*, and taking them out of her pocket, and smelling to them? Unclasp me, Camilla, said she: I am better. Are the doctors gone?

No, madam, whispered Camilla: but they say, it is highly proper; and they talk of blistering!—

Not her head, I hope!—The dear creature, when she used to value herself upon any thing, took pride, as well she might, in her hair.

Now you are whispering, my mamma—And this impertinent Camilla is come—Camilla, they shall not have me, *I* tell you!—See, barbarous wretches! what they have done to me already! again holding up her arm, and then with indignation tearing off the fillet.

Her brother begged of her to submit to the operation. Her mother joined her gentle command—Well, I won't love you, brother, said she: you are in the plot against me—But *here* is one who *will* protect me; laying her hand upon my arm, and looking earnestly in my face, with such a mixture of woe and tenderness in her eye, as pierced my very soul.

Persuade her, chevalier, said the marchioness.

My good young lady, will you not obey your mamma? You are not well. Will you not be well? See how you distress your noble brother!

She stroked her brother's cheek (it was wet with his tears) with a motion inimitably tender, her voice as inimitably soothing—Poor Jeronymo! My dearest brother! And have you not suffered enough from vile assassins? Poor dear brother!—and again stroked his cheek—How was I affected!

A fresh gush of tears broke from his eyes—Ah, Grandison! said he.

O why, why, said I, did I accept of your kind invitation? This distress could not have been so deep, had not I been present.

See! see! chevalier, holding out her spread hand to me, Jeronymo weeps—He weeps for his sister, I believe.—These—Look, my hand is wet with them! are the tears of my dear Jeronymo! My hand—See! is wet with a brother's tears!—And *you*, madam, are affected too! turning to her mother. It is a grievous thing to see men weep! What ail they?—Yet I cannot weep—Have they softer hearts than mine? —Don't weep, chevalier.—See, Jeronymo has done! —I would stroke your cheek too, if it would stop your tears.—But what is all this for?—It is because of these doctors, I believe. But, Camilla, bid them begone: they sha'n't have me.

Dearest madam, said I, submit to your mamma's advice. Your mamma wishes you to suffer them to breathe a vein—It is no more—Your Jeronymo also beseeches you to permit them.

And do *you* wish it too, chevalier?—Do *you* wish to see me wounded?—To see my heart bleeding at my arm, I warrant. Say, can *you* be so hard-hearted?

Let me join with your mamma, with your brother, to entreat it: for your father's sake! For—

For *your* sake, chevalier?—Well, will it do you good to see me bleed?

I withdrew to the window. I could not stand this question; put with an air of tenderness for me, and in an accent *equally* tender.

The irresistible lady (O what eloquence in her disorder!) followed me; and laying her hand on my arm, looking earnestly after my averted face, as if she would not suffer me to hide it from her—Will it, will it, comfort *you* to see me bleed?—Come

then, *be* comforted; I *will* bleed: but you shall not leave me. You shall see that these doctors shall not kill me quite.

O Dr. Bartlett! How did this address to me torture my very soul!

Camilla, proceeded she, I *will* bleed. Madam, to her mother, Will it please *you* to have me bleed? Will it please *you*, my Jeronymo? turning to him—And, Sir, Sir, stepping to me with quickness, Will it please *you*?—Why then, Camilla, bid the doctors come in.—What would I not do to please such kind friends? You grudge not your tears: and as I cannot give you tears for tears, from my eyes, shall not my arm weep?—But do *you* stand by me, chevalier, while it is done. You will? Won't you?—seeking again with her eye my averted face.

O that my life, thought I, would be an *effectual* offering for the restoring the peace of mind of this dear lady, and her family! and that it might be taken by any hand but my own!—But my conscience!—Prepossessed as I am in favour of my own religion, and in disfavour of that I am wished to embrace; how, thought I, can I make a sacrifice of my conscience!

The dear lady was then as earnest for the operation, as before she had been averse to it: but she did and said every thing in a hurry.

The marchioness and my friend were comforted, in hopes that some relief would follow it. The doctors were invited in.

Do you stand by me, Sir, said she to me.—Come, make haste. But it sha'n't be the same arm—Camilla, see, I can bare my own arm—It will bleed at this arm, I warrant—I will *bid* it flow.—Come, make haste—Are you always so tedious?—The preparation in all these things, I believe, is worse than the act.—Pray, pray, make haste.

They did; though she thought they did not.

Turn your face another way, madam, said the doctor.

Now methinks I am Iphigenia, chevalier, going to be offered—looking at me, and from the doctors.

And is this all?—The puncture being made, and she bleeding freely.

The doctors were not satisfied with a small quantity. She fainted, however, before they had taken quite so much as they intended; and her women carried her out of her brother's apartment into her own, in the chair she sat in.

Dear Clementina!—My compassion and my *best* wishes followed her.

You see your power over the dear girl, Grandison, said her brother.

The marchioness sighed; and looking at me with kind and earnest meaning, withdrew to attend her daughter's recovery.

## LETTER XXVII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Receive, my Lucy, the doctor's sixth letter. The fifth has almost broken the hearts of us all.

DR. BARTLETT'S SIXTH LETTER.

A scene of another nature took place of this, proceeds Mr. Grandison.

Camilla stept in, and said, the general was come; and was at that moment lamenting with the marchioness the disordered state of mind of his beloved sister; who had again fainted away; but was quiet when Camilla came in.

The general will be here presently, said Jeronymo. Do you choose to see him?

As, perhaps, he has been told I am here, it would look too particular to depart instantly. If he comes not in soon, I will take my leave of you.

I had hardly done speaking, when the general entered, drying his eyes.

Your servant, Mr. Grandison, said he. Brother, How do you? Not the better, I dare say, for the present affliction. Who the devil would have thought the girl had been so deeply affected?—Well, Sir, you have a glorious triumph!—Clementina's heart is not a vulgar one. Her family—

My lord, I hope I do not deserve this address!—*Triumph*, my lord!—Not a heart in this family can be more distressed than mine.

And is religion, is conscience, *really* of such force, chevalier?

Let me ask that question, my lord, of your own heart: let me ask it of your brother the bishop; of the other principals of your noble family: and the answer given will be an answer for me.

He seemed displeased. Explain yourself, chevalier.

If, my lord, said I, you think there is so great, so essential, a difference in the two religions, that you cannot consent that I should keep my own; what must I be, who think as highly of my own as you can of yours, to give it up, though on the highest temporal consideration? Make the case your own, my lord.

I *can*. And were I in your situation, such a woman as my sister; such a family as ours; such a splendid fortune as she will have; I believe, I should not make the scruples you do. My brother the bishop indeed might not have given the same answer: he might have been more tenacious.

The bishop cannot be better satisfied with *his* religion than I am with *mine*. But I hope, my lord, *from what you have said*, that I may claim the honour of your friendship in this great article. It is proposed to me, that I renounce my religion: I make no such proposal to your family: on the contrary, I consent that Lady Clementina should keep hers; and I am ready to allow a very handsome provision for a discreet man, her confessor, to attend her, in order to secure her in it. As to residence; I will consent to reside one year in Italy, one in England; and even, if she choose not to go to England at all, I will acquiesce; and visit England myself but for three months in every year.

As to the children, Mr. Grandison? said Signor Jeronymo; desirous of promoting the compromise.

I will consent that daughters shall be the mother's care; the education of sons must be left to me.

What will the poor daughters have done, chevalier, sneeringly spoke the general, that *they* should be left to perdition?

Your lordship, without my entering into the opinion of the professors of both religions on this subject, will consider my proposal as a *compromise*. I would not have begun an address upon these terms with a princess. I do assure you, that mere fortune has no bias with me. Prescribe not to me in the article of religion, and I will, with all my soul, give up every ducat of your sister's fortune.

Then what will you have to support—

My lord, leave that to your sister and me. I will deal honourably with her. If she renounce me on that article, you will have reason to congratulate yourselves.

Your fortune, Sir, by marriage, will be much more considerable than it can be by patrimony, if Clementina be yours: why then should you not look

forward to your posterity as Italians? And in *that* case—

He stopt there.—It was easy to guess at his inference.

I would no more renounce my country than my religion: I would leave posterity free; but would not deprive them of an attachment that I value myself upon: nor yet my country, of a family that never gave it cause to be ashamed of it.

The general took snuff, and looked on me, and off me, with an air too supercilious. I could not but be sensible of it.

I have no small difficulty, my lord, said I, to bear the hardships of my situation, added to the distress which that situation gives me, to be looked upon in this family as a delinquent, without having done any-thing to reproach myself with, either in thought, word, or deed—My lord, it is extremely hard.

It is, my lord, said Signor Jeronymo. The great misfortune in the case before us, is, that the Chevalier Grandison has merit superior to that of most men; and that our sister, who was not to be attached by common merit, could not be insensible to his.

Whatever were my sister's attachments, Signor Jeronymo, we know *yours*; and generous ones they are: but we all know how handsome men may attach young ladies, without needing to say a single word. The poison once taken in at the eye, it will soon diffuse itself through the whole mass.

My honour, yet, my lord, was never called in question, either by man or woman.

Your character is well known, chevalier—Had it not been unexceptionable, we should not have entered into treaty with you on this subject, I do assure you; and it piques us not a little to have a daughter of our house refused. You don't know the conse-

quence, I can tell you, of such an indignity offered in this country.

*Refused!* my lord!—To *endeavour* to obviate this charge, would be to put an affront upon your lordship's justice, as well as an indignity offered to your truly noble house.

He arose in anger, and swore that he would not be treated with contempt.

I stood up too; And if I am, my lord, with indignity, it is not what I have been used to bear.

Signor Jeronymo was disturbed. He said, he had opposed our seeing each other. He knew his brother's warmth; and I, he said, from the scenes that had before passed, ought perhaps to have shewn more pity than resentment.

It was owing to my regard for the delicacy of your sister, Signor Jeronymo, said I (for whom I have the tenderest sentiments) as well as to do justice to my own conduct towards her, that I could not help shewing myself affected by the word *refused.*

*Affected by the word refused!* Sir, said the general—Yes, you have soft words for hard meanings. But I, who have not your choice of words, make use of those that are explained by actions.

I was in hopes, my lord, that I might rather have been favoured with your weight in the proposed compromise, than to have met with your displeasure.

Consider, chevalier, coolly consider this matter; How shall we answer it to our country (we are public people, Sir) to the church, to which we stand related; to our own character; to marry a daughter of our house to a Protestant? You say you are concerned for her honour: what *must* we, what *can* we say in her behalf, if she be reflected upon as a love-sick girl, who, though stedfast in her religion, could refuse men of the first consideration, all of her own

religion and country, and let a foreigner, an Englishman, carry her off?—

Preserving nevertheless by *stipulation*, you will remember, my lord, her religion.—If you shall have so much to answer for to the world with such a stipulation in the lady's favour, what shall I be thought of, who, though I am not, nor wish to be, a public man, am not of a low or inconsiderable family, if I, against my conscience, renounce my religion and my country, for a consideration, that, though the highest in private life, is a partial and selfish consideration?

No more, no more, Sir—If you can despise worldly grandeur; if you can set light by riches, honours, love; my sister has *this* to be said in her praise, that she is the first woman, that ever I heard of, who fell in love with a philosopher: and she must, I think, take the consequence of such a peculiarity. Her example will not have many followers.

Yes, my lord, it will, said Jeronymo, if Mr. Grandison be the philosopher. If women were to be regimented, he would carry an army into the field without beat of drum.

I was vexed to find an affair that had penetrated my heart, go off so lightly; but the levity shewn by the general was followed by Jeronymo, in order to make the past warmth between us forgotten.

I left the brothers together. As I passed through the saloon, I had the pleasure of hearing, by a whisper from Camilla, that her young lady was somewhat more composed for the operation she had yielded to.

In the afternoon, the general made me a visit at my lodgings. He told me, he had taken amiss some things that had fallen from my mouth.

I owned that I was at one time warm; but excused myself by *his* example.

I urged him to promote my interest as to the proposed compromise. He gave me no encouragement; but took down my proposals in writing.

He asked me, if my father were as tenacious in the article of religion as I was?

I told him, that I had forborn to write any-thing of the affair to my father.

*That*, he said, was surprising. He had always apprehended, that a man who pretended to be strict in religion, be it what religion it would, should be uniform. He who could dispense with one duty, might with another.

I answered, That having no view to address Lady Clementina, I had only given my father general accounts of the favour I had met with from a family so considerable: that it was but *very lately* that I had entertained any hopes *at all*, as he must know: that those hopes were allayed by my fears that the articles of religion and residence would be an insuperable obstacle: but that it was my resolution, in the same hour that I could have any prospect of succeeding, to lay all before him; and I was sure of his approbation and consent to an alliance so answerable to the magnificence of his own spirit.

The general, at parting, with a haughty air, said, I take my leave, chevalier: I suppose you will not be in haste to *leave* Bologna. I am extremely sensible of the indignity you have cast upon us all. I *am*, and swore—We shall not disgrace our sister and ourselves, by courting your acceptance of her. I understand, that Olivia is in love with you too. These contentions for you may give you consequence with yourself: but Olivia is not a *Clementina*. You are in a country jealous of family-honour. Ours is a first family in it. You know not what you have done, Sir.

What you have said, my lord, I have not deserved of you. It can *not* be answered, at least by me. I

shall not leave Bologna till I apprise you of it, and till I have the misfortune to be assured, that I cannot have any hope of the honour once designed me. I will only add, that my principles were well known before I was written to at Vienna.

And do you reproach us with that step? It was a *base* one: it had not *my* concurrence. He went from me in a passion.

I had enough at my heart, Dr. Bartlett, had I been spared this insult from a brother of Clementina. It went very hard with me to be threatened. But I thank God, I do not deserve the treatment.

## LETTER XXVIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

London, Friday morning, March 31.

Here, my Lucy, once more I am. We arrived yesterday in the afternoon.

Lady Betty Williams and Miss Clements have been already to welcome me on my return. My cousin says, they are inseparable. I am glad of it, for Lady Betty's sake.

Dr. Bartlett is extremely obliging. One would think, that he and his kinsman give up all their time in transcribing for us. I send you now his seventh, eighth, and ninth letters. In reading the two latter, we were struck (for the two sisters and my lord were with us) with the nobleness of Clementina. Her motive, through her whole delirium, is so apparently owing to her concern for the soul of the man she loved (entirely regardless of any interest of her own) that we all forgot what had been so long our wishes, and joined in giving preference to her.

DR. BARTLETT'S SEVENTH LETTER.

I had another visit paid me, proceeds Mr. Grandison, two hours after the general left me, by the kind-hearted Camilla, disguised as before.

'I come now, chevalier, said she, with the marchioness's connivance, and, I may say, by her command; and, at the same time, by the command of Signor Jeronymo, who knows of my last attendance upon you, though no one else does, not even the marchioness. He gave me this letter for you.

But how does the noblest young lady in Italy, Camilla? How does Lady Clementina?

More composed than we could have hoped for from the height of her delirium. It *was* high; for she has but a very faint idea of having seen you this morning.

The marchioness had bid her say, that although I had now given her despair instead of hope, yet that she owed it to my merit, and to the sense she had of the benefits they had actually received at my hands, to let me know, that it was but too likely that resentments might be carried to an unhappy length; and that therefore she wished I would leave Bologna for the present. If happier prospects presented, she would be the first to congratulate me upon them.

I opened the letter of my kind Jeronymo. These were the contents:

I am infinitely concerned, my dear Grandison, to find a man equally generous and brave as my brother is, hurried away by passion. You *may* have acted with your usual magnanimity in preferring your religion to your love, and to your glory. I, for my part, think you to be a distressed man. If you are not, you must be very insensible to the merits of an

excellent woman, and very ungrateful to the distinction she honours you with. I must write in this stile, and think she does honour by it even to my Grandison. But should the consequences of this affair be unhappy for either of you; if, in particular, for my *brother*; what cause of regret would our family have, that a *younger* brother was saved by the hand which deprived them of a more worthy *elder*? If for *you*, how deplorable would be the reflection, that you saved one brother, and perished by the hand of another! Would to God that his passion, and your spirit, were more moderate! But let me request this favour of you; that you retire to Florence, for a few days, at least.

How unhappy am I, that I am disabled from taking part in a more active mediation!—Yet the general admires you. But how can we blame in him a zeal for the honour of his family, in which he would be glad at his soul to include a zeal for yours?

For God's sake quit Bologna for a few days only. Clementina is more sedate. I have carried it that her confessor shall not at present visit her; yet he is an honest and a pious man.

What a fatality! Every one to mean well, yet every one to be miserable! And can religion be the cause of so much unhappiness? I cannot *act*, I can only *reflect*. My dear friend, let me know by a line, that you will depart from Bologna to-morrow; and you will then a little lighten the heart of your

JERONYMO.

I sent my grateful compliments to the marchioness by Camilla. I besought her to believe, that my conduct on this occasion should be such as should merit her approbation. I expressed my grief for the apprehended resentments. I was sure that a man so noble, so generous, so brave, as was the man from

whom the resentments might be supposed to arise, would better consider of every-thing: but it was impossible for me, I bid Camilla say, to be far distant from Bologna; because I still presumed to hope for a happy turn in my favour.

I wrote to Signor Jeronymo to the same effect. I assured him of my high regard for his gallant brother; I deplored the occasion which had subjected me to the general's displeasure; bid him depend upon my moderation. I referred to my known resolution of long standing, to avoid a meditated rencounter with *any* man; urging that he might, for that reason, the more securely rely upon my care to shun any acts of offence either to or from a son of the Marquis della Porretta; a brother of my dear friend Jeronymo, and of the most excellent and beloved of sisters!

Neither the marchioness nor Jeronymo were satisfied with the answers I returned: but what could I do? I had promised the general that I would not leave Bologna till I had apprised him of my intention to do so; and I still was willing, as I bid Camilla tell the marchioness, to indulge my hopes of some happy turn.

The marquis, the bishop, and general, went to Urbino; and there, as I learnt from my Jeronymo, it was determined, in full assembly, that Grandison, as well from difference in religion, as from inferiority in degree and fortune, was unworthy of their alliance: and it was hinted to the general, that he was equally unworthy of his resentment.

While the father and two brothers were at Urbino, Lady Clementina gave hopes of a sedate mind. She desired her mother to allow her to see me: but the marchioness, believing there were no hopes of my complying with their terms, and being afraid of the consequences, and of incurring blame from the rest

of her family, now especially that they were absent, and consulting together on what was proper to be done, desired she would not think of it.

This refusal made Clementina the more earnest for an interview. Signor Jeronymo gave his advice in favour of it. The misfortune he had met with, had added to his weight with the family. It is a family of harmony and love. They were hardly more particularly fond of Clementina than they were of one another, throughout the several branches of it: this harmony among them added greatly to the family-consequence, as well in public as private. Till the attempt that was made upon their Jeronymo, they had not known calamity.

But the confessor strengthening the marchioness's apprehensions of what the consequence of indulging the young lady might be, all Jeronymo's weight would have failed to carry this point had it not been for an enterprize of Clementina, which extremely alarmed them, and made them give into her wishes.

Camilla has enabled me to give the following melancholy account of it, to the only man on earth to whom I could communicate particulars, the very recollection of which tears my heart in pieces.

The young lady's malady, after some favourable symptoms which went off, returning in another shape; her talkativeness continued; but the hurry with which she spoke and acted, gave place to a sedateness that she seemed very fond of. They did not suffer her to go out of her chamber; which she took not well: but Camilla, being absent about an hour, on her return missed her, and alarmed the whole house upon it. Every part of it, and of the garden, was searched. From an apprehension that they dared not so much as whisper to one another, they *dreaded* to find her whom they so carefully sought after.

At last, Camilla seeing, as she supposed, one of

the maid-servants coming down stairs with remarkable tranquillity, as she thought, in her air and manner; Wretch! said she, how composed do you seem to be in a storm that agitates every body else!

Don't be angry with me, Camilla, returned the supposed servant.

O my lady! my *very* Lady Clementina, in Laura's clothes! Whither are you going, madam?—But let the marchioness know (said she, to one of the women-servants who then appeared in sight) that we have found my young lady—What, dear madam, is the meaning of this?—Go, Martina (to another woman-servant) go this instant to my lady!—Dear Lady Clementina, what concern have you given us!

And thus she went on, asking questions of her young lady, and giving orders, almost in the same breath, till the marchioness came to them in a joyful hurry, from one of the pavilions in the garden, into which she had thrown herself; tortured by her fears, and dreading the approach of every servant, with fatal tidings.

The young lady stood still, but with great composure. I *will* go, Camilla, said she; indeed I will. You disturb me by your frantic ways, Camilla. I wish you would be as sedate and calm as I am: What's the matter with the woman?

Her mother folding her arms about her—O my sweet girl! said she, How could you terrify us thus? What's the meaning of this disguise? Whither were you going?

Why, madam, I was going on God's errand; not on my own.—What is come to Camilla? The poor creature is beside herself!

O my dear! said her mother, taking her hand, and leading her into her own apartment (Camilla following, weeping with joy for having found her) Tell me, said she, tell me, has Laura furnished you with this dress?

Why no, madam: I'll tell you the whole truth. I went and hid myself in Laura's room, while she changed her clothes: I saw where she put those she took off; and when she had left her room, I put them on.

And for what? For what, my dear? Tell me what you designed?

I am neither afraid nor ashamed to tell. It was God's errand I was going upon.

What *was* the errand?

Don't weep then, my dear mamma, and I'll tell you. Do, let me kiss away these tears.—And she tenderly embraced her mother.

Why, I have a great mind to talk to the Chevalier Grandison. I had many fine thoughts upon my pillow; and I believed I could say a great deal to the purpose to him; and you told me I must not see him: so I thought I would not. But then I had other notions came into my head; and I believed, if I could talk freely to him, I should convince him of his errors. Now, thought I, I know he will mind what I say to him, more than perhaps he will my brother the bishop, or Father Marescotti. I am a simple girl, and can have no interest in his conversion; for he has refused me, you know: so there is an end of all matters between him and me. I never was refused before: *Was* I, my mamma? I never will be twice refued. Yet I owe him no ill-will. And if one can save a soul, you know, madam, there is no harm in that. So it is God's errand I go upon, and not my own. And shall I not go? Yes, I shall. I know you will give me leave.—She courtesied. Silence is permission! Thank you, madam.—And seemed to be going.

Well might her mother be silent. She could not speak; but rising, went after her to the door, and taking her hand, sobbed over it her denial (as Ca-

milla described it); and brought her back, and motioned to her to sit down.

She whispered Camilla, What ails my mamma? Can you tell?—But see how calm, how composed, I am! This world, Camilla! what a vain thing is this world! and she looked up. And so I shall tell the chevalier. I shall tell him not to refuse heaven, though he has refused a simple girl, who was no enemy to him, and might have been a faithful guide to him thither, for what he knew. Now all these things I wanted to say to him, and a vast deal more; and when I have told him my mind, I shall be easy.

*Will* my precious girl be easy, broke out into speech her weeping mother, when you have told the chevalier your mind? You *shall* tell him your mind, my dear; and God restore my child to peace, and to me!

Well now, my mamma, this is a good sign—For if I have moved you to oblige me, why may I not move him to oblige himself?—That's all I have in view. He has been my tutor, and I want, methinks, to return the favour, and be his tutress; and so you will let me go—Won't you?

No, my dear, we will send for him.

Well, that may do as well, provided you will let us be alone together: for these proud men may be ashamed, before company, to own themselves convinced by a simple girl.

But, my dearest love, whither would you have gone? Do you know where the chevalier's lodgings are?

She paused.—She does not, surely, Camilla!

Camilla repeated the question, that the young lady might herself answer it.

She looked as if considering—Then, Why no, truly, said she; I did not think of that: but everybody in Bologna knows where the Chevalier Gran-

dison lives—Don't you think so?—But when shall he come? That will be better; *much* better.

You shall go, Camilla, disguised as before. Probably he has not quitted Bologna yet. And let him know, to a tittle, all that has passed, on this attempt of the dear soul—If he can bring his mind to comply with our terms, it may not yet be too late: though it *will be* so after my lord and my two sons return from Urbino. But small are my hopes from him. If the interview makes my poor child easy, that will be a blessed event: we shall all rejoice in that. Mean time, come with me, my dear—But first resume your own dress—And then we will tell Jeronymo what we have determined upon. He will be pleased with it, I know.

You tell me, my good Miss Byron, that I cannot be too particular; yet the melancholy tale, I see, affects you too sensibly: as it also does my Lord and Lady L. and Miss Grandison. No wonder, when the transcribing of them has the same effect upon me, as the reading had at my first being favoured with the letters that give the moving particulars.

### DR. BARTLETT'S EIGHTH LETTER.

I proceed now to give an account of Mr. Grandison's interview with Lady Clementina.

He had no sooner heard the preceding particulars, than he hastened to her, though with a tortured heart.

He was introduced to the marchioness and Signor Jeronymo, in the apartment of the latter.

I suppose, said the marchioness, after first civilities, Camilla has told you the way we are now in. The dear creature has a great desire to talk with you. Who knows, but she may be easier after she has been humoured?—She is more composed than

she was, since she knows she may expect to see you. Poor thing! she has hopes of converting you.

Would to heaven, said Jeronymo, that compassion for her disordered mind may have that effect upon my Grandison, which argument has not had!—Poor Grandison! I can pity you at my heart. These are hard trials to your humanity! Your distress is written in your countenance!

It is deeper written in my heart, said I.

Indeed, Dr. Bartlett, it was.

The marchioness rang. Camilla came in. See, said she, if Clementina is disposed now to admit of the chevalier's visit; and ask her, if she will have her mamma introduce him to her.

By all means, was the answer returned.

Clementina at our entrance was sitting at the window, a book in her hand. She stood up. A great, but solemn composure appeared in her air and aspect.

The marchioness went to the window, holding her handkerchief at her eyes. I approached with profound respect her Clementina; but my heart was too full to speak first—*She* could speak. She did, without hesitation—

You are nothing to me now, chevalier: you have refused me, you know; and I thank you: you are in the right, I believe. I am a very proud creature. And you saw what trouble I gave to the best of parents and friends. You are certainly in the right. She that can give so much concern to them, must make any man afraid of her. But religion, it seems, is your pretence. Now I am sorry that you are an obstinate man. You *know* better, chevalier. I think you *should* know better. But you have been my tutor. Shall I be yours?

I shall attend to every instruction that you will honour me with.

But let me, Sir, comfort my mamma.

She went to her, and kneeled: Why weeps my mamma? taking a hand in each of hers, and kissing first one, then the other. Be comforted, my mamma. You see I am quite well. You see I am sedate.—Bless your Clementina!

God bless my child!

She arose from her knees; and stepping towards me—You are very silent, Sir: and very sad—But I don't want you to be sad.—Silent I will allow you to be; because the tutored should be all ear. So I used to be to you.

She then turned her face from me, putting her hand to her forehead—I had a great deal to say to you; but I have forgot it all—Why do you look so melancholy, chevalier? You know your own mind; and you did what you thought just and fit—Did you not? Tell me, Sir.

Then turning to her weeping mother—The poor chevalier cannot speak, madam—Yet had nobody to bid him do this, or bid him do that—He is sorry, to be sure!—Well, but, Sir, turning to me, don't be sorry.—And yet the man who once refused me—Ah, chevalier! I thought that was very cruel of you: but I soon got over it. You see how sedate I am now. Cannot you be as sedate as I am?

What could I say? I could not sooth her: she boasted of her sedateness. I could not argue with her. Could I have been hers, could my compromise have been allowed of, I could have been unreserved in my declarations. Was ever man so unhappily circumstanced?—Why did not the family forbid me to come near them? Why did not my Jeronymo renounce friendship with me? Why did this excellent mother bind me to her, by the sweet ties of kindness and esteem; engaging all my reverence and gratitude?

But let me ask you, chevalier, How could you be

so *unreasonable* as to expect, that I should change my religion, when you were so very tenacious of yours? Were you not *very* unreasonable to expect this?—Upon my word, I believe, you men think, it is no matter for us women to have any consciences, so as we do but study your wills, and do our duty by you. Men look upon themselves as gods of the earth, and on us women but as their ministering servants!—But I did not expect that *you* would be so unreasonable. You used to speak highly of our sex. Good women, you used to say, were angels. And many a time have you made me proud that I *was* a woman. How could *you*, chevalier, be so unreasonable?

May I, madam, to her mother, acquaint her with the proposals I made?—She seems to think, that I insisted upon her change of religion.

It was not designed she should think so: but I remember now, that she would not let me tell all I had to say, when I was making my report to her of what had passed between the bishop and you. It was enough, she said, that she had been refused: she besought me to spare the rest: and since that, she has not been in such a way that we *could* talk to her on that part of the subject. We took it for granted, that *she* knew it all, because *we* did. Could we have yielded to your proposals, we should have enforced them upon her.—If you acquaint her with what you had proposed, it may make her think she has not been *despised*, as she calls it; the notion of which changed her temper, from over-thoughtful to over-lively.

No need of speaking low to each other, said the young lady. After your slight, Sir, you may let me hear *any thing*.—Madam! you see how sedate I am. I have quite overcome myself. Don't be afraid of saying *any-thing* before me.

*Slight*, my dearest Lady Clementina! Heaven is

my witness, your honoured mamma is my witness, that I have not slighted you!—The conditions I had proposed, could they have been complied with, would have made me the happiest of men!

Yes, and me the unhappiest of women. Why you refused me, did you not? And putting both her hands spread before her face; Don't let it be told abroad, that a daughter of that best of mothers was refused by any man less than a prince!—Fie upon that daughter! To be able to stand before the proud refuser! [She walked from me.] I am ashamed of myself!—O Mrs. Beaumont! but for *you!*—My secret had been buried here, putting one hand on her bosom, holding still the other before her face.—But Sir, Sir, coming towards me, don't speak! Let me have all my talk out—And then—everlasting silence be my portion!

How her mother wept! How was I affected!

I had a great deal to say to you, I thought: I wanted to convince you of your errors. I wanted *no* favour of you, Sir: mine was a pure, disinterested esteem. A voice from heaven, I thought, bid me convert you. I was setting out to convert you. I should have been enabled to do it, I doubt not: *Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings*; Do you remember that text, Sir?—Could I have gone, when I would have gone—I had it *all* in my head then—But now I have lost it—O that impertinent Camilla!—*She* must question me—The woman addressed me in a quite frantic way. She was vexed to see me so sedate.

I was going to speak—Hush, hush, when I bid you! and she put her hand before my mouth. With both my hands I held it there for a moment, and kissed it.

Ah, chevalier! said she, not withdrawing it, I believe you are a flattering man! How *can* you, to a poor *despised* girl——

Let me *now* speak, madam—Use not a word that I cannot repeat after you. Let me beg of you to hear the proposals I made——

I mentioned them; and added, Heaven only knows the anguish of my soul—Hush, said she, interrupting, and turning to her mother—I know nothing of these men, madam! Do you think, my mamma, I may believe him? He *looks* as if one might!—Do you think I may believe him?

Her mother was silent, through grief.

Ah, Sir! My mamma, though she is not your enemy, cannot vouch for you!—But I will have you bound by your own hand. She stept to her closet in a hurry, and brought out pen, ink, and paper.—Come, Sir, you must not play tricks with me. Give me under your hand what you have now said—But I will write it, and you shall sign it.

She wrote, in an instant, as follows:

> The Chevalier Grandison solemnly declares, that he did, in the most earnest manner, of his own accord, propose, that he would *allow* a certain young creature, if she might be *allowed* to be his wife, the free use of her religion; and to have a discreet man, at her choice, for her confessor: and that he would never oblige her to go to England with him: and that he would live in Italy with her every other year.

Will you sign this, Sir?—

Most willingly.—

Do then.—

I did.

And you *did* propose this?—Did he, madam?

My dear, he did. And I would have told you so; but that you were affected at his supposed refusal.

Why, to be sure, madam, interrupted she, it was a shocking thing to be *refused*.

Would you have wished us, my dear, to comply with these terms? Would you have chosen to marry a Protestant? A daughter of the house of Porretta, and of the house I sprung from, to marry an English Protestant?

Clementina took her mother aside; but spoke loud enough to be heard:

To be sure, madam, that would have been wrong: but I am glad I was not refused with contempt: that my tutor, and the preserver of my Jeronymo, did not *despise* me. To say truth, I was afraid he liked Olivia; and so made a pretence.

Don't you think, my dear, that you would have run too great a hazard of your own faith, had you complied with the chevalier's proposals?

Why no, surely, madam!—Might I not have had as great a chance of converting him, as he could have had of perverting me? I glory in my religion, madam.

So does he, my love, in his.

That is his *fault*, madam. Chevalier, stepping towards me, I think you a very obstinate man. I hope you have not heard our discourse.

Yes, my dear, he has: and I desire not but he should.

Would to God, madam, said I to the marchioness, that I had yours and my lord's interest! From what the dear Lady Clementina has hinted, I might presume—

But, Sir, you are *mistaken*, perhaps, said the young lady. Though I answer for answering's sake, and to shew that I have no doubt of my stedfastness in an article in which my soul is concerned; yet that is no proof of my attachment to an obstinate—I know what!—Heretic was, no doubt, in her head.

I took her mother aside: For God's sake, madam, encourage my presumptuous hopes. Do you not

observe already, an alteration in the dear lady's mind? Is she not more unaffectedly sedate than she was before? Is not her mind quieter, now she knows that every thing was yielded up that honour and conscience would permit to be yielded up? See that sweet serenity almost restored to those eyes, that within these few moments had a wilder turn!

Ah, chevalier! this depends not on me. And if it *did*, I cannot allow of my daughter's marrying a man so bigotted to his errors. Excuse me, Sir! But if you were more indifferent in your religion, I should have more hopes of you, and less objection.

If, madam, I *could* be indifferent in my religion, the temptation would have been too great to be resisted. Lady Clementina, and an alliance with such a family—

Ah chevalier! I can give you no hope.

Look at the sweet lady, madam! Behold her, as now, perhaps, balancing in my favour! Think of what she was, the joy of every heart; and what she may be! Which, whatever becomes of me, Heaven avert! —And shall not the noble Clementina have her mother for her advocate? God is my witness, that your Clementina's happiness is, more than my own, the object of my vows. Once more, for your Clementina's sake (what, alas! is *my* sake to that) on my knee, let me request your interest: that, joined to my Jeronymo's, and if the dear lady recede not, if she blast not these budding hopes, will, I doubt not, succeed.

The young lady ran to me, and offering to raise me with both her hands, Rise, chevalier:—Shall I raise the chevalier, madam?—I don't love to see him kneel. Poor chevalier!—See his tears!—What is the matter with every body? Why do you weep? —My mamma weeps too!—What ails every body?

Rise, chevalier, said the marchioness. O this

sweet prattler! she will burst my heart asunder!—You cannot, Sir, prevail (I cannot *wish* that you should) but upon our own terms. And will not this sweet soul move you?—Hard-hearted Grandison!

What a fate is mine! rising: with a soul penetrated by the disorder of this most excellent of women, and by the distress given by it to a family, every single person of which I both love and reverence, to be called hard-hearted! What is it I desire, but that I may not renounce a religion in which my conscience is satisfied, and be obliged to embrace for it, one, to which, though I can love and honour every worthy member of it, I have scruples, *more* than scruples, that my heart can justify, and my reason defend! You have not, madam, yourself, with a heart all mother and friend, a deeper affliction than mine.

Clementina, all this time, looked with great earnestness, now on me, now on her weeping mother—And at last, breaking silence [her mother could not speak] and taking her hand, and kissing it, I don't, said she, comprehend the reason of all this. This house is not the house it was: who, but I, is the same person in it? My father is not the same. My brothers neither; my mamma never has a dry eye, I think: but I don't weep. I am to be the comforter of you all! And I *will.* Don't weep! Why now you weep the more for my comfortings!—O my mamma! What would you say to your girl, if *she* refused comfort? Then kneeling down and kissing her hand with eagerness, I beseech you, my dear mamma, I *beseech* you, be comforted; or lend me some of your tears—What ails me that I cannot weep for you! but turning to me, See, the chevalier weeps too!—Then rising, and coming to me, her hand pressing my arm—Don't weep, chevalier, my tutor, my friend, my brother's preserver! What ails you!—Be comforted!—Then taking her handkerchief out of her

pocket with one hand, still pressing my arm with the other, and putting it to her eyes, and looking upon it—No!—I thought I *could* have wept for you!—But why is all this!—You see what an example I, a silly girl, can set you—Affecting a still sedater countenance.

O chevalier! said the weeping mother, and do you say your heart is penetrated?—Sweet creature! wrapping her arms about her; my own Clementina! would to Heaven it were given me to restore my child!—O chevalier! if complying with your terms would do it—But *you* are immoveable!

How can that be said, madam, when I have made concessions, that a princely family should not, on a *beginning* address, have brought me to make? May I *repeat*, before Lady Clementina—

What would he repeat to me? interrupted she. Do, madam, let him say all he has a mind to say. If it will make his poor heart easy, why let him say all he would say—Chevalier, speak. Can I be any comfort to you? I would make you *all* happy, if I could.

This, madam, said I to her mother, is too much! Excellent young lady!—Who can bear such transcendent goodness of heart, shining through intellects so disturbed!—And think you, madam, that on earth there can be a man more unhappily circumstanced than I am?

O my Clementina! said her mother, dear child of my heart! And could you consent to be the wife of a man of a contrary religion to your own? A man of another country? You see, chevalier, I will put *your* questions to her. A man that is an enemy to the faith of his own ancestors, as well as to your faith?

Why, no, madam!—I hope he does not expect that I would.

May I presume, madam, to put the question in my own way?—But yet I think it may distress the

dear lady, and not answer the desirable end, if I may not have hope of *your* interest in my favour; and of the acquiescence of the marquis and your sons with my proposals.

They will never comply.

Let me then be made to appear insolent, unreasonable, and even ungrateful, in the eyes of your Clementina, if her mind can be made the easier by such a representation. If I have no hopes of *your* favour, madam, I must indeed despair.

Had I any hope of carrying your cause, I know not what might be done: but I must not separate myself from my family, in this great article.—My dear! to Clementina, you said you should be easier in your mind, if you were to talk to the chevalier alone. This is the only time you can have for it. Your father and brothers will be here to-morrow—And then, chevalier, all will be over.

Why, madam, I did think I had a great deal to say to him. And, as I thought I had no *interest* in what I had to say—

Would you wish, my dear, to be left alone with the chevalier? Can you recollect any-thing that you had intended to say to him, had you made him the visit you designed to make him?

I don't know.

Then I will withdraw. Shall I, my dear?

Ought I, Sir (You have been my tutor, and many excellent lessons have you taught me—though I don't know what is become of them!—Ought I) to wish my mamma to withdraw? Ought I to have any-thing to say to you, that I could not say before her? —I think not.

The marchioness was retiring. I beg of you, madam, said I, to slip unobserved into that closet. You *must* hear all that passes. The occasion may be critical. Let me have the opportunity of being

either approved or censured, as I shall appear to deserve, in the conversation that may pass between the dear lady and me, if you do withdraw.

O chevalier! You are equally prudent and generous! Why won't you be one of us? Why won't you be a Ca holic?

She went out at the door. Clementina courtesied to her. I led her eye from the door, and the marchioness re-entered, and slipt into the closet.

I conducted the young lady to a chair, which I placed with its back to the closet-door, that her mother might hear all that passed.—She sat down, and bid me sit by her.

I was willing she should lead the subject, that the marchioness might observe I intended not to prepossess her.

We were silent for a few moments. She seemed perplexed; looked up, looked down; then on one side, then on the other—At last, O chevalier! said she, they were happy times when I was your pupil, and you were teaching me English!

They were *indeed* happy times, madam.

Mrs. Beaumont was too hard for me, chevalier!—Do you know Mrs. Beaumont?

I do. She is one of the best of women.

Why so I think. But she turned and winded me about most strangely. I think I was in a great fault.

How so, madam?

How so! Why to let her get out of me a secret that I had kept from my mother. And yet there never was a more indulgent mother.—Now you look, chevalier: but I sha'n't tell you what the secret was.

I do not ask you, madam.

If you did, I would not tell you. Well, but I had a great deal to say to you, I thought. I wish that frantic Camilla had not stopt me when I was going to you. I had a great deal to say to you.

Cannot you recollect, madam, any part of it?

Let me consider—Why, in the first place, I thought you *despised* me. I was not sorry for that, I do assure you: that did me good. At first it vexed me—You can't think how much. I have a great deal of pride, Sir—But, well, I got over that; and I grew sedate—You see how sedate I am. Yet this poor man, thought I, whether he thinks so or not (I will tell you all my thoughts, Sir) But don't be grieved.—You see how sedate *I* am. Yet I am a silly girl; you are thought to be a wise man: don't disgrace your wisdom. Fie! a wise man to be weaker than a simple girl!—Don't let it be said—What was I saying?

*Yet this poor man, whether he thinks so, or not*, you said, madam.

True!—has a soul to be saved. He has taken great pains with *me*, to teach me the language of England: shall I not take some with *him*, to teach him the language of Heaven!—No heretic can learn that, Sir!—And I had collected abundance of fine thoughts in my mind, and many pertinent things from the fathers; and they were all in my head—But that impertinent Camilla—And so they are all gone—But this one thing I have to say—I designed to say something like it, at the conclusion of my discourse with you—So it is premeditated, you will say: and so it is. But let me whisper it—No I won't neither—But turn your face another way—I find my blushes come already—But (and she put her spread hand before her face, as if to hide her blushes) Don't look at me, I tell you—Look at the window [I did]. Why, chevalier, I did intend to say—But stay—I have wrote it down somewhere [She pulled out her pocket-book] Here it is. Look another way, when I bid you—She read—'Let me beseech you, Sir (I was very earnest, you see) to hate, to

despise, to detest (Now don't look this way) the unhappy Clementina, with all my heart; but, for the sake of your immortal soul, let me conjure you to be reconciled to our holy mother church!—' Will you, Sir?—following my indeed averted face with her sweet face; for I *could not* look towards her. Say you will. I heard you once called an angel of a man: and is it not better to be an angel in heaven? —Tender-hearted man! I always thought you had sensibility—Say you will—Not for my sake—I told you, that I would content myself to be still despised. It shall not be said, that you did this for a wife!—No, Sir, your conscience shall have all the merit of it!—And I'll tell you what; I will lay me down in peace—She stood up with a dignity that was augmented by her piety; And I will say, 'Now do thou, O beckoning angel (for an angel will be on the other side of the river—The river shall be death, Sir!—Now do thou) reach out thy divine hand, O minister of peace! I will wade through these separating waters; and I will bespeak a place for the man, who, many, many years hence, may fill it!—And I will sit next you for ever and ever!'—And this, Sir, shall satisfy the poor Clementina; who will then be richer than the richest! So you see, Sir, as I told my mother, I was setting out on God's errand; not on my own!

For hours might the dear lady have talked on, without interruption from me!—My dear Dr. Bartlett! what did I not suffer?

The marchioness was too near for herself: she could not bear this speech of her pious, generous, noble daughter. She sobbed; she groaned.

Clementina started—She looked at me. She looked round her. Whence came these groans? Did *you* groan, Sir?—You are not a hard-hearted man, though they say you are. But will you be a Catholic,

Sir? Say you will. I won't be denied. And I will tell you what—If I don't resign to my destiny in a few, a very few weeks, why then I will go into a nunnery; and then I shall be God's child, you know, even in this life.

What could I say to her?—Dear soul!—Her mind was raised above an earthly love. Circumstanced as we were, how could I express the tenderness for her which overflowed my heart? Compassion is a motive that a woman of spirit will reject: and how could love be here *pleaded*, when the parties believed it to be in my own power to exert it? Could I endeavour to replace myself in her affection, when I refused to comply with their terms, and they with mine? To have argued against her religion, and in defence of my own, her mind so disturbed, could not be done: and ought I, in generosity, in justice to her family, to have attempted to unsettle her in a faith in which she, and all her family, were so well satisfied?

I could only, when I could speak, applaud her piety, and pronounce her an angel of a woman, an ornament of her sex, and an honour to her religion; and endeavour to wave the subject.

Ah, chevalier! said she, after a silence of some minutes!—You are an obstinate man! Indeed you are—Yet, I think, you do not despise me.—But what says your paper?

She took it out of her bosom, and read it. She seemed affected by it, as if she had not before considered it: and you *really* proposed these terms, Sir? And would you have allowed me the full exercise of my religion? And should I have had my confessor? And would you have allowed me to convert you, if I could? And would you have treated my confessor kindly? And would you have been dutiful to my papa and mamma? And would you have loved my two

other brothers as well as you do Jeronymo?—And would you have let me live at Bologna?—You don't say, Yes.—But do you say, No?

To these terms, madam, most willingly would I have subscribed: and if, my dearest lady, they could have had the wished-for effect, how happy had I been?

Well!—She then paused; and resuming, What shall we say to all these things?

I thought her mother would take it well, to have an opportunity given her to quit the closet, now her Clementina had changed her subject to one so concerning to the whole family. I favoured her doing so. She slipt out, her face bathed in tears, and soon after came in at the drawing-room door.

Ah, madam! said Clementina, paying obeisance to her, I have been arguing and pleading with the chevalier.

Then, speaking low, I believe he may, in time, be convinced: he has a tender heart. But hush, putting her finger to her mouth, and then speaking louder. I have been reading this paper again——

She was going on too favourably for me, as it was evident the marchioness apprehended (the first time that I had reason to think she was disinclined to the alliance): for she stopt her: My love, said she, you and I will talk of this matter by ourselves.

She rang. Camilla came in. She made a motion for Camilla to attend her daughter; and withdrew, inviting me out with her.

When we were in another room, Ah, chevalier! said she, how was it possible that you could withstand such a heavenly pleader? You cannot love her as she deserves to be loved: you cannot but act nobly, generously; but indeed you are an invincible man.

Not love her, madam! Your ladyship adds distress

to my very great distress!—*Am* I, in your opinion, an ungrateful man!—But must I lose *your* favour, *your* interest? On that, and on my dear Jeronymo's, did I build my hopes, and *all* my hopes.

I know your terms can never be accepted, chevalier: and I have now no hopes of you. After this last conversation between you and the dear girl, I *can* have no hopes of you. Poor soul! She began to waver. O how she loves you! I see you are *not* to be united: it is impossible. And I did not care to permit a daughter of mine further to expose herself, as it must have been to no manner of purpose.—You are concerned.—I should pity you, Sir, if you had it not in your *power* to make yourself happy, and us, and ours too.

Little did I expect such a turn in my disfavour from the marchioness.

May I, madam, be permitted to take leave of the dear lady, to whose piety and admirable heart I am so much indebted?

I believe it may as well be deferred, chevalier.

*Deferred*, madam!—The marquis and the general come; and my heart tells me, that I may never be allowed to see her again.

At *this* time it had better be deferred, Sir.

If it must, I submit—God for ever bless you, madam, for all your goodness! God restore to you your Clementina! May you all be happy!—Time may do much for *me!* Time, and my own not disapproving conscience, may—But a more unhappy man never passed your gates!

I took the liberty to kiss her hand, and withdrew, with great emotion.

Camilla hastened after me. Chevalier, says she, my lady asks, if you will not visit Signor Jeronymo?

Blessings attend my ever-valued friend! I cannot

see him. I shall *complain* to him. My heart will burst before him. Commend me to that true friend. Blessings attend every one of this excellent family! Camilla, obliging Camilla, adieu!

O Dr. Bartlett!—But the mother was right. She was to account for her conduct in the absence of her lord. She knew the determination of the family; and her Clementina was on the point of shewing more favour to me, than, as things were circumstanced, it was proper she should shew me: yet they had found out that Clementina, in the way she was in, was not easily diverted from any-thing she took strongly into her head; and they never had accustomed her to contradiction.

Well, Lucy, now you have read this letter, do you not own, that this man, and this woman, can only deserve each other?—Your Harriet, my dear, is not worthy to be the handmaid of either. This is not an affectation of humility. You will be all of the same opinion, I am sure: and this letter will convince you, that *more* than his compassion, that his *love* for Clementina, was engaged. And so it *ought*. And what is the inference but this—That your Harriet, were this great difficulty to be vincible, could pretend to hope but for half a heart? There cannot be that fervor, my dear, in a second love, that was in a first. Do you think there can?

DR. BARTLETT'S NINTH LETTER.

The young lady, proceeds Mr. Grandison, after I had left her, went to her brother Jeronymo. There I should have found her, had I, as her mother motioned by Camilla, visited my friend: but when I found he was likely to stand alone in his favour to me; when the marchioness had so unex-

pectedly declared herself against the compromise; I was afraid of disturbing his worthy heart, by the grief which at the instant overwhelmed mine.

The following particulars Jeronymo sent me, within three hours after I left their palace.

His sister, making Camilla retire, shewed him the paper which she had written, and made me sign, and asked him what he knew of the contents.

He knew not what had passed between his mother and me; nor did Clementina.

He told her, that I had actually made those proposals. He assured her, that I loved her above all women. He acquainted her with my distress.

She pitied me. She thought, she said, that I had not made any overtures, any concessions; that I despised her; and sensibly asked, Why the chevalier was sent for from Vienna? We all knew his mind as to religion, said she.

Then, after a pause, He never could have perverted *me*: he would have allowed me a confessor, would he not?

He would, answered Jeronymo.—

And he would have left me among my friends in Italy?

He would, replied he.

Well, brother, and I should have been glad perhaps to have seen England once; and he would perhaps have brought over his sisters and his father to visit us: and he praises them highly, *you know*. And if I were their sister, I could have gone over with them, *you know*. Do you think, if I had loved *them* they would not have loved *me*? I am not an ill-natured creature, *you know*; and they *must* be courteous: Are they not *his* sisters? And don't you think his father would love me? I should have brought no dishonour into his family, *you know*.—Well, but I'll tell you what, Jeronymo: he is really a tender-

hearted man. I talked to him of his soul; and, upon my honour, I believe I could have prevailed, in time. Father Marescotti is a severe man, *you know*; and he has been always so much consulted, and don't love the chevalier, I believe: so that I fancy, if I were to have a venerable sweet-tempered man for my confessor, between *my* love, and my *confessor*'s prudence, we should gain a soul.—Don't you think so, Jeronymo?—And that would cover a great many sins. And all his family might be converted too, *you know!*

He encouraged her in this way of thinking. She believed, she said, that I was not yet gone. He is so tender-hearted, brother! *that* is my dependence: and you say, he love me. Are you sure of that?—But I have reason to think he does. He shed tears, as I talked to him, more than once; while my eyes were as dry as they are now. I did not shed one tear. Well, I'll go to him, and talk with him.

She went to the door; but came back on tiptoe; and in a whispering accent—My mamma is coming; Hush, Jeronymo! let Hush be the word!—

The door opened—Here, madam, is your girl!—But it is not my mamma: the impertinent Camilla. She follows me as my shadow!

My lady desires to see you, Lady Clementina, in her dressing-room.

I obey. But where is the chevalier?

Gone, madam, gone some time.

Ah, brother! said she, and her countenance fell.

What, gone! said Jeronymo, without seeing me! Unkind Grandison! He did not use to be so unkind.

This was the substance of the advices sent me by my friend Jeronymo.

I acquainted him, in return, by pen and ink, with all that had passed between the marchioness and me,

that he might not, by his friendship for me, involve himself in difficulties.

In the morning I had a visit from Camilla, by her lady's command; with excuses for refusing to allow me to take leave of Clementina. She hoped I was not displeased with her on that account. It was the effect of prudence, and not disrespect. She should ever regard me, even in a tender manner, as if the desired relation could have taken place. Her lord, and her brother the Conte della Porretta (as he is called) with the general and the bishop, arrived the night before, accompanied by the count's eldest son, Signor Sebastiano. She had been much blamed for permitting the interview; but regretted it the less, as her beloved daughter was more composed than before, and gave sedate answers to all the questions put to her. But, nevertheless, she wished that I would retire from Bologna, for Clementina's sake, as well as for my own.

Camilla added from Signor Jeronymo, that he wished to hear from me from the Trentine, or Venice: and as from herself, and in confidence, that her young lady was greatly concerned, that I did not wait on her again before I went away: that she fell into a silent fit upon it; and that her mamma, on her not answering to her questions, for the first time, chid her: that this gave her great distress, but produced what they had so much wished for, a flood of tears; and that now she frequently wept, and lamented to her, What *should* she do? Her mamma did not love her, and her mamma talked against the chevalier. She wished to be allowed to see him. Nobody now would love her but the chevalier and Jeronymo! It would be better for her to be in England, or any-where, than to be in the sweetest country in the world, and hated.

Camilla told me, that the marquis, the count his

brother, and the general, had indeed blamed the marchioness for permitting the interview; but were pleased that I was refused taking leave of the young lady, when she seemed disposed to dwell on the contents of the note she had made me sign: they seemed now all of a mind, she said: that were I to comply with their terms, the alliance would not, by any means, be a proper one. Their rank, their degree, their alliances, were dwelt upon: I found that their advantages, in all these respects, were heightened; my degree, my consequence, lowered, in order to make the difference greater, and the difficulties insuperable.

Clementina's uncle, and his eldest son, both men of sense and honour, who used to be high in her esteem, had talked to her; but could get nothing from her but No, and Yes. Her father had talked to her alone; but they melted each other, and nothing resulted of comfort to either. Her mother joined him; but she threw herself at her mother's feet, besought her to forgive her, and not to *chide her again.* They had intended to discourage her from thinking of me upon any terms. The general and the bishop were to talk to her that morning. They had expressed displeasure at Signor Jeronymo, for his continued warmth in my favour. Father Marescotti was now consulted as an oracle: and I found, that, by an indelicacy of thinking, he imagined, that the *husband* would set all right; and was for encouraging the Count of Belvedere, and getting me at a distance.

Camilla obligingly offered to acquaint me, from time to time, with what occurred: but I thought it was not right to accept of a servant's intelligence out of the family she belonged to, unless some one of it authorized her to give it me. Yet, you must believe, I wanted not anxious curiosity on a subject

so interesting. I thanked her; but said, that it might, if discovered, lay her under inconveniences which would grieve me for her sake. She had the good sense to approve of my declining her offer.

In the morning of the same day, I had a visit made me which I little expected: it was from Father Marescotti. It is a common thing to load an enemy,* especially if he be in holy orders, and comes to us in the guise of friendship, with the charge of hypocrisy: but partiality may be at the bottom of the accusation. Father Marescotti is a zealous Roman-catholic: I could not hope either for his interest, or affection: he could not but wish to frustrate my hopes. As a man in earnest in his own principles, and who knew how stedfast I was in mine, it was his duty to oppose this alliance. He is, perhaps, the honester man for knowing but little of human nature, and of the tender passions. As to that of love, he seemed to have drawn his conclusions from general observations: he knew not how to allow for particular constitutions, nor to account for the delicacy of such a heart as Clementina's. Love he thought was always a poor blind boy, led in a string, either by folly, or fancy; and that once the impetus got over, and the lady settled into the common offices of life, she would domesticate herself, and be as happy with the Count of Belvedere, especially as he is a very worthy man, as if she had married the man once most favoured. On this presumption, it was a condescension in such a man, to come to me, and to declare himself my friend; and advise me what to do for promoting the peace of a family which I professed to venerate; and you will hear that his condescension was owing to a real greatness of mind.

I was, from the moment of his entrance, very open, very frank; more so than he expected, as he owned. He told me, that he was afraid I had con-

ceived prejudices against him. The kinder then in him, I said, that he condescended to make me so friendly a visit. I assured him, that I regarded him as a good man. I had indeed sometimes thought him severe; but that convinced me that he was very much in earnest in his religion. I was sensible, I said, that we ought always to look to the intention; to put ourselves in the situation of the persons of whose actions we presumed to judge; and even to think well of austerities, which had their foundation in virtue, in whatever manner they affected ourselves.

He applauded me; and said, I wanted so little to be a Catholic, that it was a thousand pities I was not one; and he was persuaded, that I should one day be a proselyte.

This father's business was, to convince me of the unfitness of an alliance between families so very opposite in their religious sentiments. He went into history upon it. You may believe, that the unhappy consequences which followed the marriage between our Charles I. and the Princess Henrietta of France, were not forgotten. He expatiated upon them: but I observed to him, That the monarch was the sufferer, by the zeal of the queen for her religion, and not the queen, any otherwise than as she was involved in the consequences of those sufferings which she had brought upon him. In short, father, said I, we Protestants, some of us, have zeal; but let us alone, and it is not a persecuting one. Your doctrine of *merits* makes the zeal of your devotees altogether active, and perhaps the more flaming, in proportion as the person is more honest and worthy.

I lamented, that I was sent for from Vienna, upon hopes, though my principles were well known, that otherwise I had never presumed to entertain.

He owned that that was a wrong step: and valued

himself that he had not been consulted upon it; and that when he knew it had been taken, he inveighed against it.

And I am *afraid*, father, said I—

He interrupted me—Why, I believe so!—You have made such generous distinctions in favour of the duty of a man acting in my function, that, I must *own*, I have not been an idle observer on this occasion.

He advised me to quit Bologna. He was profuse in his offers of service in any other affair; and, I dare say, was in earnest.

I told him, That I chose not to leave it precipitately, and as if I had done something blame-worthy. I had some hopes of being recalled to my father's arms. I should set out, when I left Bologna, directly for Paris, to be in the way of such a long-wished-for call: and then, said I, adieu to travelling! Adieu to Italy, for ever! I should have been happy, had I never seen it, but in the way for which I have been accustomed to censure the generality of my countrymen.

His behaviour at parting was such, as will make me for ever revere him: and will *enlarge* a charity for all good men of his religion; which yet, before, was not a narrow one. For, begging my excuse, he kneeled down at the door of my antechamber, and offered up, in a very fervent manner, a prayer for my conversion. He could not have given me, any other way, so high an opinion of him: no, not, had he offered me his interest with Clementina, and her family. I embraced him; as he did me: tears were in his eyes. I thanked him for the favour of this visit; and, recommending myself to his frequent prayers, told him, That he might be assured of all the respectful services he should put it in my power to render him. I longed, Dr. Bartlett, to make him a

present worthy of his acceptance, had I known what would have been acceptable, and had I not been afraid of affronting him. I accompanied him to the outward door. I never, said he, saw a Protestant that I loved, before. Your mind is still more amiable than your person. Lady Clementina, I see, might have been happy with you: but it was not fit, on *our* side. He snatched my hand, before I was aware, and honoured it with his lips; and hastened from me, leaving me at a loss, and looking after him, and for him, when he was out of sight; my mind labouring as under a high sense of obligation to his goodness.

Religion and love, Dr. Bartlett, which heighten our relish for the things of both worlds, what pity is it, that they should ever run the human heart either into enthusiasm, or superstition; and thereby debase the minds they are both so well fitted to exalt!

I am equally surprised and affected by the contents of the following letter directed to me. It was put within the door; nobody saw by whom. The daughter of the lady at whose house I lodge, found it, and gave it to one of my servants for me.

Don't be surprised, chevalier; don't think amiss of me for my forwardness. I heard some words drop (so did Camilla, but she can't go out to tell you of them) as if Somebody's life was in danger. This distracts me. I am not treated as I was accustomed to be treated. They don't love me now—They don't love their poor Clementina! Very true, chevalier! You, who are always telling me how dearly they all loved me, will hardly believe it, I suppose. Nothing now is said, but *You shall, Clementina*—from those who used to call me sister, and dear sister, at every word.

They said, I was well, and quite well, and ought

to be treated with a high hand—I know from whom they have that. From myself. I said so to Mrs. Beaumont; but she need not to have told *them*. I won't go to her again, for that. They say I *shall*. God help me, I don't know where to go for a quiet mind. A *high hand* won't do, chevalier: I wish I knew what would; I would tell it to them. I once thought it would; else I had not said it to Mrs. Beaumont: but let them go on with their high hands, with all my heart: that heart will not hold always. It had been gone before now, had not Mrs. Beaumont got out of me—Something—I won't tell you what—And then they sent for Somebody—And Somebody came—And what then?—They need not threaten me so—Somebody is not so much to blame as they will have it he is: and that Somebody did make proposals—Did you not, chevalier?—I had like to have betrayed myself—I stopt just in time.

But, chevalier, I'll tell you a secret—Don't speak of it to any-body—May I depend upon you?—I know I may. Why, Camilla tells me, that the Count of Belvedere is to come again.—Are you not sorry for your poor pupil? But I'll tell you another secret—And that is, what I intend to say to him—'Look you here, my lord, you are a very good sort of man; and you have great estates: you are very rich: you are, in short, a very good sort of man; but there is, however, a man in the world with whom I had rather live in the poorest hermitage in a wilderness, than with you in the richest palace in the world.' After this, if he be not the creeping mean man you said he was not, he will be answered—Every-thing you said to me in former happy times, I remember. You always said things to me, that were fit to be remembered. Yet I don't tell you who my hermit is, that I had rather live with. Perhaps there is no such man. But this, you know,

will be a sufficient answer to the Count of Belvedere. Don't you think so?

Here I have been tormented again!—Would you think it? I have been pleading for Somebody, boldly, confidently. I said I could depend upon his honour! Ah, chevalier! Don't you think I might?—I am to be locked up, and I can't tell what!—They won't let me see Somebody—They won't let me see my poor Jeronymo!—You, and I, and Jeronymo, are all put together!—I don't care, as I tell Camilla: I don't care. They will quite harden me.

But just now my mamma—O she is the best of mothers!—My mamma tells me, she will not persuade me, if I will be patient, if I will be good. My dear mamma, as I told her, I will be patient, and good: but don't let them inveigh against the chevalier, then. What harm has he done?—Was he not—Ah! Sir, now I blush!—Was he not sent for? —And did he not weep over me?—Yet is he none of your bold men, who look as proudly as if they were sure of your approbation!—Well, but what do you think my mamma said—Ah, Clementina! said she, would to God the chevalier for *his own sake* (yes, she said for *his own sake*; and that made a great impression upon me; it was so good, you know, of my mamma) that the chevalier was in England, or a thousand miles off. So, Sir, this is my advice —Pray take it; for I and Camilla heard some words, and Camilla, as well as I, is much troubled about them—Get away to England as soon as you can—Be sure do!—And some months hence, bring your two sisters over with you; and by that time all our feuds will be ended, you know: and you shall take a house, and then I can go and visit your sisters, you know, and your sisters will visit us. You will come sometimes with them: Won't you? Well, and I'll tell you how we will pass part of our time: they

shall perfect me in my English: I will perfect them in Italian. They know as much of that, I suppose, at least, as I do of English: and we will visit every court, and every city. So, God bless you, Sir, and get away, as soon as you can. I put no name; for fear this should miscarry, and I should be found out —Ah, Sir! they are very severe with me! Pity me:' but I know you will; for you have a tender heart. *It is all for You!*

These last five words were intended to be scratched out; and are but just legible.

How the contents of this letter afflict me! Words cannot express what I feel! I see, evidently, that they are taking wrong measures with the tenderest heart in the world; a heart that never once has swerved from its duty; and which is filled with reverence and love for all that boast a relation to it. Harsh treatment, and which is besides *new* to it, is *not* the method to be taken with such a heart. Shall I, thought I, when I had perused it, ask for an audience of a mother so indulgent, and give her my disinterested advice upon it? Once I could have done so; and even, in confidence, have shewn her this very letter: but now she is one with the angry part of her family, and I dare not do it, for Clementina's sake. Talk of locking her up! Talk of bringing a lover to her!—*Threatening* her with going to Mrs. Beaumont, when they should *court* her to go thither!—Not suffer her to see her beloved Jeronymo!—*He* in disgrace too!—How hard, how wrong, is all this conduct! I could have written to Jeronymo, thought I, and advised gentle measures, were he not out of their consultations—As to the threatened *resentments*, they are as nothing to me. Clementina's sufferings are every-thing! My soul disdains the thought of fastening myself upon a proud family,

that now looks upon me in a mean light. A proud heart undervalued, will swell. It will be put upon *over*-valuing itself. You know, Dr. Bartlett, that I have a *very* proud heart: but when I am trampled upon, or despised, *then* it is most proud. I would call myself a *man*, to a prince, who should unjustly hold me in contempt; and let him know that I looked upon *him* to be no more. My pride is raised: yet against whom! Not Clementina! She has all my pity! She has seen, and I have found, that her unhappy delirium, though not caused by me (I bless God for that!) has made me tender as a chidden infant. And can I think of quitting Bologna, and not see if it be possible for me to gratify myself, and serve them in her restoration? Setting quite out of the question the general's causeless resentments, and the engagement I have laid myself under not to leave it without apprising him of my intention.

Upon the whole, I resolved to wait the issue of the new measures they have fallen upon. The dear lady has declared herself in my favour. Such a frank declaration must soon be followed by important consequences.

* *

The third day after the arrival of her father and brothers from Urbino, I received the following billet from the marquis himself:

CHEVALIER GRANDISON,

We are in the utmost distress. We cannot take upon us to forbid your stay at Bologna; but shall be obliged to you, if you will enable us to acquaint our daughter, that you are gone to England, or some far distant part of Italy. Wishing you happy, I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant.

To this I wrote as follows:

MY LORD,

I am excessively grieved for your distress. I make no hesitation to obey you. But as I am not conscious of having, in word or deed, offended you, or any one of a family to whom I owe infinite obligations; let me hope, that I may be allowed a farewell visit to your lordship, to your lady, and to your three sons; that my departure may not appear like that of a criminal, instead of the parting, which, from the knowledge I have of my own heart, as well as of your experienced goodness, may be claimed by your lordship's

Ever obliged, and affectionate humble servant,

GRANDISON.

This request, I understood, occasioned warm debates. It was said to be a very bold one: but my dear Jeronymo insisted, that it was worthy of his friend, his deliverer, as he called me; and of an innocent man.

The result was, that I should be invited in form, to visit and take leave of the family: and two days were taken, that some others of the Urbino family might be present, to see a man for the last time (and some of them for the first) who was thought by his request, to have shewn a very extraordinary degree of intrepidity; and who, though a Protestant, was honoured with so great an interest in the heart of their Clementina.

The day before I was to make this formal visit (for such it was to be) I received the following letter from my friend Jeronymo:

MY DEAREST GRANDISON,

Take the particulars of the situation we are in here, that you may know what to expect, and how to act and comport yourself, to-morrow evening.

Your reception will be, I am afraid, cold; but civil.

You will be looked upon by the Urbino family, who have heard more of you than they have seen, as a curiosity; but with more wonder than affection.

Of them will be present, the count my father's brother, and his sons Sebastiano and Juliano, my aunt Signora Juliana de Sforza, a widow lady, as you know, and her daughter Signora Laurana, a young woman of my sister's age, between whom and my sister used to be, as you have heard, the strictest friendship and correspondence; and who insisted on being present on this occasion. They are all good-natured people; but love not either your country or religion.

Father Marescotti will be present. He is become your very great admirer.

My father thinks to make you his compliments; but if he withdraws the moment he has made them, you must not be surprised.

My mother says, that as it is the last time that she may ever see you, and as she really greatly respects you, she shall not be able to leave you while you stay.

The general, I hope, will behave with politeness.

The bishop loves you; but will not, however, perhaps, be in high good humour with you.

Your Jeronymo will be wheeled into the same room. If he be more silent than usual on the solemn occasion, you will not do him injustice, perhaps, if you attribute it to his prudence; but much more to his grief.

And now let me tell you, as briefly as I can, the situation of the dear creature who must not appear, but who is more interested in the occasion of the congress than any person who will be present at it.

What passed between you and her at the last interview, has greatly impressed her in your favour. The bishop, the general, and my father, soon after their return from Urbino, made her a visit in her dressing-room. They talked to her of the excellency of her own religion, and of the errors of the pretended reformed, which they called, and I *suppose* are, *damnable*. They found her steady in her abhorrence of the one, and adherence to the other. They were delighted with her rational answers, and composed behaviour: they all three retired in raptures, to congratulate each other upon it; and returned with pleasure, to enter into farther talk with her: but when they mentioned you to her, she, led by their affectionate behaviour to her on their return, said, It had given her great pleasure, and ease of mind, to find that she was not *despised* by a man whom every one of the family regarded for his merit and great qualities. The general had hardly patience; he walked to the farther end of the room: my father was in tears: the bishop soothed her, in order to induce her to speak her whole mind.

He praised you. She seemed pleased. He led her to believe, that the whole family were willing to oblige her, if she would declare herself; and asked her questions, the answers to which must either be an avowal or a denial of her love; and then she owned, That she preferred the Chevalier Grandison to all the men in the world; she would not, against the opinion of her friends, wish to be his; but never would be the wife of any other man.

What, said the general, though he continue a heretic?

He might be converted, she said. And he was a sweet-tempered and compassionate man: and a man of sense, as *he* was, must see his errors.

Would she run the risque of her own salvation?

She was sure she should never give up her faith.

It was tempting God to abandon her to her own perverseness.

Her reliance on his goodness to enable her to be stedfast, was humble, and not presumptuous, and with a pious view to gain a proselyte; and God would not forsake a person so well intending. Was she not to be allowed her confessor? Her confessor should be appointed by themselves. She did not doubt but the chevalier would consent to that.

The bishop, you know, can be cool when he pleases. He bore to talk further with her.

My father was still in tears.

The general had no longer patience. He withdrew, and came to me, and vented on me his displeasure. It is true, Grandison, when it was proposed to send for you from Vienna, I, sanguine in my hopes, had expressed myself as void of all doubt but you would become a Catholic—Your love, your compassion, your honour, as I thought, engaged by such a step taken on our side—I had no notion that on such a surprise, with such motives to urge your compliance, a young man like myself, and with a heart so sensible, could have been so firm: but these thoughts are all over—This, however, exposes me to the more reproaches.

We were high; and my mother and uncle came in to mediate between us.

I would not, I could not, renounce my friend; the friend of my *soul*, as in our first acquaintance; and the preserver of my life—Miserable as that has been, the preserver of it, at a time when I was engaged in

an *unlawful* pursuit, in which had I perished, what might I have now been, and where?

I ventured to give my opinion in favour of my sister's marriage with you, as the only method that could be taken to restore her; who, I said, loved you because you were a virtuous man; and that her love was not only founded in virtue, but was virtue itself.

My brother told me, that I was as much beside myself with my notions of gratitude, as my sister was with a passion less excusable.

I bid him forbear wounding a wounded man.

Thus high ran words between us.

The bishop, mean time, went on with a true church subtlety, to get out of the innocent girl her whole mind.

He boasted afterwards of his art. But what was there in it to boast of? A mind so pure and so simple as Clementina's ever was, and which only the pride of her sex, and motives of religion, had perhaps hindered her from declaring to all the world.

He asked her, If she were willing to leave her father, mother, brothers, and country, to go to a strange land; to live among a hated people?

No, she said; you would not wish her to go out of Italy. You would live nine months out of twelve in Italy.

He told her, That she must, when married, do as her husband would have her.

She could trust to your honour.

Would she consent that her children should be trained up heretics?

She was silent to this question. He repeated it.

Well, my lord, if I must not be allowed to choose for myself; only let me not hear the chevalier spoken of disrespectfully: he does not deserve it.

He has acted by me with as much honour, as he did by my brother. He is an uniformly good man, and as generous as good—And don't let me have *other* proposals made me; and I will be contented. I had never so much distinguished him, if every-body had not as well as I.

He was pleased to find her answers so rational: he pronounced her quite well; and gave it as his opinion, that you should be desired to quit Bologna: and your absence, and a little time, he was sure, would secure her health of mind.

But when her aunt Sforza and her cousin Laurana talked with her next morning, they found her, on putting questions about you, absolutely determined in your favour.

She answered the objections they made against you with equal warmth and clearness. She seemed sensible of the unhappy way she had been in, and would have it, that the last interview she had with you, had helped to calm and restore her: and she hoped that she should be better every day. She praised your behaviour to her: she expatiated upon, and pitied, your distress of mind.

They let her run on till they too had obtained from her a confirmation of all that the bishop had reported; and, upon repeating the conversation, would have it, upon experience, that soothing such a passion was not the way to be taken; but that a high hand was to be used, and that she was to be shamed out of a love so improper, so irreligious, so *scandalous*, to be encouraged in a daughter of their house with a heretic; and who had shewn himself to be a determined one.

They accordingly entered upon their new measures. They forbad her to think of you: they told her, That she should not upon any terms be yours; not now, even if you would change your religion

for her. They depreciated your family, your fortune, and even your understanding; and brought to prove what they said against the latter, your obstinate adherence to your *mushroom* religion, so they called it; a religion that was founded in the wickedness of your VIIIth Henry; in the superstition of a child his successor; and in the arts of a vile woman who had martyred a sister queen, a better woman than herself. They insisted upon her encouraging the Count of Belvedere's addresses, as a mark of her obedience.

They condemned, in terms wounding to her modesty, her passion for a foreigner, an enemy to her faith; and on her earnest request to see her father, he was prevailed upon to refuse her that favour.

Lady Juliana Sforza and her daughter Laurana, the companion of her better hours, never see her, but they inveigh against you as an artful, an interested man.

Her uncle treats her with authority: Signor Sebastiano with a pity bordering on contempt.

My mother shuns her; and indeed avoids me: but as she has been blamed for permitting the interview, which they suppose the wrongest step that could have been taken; she declares herself neutral, and resigns to whatever shall be done by her lord, by his brother, her two sons, and Lady Juliana de Sforza: but I am sure, in her heart, that she approves not of the new measures; and which are also, as I have reminded the bishop, so contrary to the advice of the worthy Mrs. Beaumont; to whom they begin to think of once more sending my sister, or of prevailing on her to come hither: but Clementina seems not to be desirous of going again to her; we know not why; since she used to speak of her with the highest respect.

The dear soul rushed in to me yesterday. Ah,

my Jeronymo! said she, they will drive me into despair. They hate me, Jeronymo—But I have written to Somebody!—Hush! for your life, hush.

She was immediately followed in by her aunt Sforza, and her cousin Laurana, and the general; who, though he heard not what she said, insisted on her returning to her own apartment.

What! said she, must I not speak to Jeronymo? Ah, Jeronymo!—I had a great deal to say to you!

I raved; but they hurried her out, and have forbid her to visit me: they, however, have had the civility to desire my excuse. They are sure, they say, they are in the right way: and if I will have patience with them for a week, they will change their measures, if they find these new ones ineffectual. But my sister will be lost, irrecoverably lost; I foresee that.

Ah Grandison! And can you still—But now they will not accept of your change of religion. Poor Clementina! Unhappy Jeronymo! Unhappy *Grandison!* I will say. If you are not so, you cannot deserve the affection of a Clementina.

But are *you* the Somebody to whom she has written? *Has* she written to you? Perhaps you will find some opportunity to-morrow to let me know whether she has, or not. Camilla is forbidden to stir out of the house, or to write.

The general told me, just now, that my gratitude to you shewed neither more nor less, than the high value I put upon my own life.

I answered; That his observation *convinced* me, that he put a much less upon mine, than I, in the same case, should have put upon his.

He reconciled himself to me by an endearment. He embraced me. Don't say *convinced*, Jeronymo. I love not myself better than I love my Jeronymo.

What can one do with such a man? He *does* love me.

My mother, as I said, is resolved to be neutral: but, it seems, she is always in tears.

* *

My mother stept in just now—To my question after my sister's health; Ah, Jeronymo! said she, All is wrong! The dear creature has been bad ever since yesterday. They are all wrong!—But patience! and silence, child! You and I have nothing to answer for.—Yet my Clementina, said she—Oh!—and left me.

I have no heart to write on. You will see, from the above, the way we are in. O my Grandison! What will you do among us?—I wish you would not come. Yet what hope, if you do not, shall I ever have of seeing again my beloved friend, who has behaved so unexceptionably in a case so critical?

You must not think of the dear creature: her head is ruined: for your *own* sake, you must not. We are all unworthy of you: yet, not *all*: all, however, but Clementina, and (if true friendship will justify my claim to another exception)

Your afflicted

JERONYMO.

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## LETTER XXIX.

### MISS BYRON TO MISS SELBY.

O MY Lucy! What think you!—But it is easy to guess what you must think. I will, without saying one word more, inclose

### DR. BARTLETT'S TENTH LETTER.

The next day (proceeds my patron) I went to make my visit to the family. I had nothing to re-

proach myself with; and therefore had no other concern upon me but what arose from the unhappiness of the noble Clementina: that indeed was enough. I thought I should have some difficulty to manage my own spirit, if I were to find myself insulted, especially by the general. Soldiers are so apt to value themselves on their knowledge of what, after all, one may call but their trade, that a private gentleman is often thought too slightly of by them. Insolence in a great man, a rich man, or a soldier, is a *call* upon a man of spirit to exert himself. But I hope, thought I, I shall not have this call from any one of a family I so greatly respect.

I was received by the bishop; who politely, after I had paid my compliments to the marquis and his lady, presented me to those of the Urbino family to whom I was a stranger. Every one of those named by Signor Jeronymo, in his last letter, was present.

The marquis, after he had returned my compliment, looked another way, to hide his emotion: the marchioness put her handkerchief to her eyes; but withdrawing it again, looked upon me with tenderness; and I read in them her concern for her Clementina.

I paid my respects to the general with an air of freedom, yet of regard; to my Jeronymo, with the tenderness due to our friendship; and congratulated him on seeing him out of his chamber. His kind eyes glistened with pleasure; yet it was easy to read a mixture of pain in them; which grew stronger as the first emotions at seeing me enter, gave way to reflection.

The Conte della Porretta seemed to measure me with his eye.

I addressed myself to Father Marescotti, and made my particular acknowledgments to him for the favour of his visit, and what had passed in it. He

looked upon me with pleasure; probably with the more, as this was a farewell visit.

The two ladies whispered, and looked upon me, and seemed to bespeak each other's attention to what passed.

Signor Sebastiano placed himself next to Jeronymo, and often whispered him, and as often cast his eye upon me. He was partial to me, I believe, because my generous friend seemed pleased with what he said.

His brother, Signor Juliano, sat on the other hand of me. They are agreeable and polite young men.

A profound silence succeeded the general compliments.

I addressed myself to the marquis: Your lordship, and you, madam, turning to the marchioness, I hope will excuse me for having requested the favour of being once more admitted to your presence, and to that of three brothers, for whom I shall ever retain the most respectful affection. I could not think of leaving a city, where one of the first families in it has done me the highest honour, without taking such a leave as might shew my gratitude.—Accept, my lords, bowing; Accept, madam, more profoundly bowing to the marchioness, my respectful thanks for all your goodness to me. I shall, to the end of my life, number most of the days that I have passed at Bologna among its happiest, even were the remainder to be as happy as man ever knew.

The marquis said, We wish you, chevalier, very happy; happier than—He sighed, and was silent.

His lady only bowed. Her face spoke distress. Her voice was lost in sighs, though she struggled to suppress them.

Chevalier, said the bishop, with an air of solemnity, you have given us many happy hours: for them we thank you. Jeronymo, for himself, will say more:

he is the most grateful of men. We thank you also for what you have done for him.

I cannot, said Jeronymo, express suitably my gratitude: my prayers, my vows, shall follow you whithersoever you go, best of friends, and best of men!

The general, with an air and a smile that might have been dispensed with, oddly said, High pleasure and high pain are very near neighbours: they are often guilty of excesses, and then are apt to mistake each other's house. I am one of those who think our whole house obliged to the chevalier for the seasonable assistance he gave to our Jeronymo. But—

Dear general, said Lady Juliana, bear with an interruption: the intent of this meeting is amicable. The chevalier is a man of honour. Things may have fallen out unhappily; yet nobody to blame.

As to blame, or otherwise, said the Conte della Porretta, that is not now to be talked of; else, I *know* where it lies: in short, among ourselves. The chevalier acted greatly by Signor Jeronymo: we were all obliged to him: but to let such a man as *this* have free admission to our daughter—She ought to have had no eyes.

Pray, my lord, pray, brother, said the marquis, are we not enough sufferers?

The chevalier, said the general, cannot but be gratified by so high a compliment; and smiled indignantly.

My lord, replied I to the general, you know very little of the man before you, if you don't believe him to be the most afflicted man present.

Impossible! said the marquis, with a sigh.

The marchioness arose from her seat, motioning to go; and turning round to the two ladies, and the count, I have resigned my will to the will of you all,

my dearest friends, and shall be permitted to withdraw. This testimony, however, before I go, I cannot but bear: Wherever the fault lay, it lay not with the chevalier. He has, from the first to the last, acted with the nicest honour. He is entitled to our respect. The unhappiness lies no-where but in the difference of religion.

Well, and that now is absolutely out of the question, said the general: it is indeed, chevalier.

I hope, my lord, from a descendant of a family so illustrious, to find an equal exemption from wounding words, and wounding looks; and that, Sir, as well from your generosity, as from your *justice.*

My looks give you offence, chevalier!—Do they?

I attended to the marchioness. She came towards me. I arose, and respectfully took her hand.—Chevalier, said she, I could not withdraw without bearing the testimony I have borne to your merits. I wish you happy.—God protect you, whithersoever you go. Adieu.

She wept. I bowed on her hand with profound respect. She retired with precipitation. It was with difficulty that I suppressed the rising tear. I took my seat.

I made no answer to the general's last question, though it was spoken in such a way (I saw by their eyes) as took every other person's notice.

Lady Sforza, when her sister was retired, hinted, that the last interview between the young lady and me was an unadvised permission, though intended for the best.

I then took upon me to defend that step. Lady Clementina, said I, had declared, That if she were allowed to speak her whole mind to me, she should be easy. I had for some time given myself up to absolute despair. The marchioness intended not *favour* to me in allowing of the interview: it was the

most affecting one to me I had ever known. But let me say, That, far from having bad effects on the young lady's mind, it had good ones. I hardly know how to talk upon a subject so very interesting to *every one* present, but not more so to *any one* than to myself. I thought of avoiding it; and have been led into it, but did not lead. And since it is before us, let me recommend, as the most effectual way to restore every one to peace and happiness, *gentle treatment.* The most generous, the meekest, the most dutiful of human minds, requires not harsh treatment.

How do *you* know, Sir, said the general, and looked at Jeronymo, the methods now taken—

And *are* they then harsh, my lord? said I.

He was offended.

I had heard, proceeded I, that a change of measures was resolved on. I knew that the treatment before had been all gentle, condescending, indulgent. I received but yesterday letters from my father, signifying his intention of speedily recalling me to my native country. I shall set out very soon for Paris, where I hope to meet with his more direct commands for this long-desired end. What may be my destiny, I know not; but I shall carry with me a heart burdened with the woes of this family, and distressed for the beloved daughter of it. But let me beseech you all, for your own sakes (mine is out of the question: I presume not upon any hope on my own account) that you will treat this angelic-minded lady with tenderness. I pretend to say, that I know that harsh or severe methods will not do.

The general arose from his seat, and, with a countenance of fervor, next to fierceness—Let me tell you, Grandison, said he—

I arose from mine, and going to Lady Sforza, who sat next him, he stopt, supposing me going to him, and seemed surprised, and attentive to my motions:

but, disregarding him, I addressed myself to that lady. You, madam, are the aunt of Lady Clementina: the tender, the indulgent mother is absent, and has declared, that she resigns her will to the will of her friends present—Allow me to supplicate, that former measures may not be changed with her. Great dawnings of returning reason did I discover in our last interview. Her delicacy (never was there a more delicate mind) wanted but to be satisfied. It *was* satisfied, and she began to be easy. Were her mind but once composed, the sense she has of her duty, and what she owes to her religion, would restore her to your wishes: but if she should be treated harshly (though I am sure, if she *should*, it would be with the best intention) Clementina will be lost.

The general sat down. They all looked upon one another. The two ladies dried their eyes. The starting tear *would* accompany my fervor. And then stepping to Jeronymo, who was extremely affected; My dear Jeronymo, said I, my friend, my beloved friend, cherish in your noble heart the memory of your Grandison. Would to God I could attend you to England! We have baths there of sovereign efficacy. The balm of a friendly and grateful heart would promote the cure. I have urged it before. Consider of it.

My Grandison, my dear Grandison, my friend, my preserver! You are not going!—

I *am*, my Jeronymo; and embraced him. Love me in absence, as I shall you.

Chevalier, said the bishop, you don't go? We hope for your company at a small collation.—We must not part with you yet.

I cannot, my lord, accept the favour. Although I had given myself up to despair of obtaining the happiness to which I once aspired; yet I was not willing to quit a city that this family had made dear

to me, with the precipitation of a man conscious of misbehaviour. I thank you for the permission I had to attend you all in full assembly. May God prosper *you*, my lord; and may you be invested with the first honours of that church which must be adorned by so worthy a heart! It will be *my* glory, when I am in my native place, or *wherever* I am, to remember that I was once thought not unworthy of a rank in a family so respectable. Let me, my lord, be intitled to your kind remembrance.

He pulled out his handkerchief. My lord, said he, to his father; My lord, to the general; Grandison must not go!—and sat down with emotion.

Lady Sforza wept: Laurana seemed moved: the two young lords, Sebastiano and Juliano, were greatly affected.

I then addressed myself to the marquis, who sat undetermined, as to speech: My venerable lord, forgive me, that my address was not first paid here. My heart overflows with gratitude for your goodness in permitting me to throw myself at your feet, before I took a last farewell of a city favoured with your residence. Best of fathers, of friends, of men, let me entreat the continuance of your paternal indulgence to the child nearest, and *deserving* to be nearest, to your heart. She is all *you* and her *mother*. Restore her to yourself, and to her, by your indulgence: that alone, and a blessing on your prayers, *can* restore her. Adieu, my good lord: repeated thanks for all your hospitable goodness to a man that will ever retain a grateful sense of your favour.

You will not yet go, was all he said—He seemed in agitation. He could not say more.

I then, turning to the count his brother, who sat next him, said, I have not the honour to be fully known to your lordship: some prejudices from differences in opinion may have been conceived: but

if you ever hear any thing of the man before you *unworthy* of his name, and of the favour once designed him; then, my lord, blame, as well as wonder at, the condescension of your noble brother and sister in my favour.

Who, I! Who, I! said that lord, in some hurry.—I think very well of you. I never saw a man, in my life, that I liked so well!

Your lordship does me honour. I say this the rather, as I may, on this solemn occasion, taking leave of such honourable friends, charge my future life with resolutions to behave worthy of the favour I have met with in this family.

I passed from him to the general—Forgive, my lord, said I, the seeming formality of my behaviour in this parting scene: it is a very solemn one to me. You have expressed yourself *of* me, and *to* me, my lord, with more passion (forgive me, I mean not to offend you) than perhaps you will approve in yourself when I am far removed from Italy. For have you not a noble mind? And are you not a son of the Marquis della Porretta? Permit me to observe, that passion will make a man exalt himself, and degrade another; and the just medium will be then forgot. I am afraid I have been thought more lightly of, than I ought to be, either in justice, or for the honour of a person who is dear to every one present. My country was once mentioned with disdain: think not my vanity so much concerned in what I am going to say, as my honour: I am proud to be thought an Englishman: yet I think as highly of every worthy man of every nation under the sun, as I do of the worthy men of my own. I am not of a contemptible race in my own country. My father lives in it with the magnificence of a prince. He loves his son; yet I presume to add, that that son deems his good name his riches; his integrity his grandeur. Princes,

though they are intitled by their rank to respect, are princes only to him as they act.

A few words more, my lord.

I have been of the *hearing*, not of the *speaking* side of the question, in the two last conferences I had the honour to hold with your lordship. Once you unkindly mentioned the word *triumph*. The word at the time went to my heart. When I can subdue the natural warmth of my temper, then, and then only, I have a triumph. I should not have remembered this, had I not now, my lord, on this solemn occasion, been received by you with an indignant eye. I respect your lordship *too much*, not to take notice of this angry reception. My silence upon it, perhaps, would look like subscribing before this illustrious company to the justice of your contempt: yet I mean no *other* notice than this: and *this*, to demonstrate that I was not, in my *own* opinion at least, absolutely unworthy of the favour I met with from the father, the mother, the brothers, you so justly honour, and which I wished to stand in with *you*.

And now, my lord, allow me the honour of your hand; and, as I have given you no cause for displeasure, say, that you will remember me with kindness, as I shall honour you and your whole family to the last day of my life.

The general heard me out; but it was with great emotion. He accepted not my hand; he returned not any answer: the bishop arose, and, taking him aside, endeavoured to calm him.

I addressed myself to the two young lords, and said, That if ever their curiosity led them to visit England, where I hoped to be in a few months, I should be extremely glad of cultivating their esteem and favour, by the best offices I could do them.

They received my civility with politeness.

I addressed myself next to Lady Laurana—May you, madam, the friend, the intimate, the chosen companion of Lady Clementina, never know the hundredth part of the woe that fills the breast of the man before you, for the calamity that has befallen your admirable cousin, and because of that, a whole excellent family. Let me recommend to you, that tender and soothing treatment to *her*, which her tender heart would shew to *you*, in any calamity that should befall you. I am not a bad man, madam, though of a different communion from yours. Think but half so charitably of me, as I do of every one of your religion who lives up to his professions, and I shall be happy in your favourable thoughts when you hear me spoken of.

It is easy to imagine, Dr. Bartlett, that I addressed myself in this manner to this lady, whom I had never before seen, that she might not think the harder of her cousin's prepossessions in favour of a Protestant.

I recommended myself to the favour of Father Marescotti. He assured me of his esteem, in very warm terms.

And just as I was again applying to my Jeronymo, the general came to me: You cannot think, Sir, said he, nor did you *design* it, I suppose, that I should be pleased with your address to me. I have only this question to ask, When do you quit Bologna?

Let me ask your lordship, said I, When do you return to Naples?

Why that question, Sir? haughtily.

I will answer you frankly. Your lordship, at the first of my acquaintance with you, invited me to Naples. I promised to pay my respects to you there. If you think of being there in a week, I will attend you at your own palace in that city; and there, my lord, I hope, no cause to the contrary having arisen

from me, to be received by you with the same kindness and favour that you shewed when you gave me the invitation. I think to leave Bologna to-morrow.

O brother, said the bishop, are you not *now* overcome?

And are you in earnest? said the general.

I am, my lord. I have many valuable friends, at different courts and cities in Italy, to take leave of. I never intend to see it again. I would look upon your lordship as one of those friends: but you seem still displeased with me. You accepted not my offered hand before: once more I tender it. A man of spirit cannot be offended at a man of spirit, without lessening himself. I call upon your dignity, my lord.

He held out his hand, just as I was withdrawing mine. I have pride, you know, Dr. Bartlett; and I was conscious of a superiority in *this instance:* I took his hand, however, at his offer; yet pitied him, that his motion was made at all, as it wanted that grace which generally accompanies all he does and says.

The bishop embraced me.—Your moderation, thus exerted, said he, must ever make you triumph. O Grandison! you are a prince of the Almighty's creation.

The noble Jeronymo dried his eyes, and held out his arms to embrace me.

The general said, I shall certainly be at Naples in a week. I am too much affected by the woes of my family, to behave as perhaps I ought on this occasion. Indeed, Grandison, it is difficult for sufferers to act with spirit and temper at the same time.

It *is*, my lord: I have found it so. My hopes raised, as once they were, now sunk, and absolute despair having taken place of them—Would to God I had never returned to Italy!—But I reproach not any-body.

Yet, said Jeronymo, you have some reason—To be sent for as you were—

He was going on—Pray, brother, said the general—And turning to me, I may expect you, Sir, at Naples?

You may, my lord. But one favour I have to beg of you mean time. It is, That you will not treat harshly *your* dear Clementina. Would to Heaven I might have had the honour to say, *my* Clementina! And permit me to make one other request on my own account: and that is, That you will tell her, that I took my leave of your whole family by their kind permission; and that, at my departure, I wished her, from my soul, all the happiness that the best and tenderest of her friends can wish her! I make this request to you, my lord, rather than to Signor Jeronymo, because the tenderness which he has for me might induce him to mention me to her in a manner which might, at this time, affect her too sensibly for her peace.

Be pleased, my dear Signor Jeronymo, to make my devotion known to the marchioness. Would to Heaven—But adieu, and once more adieu, my Jeronymo. I shall hear from you when I get to Naples, if not before.—God restore your sister, and heal you!

I bowed to the marquis, to the ladies, to the general, to the bishop, particularly; to the rest in general; and was obliged, in order to conceal my emotion, to hurry out at the door. The servants had planted themselves in a row; not for selfish motives, as in England: they bowed to the ground, and blessed me, as I went through them. I had ready a purse of ducats. One hand and another declined it: I dropt it in their sight. God be with you, my honest friends! said I; and departed—O, Dr. Bartlett, with a heart how much distressed!

And now, my good Miss Byron, have I not reason, from the deep concern which you take in the woes of Lady Clementina, to regret the task you

have put me upon? And do you, my good Lord and Lady L. and Miss Grandison, now wonder that your brother has not been forward to give you the particulars of this melancholy tale? Yet you all say, I must proceed.

See, Lucy, the greatness of this man's behaviour! What a presumption was it in your Harriet, ever to aspire to call such a one hers!

## LETTER XXX.

MISS BYRON TO MISS SELBY.

This Lady Olivia, Lucy, what can *she* pretend to—But I will not puzzle myself about her. Yet *she* pretend to give disturbance to such a man! You will find her mentioned in Dr. Bartlett's next letter; or she would not have been named by *me*.

DR. BARTLETT'S ELEVENTH LETTER.

Mr. Grandison, on his return to his lodgings, found there, in disguise, Lady Olivia. He wanted not any new disturbance. But I will not mix the stories.

The next morning he received a letter from Signor Jeronymo. The following is a translation of it:

MY DEAREST GRANDISON,

How do you?—Ever-amiable friend! What triumphs did your behaviour of last night obtain for you! Not a soul here but admires you!

Even Laurana declared, That were you a Catholic, it would be a *merit* to love you. Yet she reluctantly praised you, and once said, What, but *splendid sins*, are the *virtues* of a *heretic*?

Our two cousins, with the good-nature of youth, lamented that you could not be ours in the way you wish. My father wept like a child, when you were gone; and seemed to enjoy the praises given you by every one. The count said, he never saw a nobler behaviour in man. Your free, your manly, your polite air and address, and your calmness and intrepidity, were applauded by every one.

What joy did this give to your Jeronymo! I thought I wanted neither crutches, helps, nor wheeled chair; and several times forgot that I ailed any-thing.

I begin to love Father Marescotti. He was with the foremost in praising you.

The general owned, that he once was resolved to quarrel with you. But will he, do you think, Jeronymo, said he, make me a visit at Naples?—

You may depend upon it, he will, answered I.—

I will be there to receive him, replied he.

They admired you particularly for your address to my sister, by the general, rather than by me: and Lady Sforza said, It was a thousand pities that you and Clementina could not be one. They applauded, all of them, what they had not, any of them, the power to imitate, that largeness of heart which makes you think so well, and speak so tenderly, of those of communions different from your own. So much steadiness in your own religion, yet so much prudence, in a man so young, they said was astonishing! No wonder that your character ran so high, in every court you had visited.

My mother came in soon after you had left us. She was equally surprised and grieved to find you gone. She thought she was sure of your staying supper; and, not satisfied with the slight leave she had taken, she had been strengthening her mind to pass an hour in your company, in order to take a more solemn one.

My father asked her after her daughter.

Poor soul! said she, she has heard that the chevalier was to be here, to take leave of us.

By whom? By whom? said my father.

I cannot tell: but the poor creature is half-raving to be admitted among us. She has dressed herself in one of her best suits; and I found her sitting in a kind of form, expecting to be called down. Indeed, Lady Sforza, the method we are in, does not do.

So the chevalier said, replied that lady. Well, let us change it, with all my heart. It is no pleasure to treat the dear girl harshly—O sister! this is a most extraordinary man!

That moment in bolted Camilla—Lady Clementina is just at the door. I could not prevail upon her—

We all looked upon one another.

Three soft taps at the door, and a hem, let us know she was there.

Let her come in, dear girl, let her come in, said the count: the chevalier is not here.

Laurana arose, and ran to the door, and led her in.

Dear creature, how wild she looked!—Tears ran down my cheeks: I had not seen her for two days before. O how earnestly did she look round her! withdrawing her hand from her cousin, who would have led her to a chair, and standing quite still.

Come and sit by me, my sweet love, said her weeping mother.—She stept towards her.

Sit down, my dear girl.

No: you beat me, remember.

Who beat you, my dear?—Sure nobody would beat my child!—Who beat you, Clementina?

I don't know—Still looking round her, as wanting Somebody.

Again her mother courted her to sit down.

No, madam, you don't love me.

Indeed, my dear, I do.

So you say.

Her father held out his open arms to her. Tears ran down his cheeks. He could not speak.—Ah, my father! said she, stepping towards him.

He caught her in his arms—Don't, don't, Sir, faintly struggling, with averted face—You love me not—You refused to see your child, when she wanted to claim your protection!—I was used cruelly.

By whom, my dear? by whom?

By every-body. I complained to one, and to another; but all were in a tone: and so I thought I would be contented. My mamma, too!—But it is no matter. I saw it was to be so; and I did not care.

By my soul, said I, this is not the way with her, Lady Sforza. The chevalier is in the right. You see how sensible she is of harsh treatment.

Well, well, said the general, let us change our measures.

Still the dear girl looked out earnestly, as for Somebody.

She loosed herself from the arms of her sorrowing father.

Let us, in silence, said the count, observe her motions.

She went to him on tip-toe, and looking in his face over his shoulder, as he sat with his back towards her, passed him; then to the general; then to Signor Sebastiano; and to every one round, till she came to me; looking at each over his shoulder in the same manner: then folding her fingers, her hands open, and her arms hanging down to their full extent, she held up her face meditating, with such a significant woe, that I thought my heart would have burst.—Not a soul in the company had a dry eye.

Lady Sforza arose, took her two hands, the fingers still clasped; and would have spoken to her, but could not; and hastily retired to her seat.

Tears, at last, began to trickle down her cheeks, as she stood fixedly looking up. She started, looked about her, and, hastening to her mother, threw her arms about her neck; and, hiding her face in her bosom, broke out into a flood of tears, mingled with sobs that penetrated every heart.

The first words she said, were, Love me, my mamma! Love your child! your poor child! your Clementina! Then raising her head, and again laying it in her mother's bosom—If ever you loved me, love me now, my mamma!—I have need of your love!

My father was forced to withdraw. He was led out by his two sons.

Your poor Jeronymo was unable to help himself. He wanted as much comfort as his father. What were the wounds of his body, at that time, to those of his mind?

My two brothers returned. This dear girl, said the bishop, will break all our hearts.

Her tears had seemed to relieve her. She held up her head. My mother's bosom seemed wet with her child's tears and her own. Still she looked round her.

Suppose, said I, somebody were to name the man she seems to look for? It may divert this wildness.

Did she come down, said Laurana to Camilla, with the expectation of seeing him?

She did.

Let *me*, said the bishop, speak to her. He arose, and, taking her hand, walked with her about the room. You look pretty, my dear Clementina! Your ornaments are charmingly fancied. What made you dress yourself so prettily?

She looked earnestly at him, in silence. He re-

peated his question—I speak, said she, all my heart; and then I suffer for it. Every-body is against me.

You shall not suffer for it: every-body is for you.

I confessed to Mrs. Beaumont; I confessed to you, brother: but what did I get by it?—Let go my hand. I don't love you, I believe.

I am sorry for it. I love you, Clementina, as I love my own soul!

Yet you never chide your own soul!

He turned his face from her to us. She must not be treated harshly, said he. He soothed her in a truly brotherly manner.

Tell me, added he to his soothings, Did you expect any-body here, that you find not?

Did I? Yes, I did.—Camilla, come hither.—Let go my hand, brother.

He did. She took Camilla under the arm—Don't you know, Camilla, said she, what you heard said of Somebody's threatening Somebody?—Don't let any-body hear us; drawing her to one end of the room.—I want to take a walk with you into the garden, Camilla.

It is a dark night, madam.

No matter. If you are afraid, I will go by myself.

Seem to humour her in talk, Camilla, said the count; but don't go out of the room with her.

Be pleased to tell me, madam, what we are to walk in the garden for?

Why, Camilla, I had a horrid dream last night; and I cannot be easy till I go into the garden.

What, madam, was your dream?

In the orange-grove, I thought I stumbled over the body of a dead man!

And who was it, madam?

Don't you know who was threatened? And was not Somebody here to-night? And was not Somebody to sup here? And *is* he here?

The general then went to her. My dearest Clementina; my beloved sister; set your heart at rest. Somebody is safe: shall be safe.

She took first one of his hands, then the other; and, looking in the palms of them, They are not bloody, said she.—What have you done with him, then? Where is he?

Where is who?—

You know whom I ask after; but you want something against me.

Then stepping quick up to me: My Jeronymo!—Did I see *you* before? and stroked my cheek.—Now tell me, Jeronymo—Don't come near me, Camilla. Pray, Sir, to the general, do you sit down. She leaned her arm upon my shoulder: I don't hurt you, Jeronymo: Do I?

No, my dearest Clementina.

That's my best brother.—Cruel assassins!—But the brave man came just in time to save you.—But do you know what is become of him?

He is safe, my dear. He could not stay.

Did any-body affront him?

No, my love.

Are you sure nobody did?—*Very* sure? Father Marescotti, said she, turning to him (who wept from the time she entered) you don't love him: but you are a good man, and will tell me truth. Where is he? Did nobody affront him?

No, madam.

Because, said she, he never did any-thing but good to any one.

Father Marescotti, said I, admires him as much as any-body.

*Admire* him! Father Marescotti admire him!—But he does not *love* him. And I never heard *him* say one word against Father Marescotti in my life.

—Well, but, Jeronymo, What made him go away, then? Was he not to stay to supper?

He was desired to stay; but would not.

Jeronymo, let me whisper you—Did he tell you that I wrote him a letter?

I guessed you did, whispered I.

You are a strange guesser: but you can't guess how I sent it to him—But hush, Jeronymo—Well, but, Jeronymo, Did he say nothing of me, when he went away?

He left his compliments for you with the general.

With the general! The general won't tell me!

Yes, he will.—Brother, pray tell my sister what the chevalier said to you, at parting.

He repeated, exactly, what you had desired him to say to her.

Why would they not let me see him? said she. Am I never to see him more?

I hope you will, replied the bishop.

If, resumed she, we could have done any-thing that might have looked like a return to his goodness to us (and to you, my Jeronymo, in particular) I believe I should have been easy.—And so you say he is gone?—And gone for ever! lifting up her hand from her wrist, as it lay over my shoulder: Poor chevalier!—But hush, hush, pray hush, Jeronymo.

She went from me to her aunt, and cousin Laurana. Love me again, madam, said she, to the former. You loved me once.

I never loved you better than now, my dear.

Did *you*, Laurana, see the Chevalier Grandison?

I did.

And did he go away safe, and unhurt?

Indeed he did.

A man who had preserved the life of our dear Je-

ronymo, said she, to have been hurt by us, would have been dreadful, you know. I wanted to say a few words to him. I was astonished to find him not here: and then my dream came into my head. It was a sad dream, indeed!—But, cousin, be good to me: pray do. You did not use to be cruel. You used to say, you loved me. I am in calamity, my dear. I know I am miserable: at times I know I am; and then I am grieved at my heart, and think how happy every one is, but me: but then, again, I ail nothing, and am well. But do, love me, Laurana: I am in calamity, my dear. I would love you, if you were in calamity: indeed I would.—Ah, Laurana! What is become of all your fine promises? But then every-body loved me, and I was happy!—Yet you tell me, It is all for my good. Naughty Laurana, to wound my heart by your crossness, and then say, It is for my good!—Do you think I should have served you so?

Laurana blushed, and wept. Her aunt promised her, that every-body would love her, and comfort her, and not be angry with her, if she would make her heart easy.

I am very particular, my dear Grandison. I know you love I should be so. From this minuteness you will judge of the workings of her mind. They are resolved to take your advice (it was very seasonable) and treat her with indulgence. The count is earnest to have it so.

* *

Camilla has just left me. She says, that her young lady had a tolerable night. She thinks it owing, in a great measure, to her being indulged in asking the servants, who saw you depart, how you looked; and being satisfied that you went away unhurt, and un-affronted.

Adieu, my dearest, my best friend. Let me hear from you, as often as you can.

* *

I just now understand from Camilla, that the dear girl has made an earnest request to my father, mother, and aunt; and been refused. She came back from them deeply afflicted, and, as Camilla fears, is going into one of her gloomy fits again. I hope to write again, if you depart not from Bologna before to-morrow: but I must, for my own sake, write shorter letters. Yet how can I? Since, however melancholy the subject, when I am writing to you, I am conversing with you. My dear Grandison, once more, *adieu.*

O Lucy, my dear! Whence come all the tears this melancholy story has cost me? I cannot dwell upon the scenes!—Begone, all those wishes that would interfere with the interest of that sweet distressed saint at Bologna!

How impolitic, Lucy, was it in them, not to gratify her impatience to see him! She would, most probably, have been quieted in her mind, if she had been obliged by one other interview.

What a delicacy, my dear, what a generosity, is there in her love!

Sir Charles, in Lord L.'s study, said to me, that his compassion was engaged, but his honour was free: and so it seems to be: but a generosity, in return for her generosity, must bind such a mind as his.

## LETTER XXXI.

### MISS BYRON TO MISS SELBY.

In the doctor's next letter, inclosed, you will find mention made of Sir Charles's literary journal: I fancy, my dear, it must be a charming thing. I wish we could have before us every line he wrote while he was in Italy. Once the presumptuous Harriet had hopes, that she might have been entitled—But no more of these hopes—It can't be helped, Lucy.

### DR. BARTLETT'S TWELFTH LETTER.

Mr. Grandison proceeds thus:

The next morning I employed myself in visiting and taking leave of several worthy members of the university, with whom I had passed many very agreeable and improving hours, during my residence in this noble city. In my literary journal you have an account of those worthy persons, and of some of our conversations. I paid my duty to the cardinal legate, and the gonfaloniere, and to three of his counsellors, by whom, you know, I had been likewise greatly honoured. My mind was not free enough to *enjoy* their conversation: such a weight upon my heart, how could it? But the debt of gratitude and civility was not to be left unpaid.

On my return to my lodgings, which was not till the evening, I found, the general had been there to enquire after me.

I sent one of my servants to the palace of Porretta, with my compliments to the general, to the bishop, and Jeronymo; and with particular enquiries after the health of the ladies, and the marquis; but had

only a general answer, That they were much as I left them.

The two young lords, Sebastiano and Juliano, made me a visit of ceremony. They talked of visiting England in a year or two. I assured them of my best services, and urged them to go thither. I asked them after the healths of the marquis, the marchioness, and their beloved cousin Clementina. Signor Sebastiano shook his head: Very, *very* indifferent, were his words. We parted with great civilities.

I will now turn my thoughts to Florence, and to the affairs there that have lain upon me, from the death of my good friend Mr. Jervois, and from my wardship. I told you in their course, the steps I took in those affairs; and how happy I had been in some parts of management. There I hope soon to see you, my dear Dr. Bartlett, from the Levant, to whose care I can so safely consign my precious trust, while I go to Paris, and attend the wished-for call of my father to my native country, from which I have been for so many years an exile.

There also I hope to have some opportunities of conversing with my good Mrs. Beaumont; resolving to make another effort to get so valuable a person to restore herself to her beloved England.

Thus, my dear Dr. Bartlett, do I endeavour to console myself, in order to lighten that load of grief which I labour under on the distresses of the dear Clementina. If I can leave her happy, I shall be sooner so, than I could have been in the same circumstances, had I, from the first of my acquaintance with the family (to the breach of all the laws of hospitality) indulged a passion for her.

Yet is the unhappy Olivia a damp upon my endeavours after consolation. When she made her

unseasonable visit to me at Bologna, she refused to return to Florence without me, till I assured her, that as my affairs would soon call me thither, I would visit her at her own palace, as often as those affairs would permit. Her pretence for coming to Bologna was, to induce me to place Emily with her, till I had settled every-thing for my carrying the child to England; but I was obliged to be peremptory in my denial, though she had wrought so with Emily, as to induce her to be an earnest petitioner to me, to permit her to live with Lady Olivia, whose equipages, and the glare in which she lives, had dazzled the eyes of the young lady.

* *

I was impatient to hear again from Jeronymo; and just as I was setting out for Florence, in despair of that favour, it being the second day after my farewell visit, I had the following letter from him:

I have not been well, my dear Grandison. I am afraid the wound in my shoulder must be laid open again. God give me patience! But my life is a burden to me.

We are driving here at a strange rate. They promised to keep measures with the dear creature; but she has heard that you are leaving Bologna, and raves to see you.

Poor soul! She endeavoured to prevail upon her father, mother, aunt, to permit her to see you, but for *five* minutes: that was the petition which was denied her, as I mentioned in my last.

Camilla was afraid she would go into a gloomy fit upon it, as I told you—She did; but it lasted not long: for she made an effort, soon after, to go out of the house by way of the garden. The gardener refused his key, and brought Camilla to her, whom

she had, by an innocent piece of art, but just before, sent to bring her something from her toilette.

The general went with Camilla to her. They found her just setting a ladder against the wall. She heard them, and screamed, and, leaving the ladder, ran, to avoid them, till she came in sight of the great cascade; into which, had she not by a cross alley been intercepted by the general, it is feared she would have thrown herself.

This has terrified us all: she begs but for one interview; one parting interview; and she promises to make herself easy: but it is not thought adviseable. Yet Father Marescotti himself thought it best to indulge her. Had my mother been earnest, I believe it had been granted: but she is so much concerned at the blame she met with on permitting the last interview, that she will not contend, though she has let them know, that she did not oppose the request.

The unhappy girl ran into my chamber this morning—Jeronymo! He will be *gone*, said she; I *know* he will. All I want is, but to see him! To wish him happy! And to know, If he will remember me when he is gone, as I shall him!—Have *you* no interest, Jeronymo? Cannot I *once* see him? Not *once?*

The bishop, before I could answer, came in quest of her, followed by Laurana, from whom she had forcibly disengaged herself, to come to me.

Let me have but one parting interview, my lord, said she, looking to him, and clinging about my neck. He will be gone: gone for ever. Is there so much in being allowed to say, Farewell, and be happy, Grandison! and excuse all the trouble I have given you?—What has my brother's preserver done, what have I done, that I must not see him, nor he me, for one quarter of an hour only?

Indeed, my lord, said I, she should be complied with. Indeed she should.

My *father* thinks otherwise, said the bishop: the *count* thinks otherwise: *I* think otherwise. Were the chevalier a common man, she might. But she dwells upon what passed in the last interview, and his behaviour to her. *That*, it is plain, did her harm.

The next may drive the thoughts of that out of her head, returned I.

Dear Jeronymo, replied he, a little peevishly, you will always think differently from every-body else! Mrs. Beaumont comes to-morrow.

What do I care for Mrs. Beaumont? said she.—I don't love her: she tells every-thing I say.

Come, my dear love, said Laurana, you afflict your brother Jeronymo. Let us go up to your own chamber.

I afflict every-body, and every-body afflicts me; and you are all cruel. Why, he will be *gone*, I tell you! That makes me so impatient: and I have something to say to him. My father won't see me: my mother renounces me. I have been looking for her, and she hides herself from me!—And I am a prisoner, and watched, and used ill!

Here comes my mother! said Laurana. You now *must* go up to your chamber, cousin Clementina.

So she does, said she: now I must go, indeed!—Ah, Jeronymo! Now there is no saying nay!—But it is hard! *Very* hard!—And she burst into tears. I won't speak though, said she, to my aunt. Remember, I will be silent, madam!—Then whispering me, My aunt, brother, is not the aunt she used to be to me!—But hush, I don't complain, you know!

By this I saw that Lady Sforza was severe with her.

She addressed herself to her aunt: You are not my mamma, are you, madam?

No, child.

No, child, indeed! I know that *too* well. But my

brother Giacomo is as cruel to me as any-body. But hush, Jeronymo!—Don't you betray me!—Now my aunt is come, I must go!—I wish I could run away from you all!

She was yesterday detected writing a letter to you. My mother was shewn what she had written, and wept over it. My aunt took it out of my sister's bosom, where she had thrust it, on her coming in. This she resented highly.

When she was led into her own chamber, she refused to speak; but in great hurry went to her closet, and, taking down her Bible, turned over one leaf and another very quick. Lady Sforza had a book in her hand, and sat over-against the closet-door to observe her motions. She came to a place—*Pretty!* said she.

The bishop had formerly given her a smattering of Latin—She took pen and ink, and wrote. You'll see, chevalier, the very great purity of her thoughts, by what she omitted, and what she chose, from the Canticles. *Velut unguentum diffunditur nomen tuum,* &c.

[In the English translation, thus: *Thy name is as ointment poured forth; therefore do the virgins love thee. Draw me; we will run after thee: the upright love thee.*

*Look not upon me because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me. My mother's children were angry with me: they made me the keeper of the vineyards, but mine own vineyard have I not kept.*

*Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth! where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon: for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?*]

She laid down her pen, and was thoughtful; her elbow resting on the escritoire she wrote upon, her hand supporting her head.

May I look over you, my dear? said her aunt, stepping to her; and, taking up the paper, read it,

and took it out of the closet with her, unopposed; her gentle bosom only heaving with sighs.

I will write no more, so minutely, on this affecting subject, my Grandison.

They are all of opinion that she will be easy, when she knows that you have actually left Bologna; and they strengthen their opinion by these words of hers, above-recited: 'Why he will be gone, I tell you; and this makes me so impatient.'—At least, they are resolved to try the experiment. And so, my dear Grandison, you must be permitted to leave us!

God be your director and comforter, as well as ours! prays

Your ever-affectionate

JERONYMO.

Mr. Grandison, having no hopes of being allowed to see the unhappy lady, set out with an afflicted heart for Florence. He gave orders there, and at Leghorn, that the clerks and agents of his late friend Mr. Jervois should prepare every-thing for his inspection against his return from Naples; and then he set out for that city to attend the general.

He had other friends to whom he had endeared himself at Sienna, Ancona, and particularly at Rome, as he had also some at Naples; of whom he intended to take leave, before he set out for Paris: and therefore went to attend the general with the greater pleasure.

Within the appointed time he arrived at Naples.

The general received me, said Mr. Grandison, with greater tokens of politeness than affection. You are the happiest man in the world, chevalier, said he, after the first compliments, in escaping dangers by braving them. I do assure you, that I had great difficulties to deny myself the favour of

paying you a visit *in my own way* at Bologna. I had indeed resolved to do it, till you proposed this visit to me here.

I should have been very sorry, replied I, to have seen a brother of Lady Clementina in *any* way that should not have made me consider him as her brother. But, before I say another word, let me ask after her health. How does the most excellent of women?

You have not heard, then?

I have not, my lord: but it is not for want of solicitude. I have sent three several messengers; but can hear nothing to my satisfaction.

Nor can you hear any-thing from me that will give you any.

I am grieved at my soul, that I cannot. How, my lord, do the marquis and marchioness?

Don't ask. They are extremely unhappy.

I hear that my dear friend, Signor Jeronymo, has undergone—

A dreadful operation, interrupted the general.—He has. Poor Jeronymo! He *could not* write to you. God preserve my brother! But, chevalier, you did not save half a life, though we thank you for that, when you restored him to our arms.

I had no reason to boast, my lord, of the accident. I never made a merit of it. It was a *mere* accident, and cost me nothing. The service was greatly overrated.

Would to God, chevalier, it had been rendered by any other man in the world!

As it has proved, I am sure, my lord, I have reason to join in the wish.

He shewed me his pictures, statues, and cabinet of curiosities, while dinner was preparing; but rather for the ostentation of his magnificence and taste, than to do me pleasure. I even observed an increas-

ing coldness in his behaviour; and his eye was too often cast upon me with a fierceness that shewed resentment; and not with the hospitable frankness that became him to a visiter and guest who had undertaken a journey of above two hundred miles, principally to attend him, and to shew him the confidence he had in his honour. This, as it was more to his discredit than mine, I pitied him for. But what most of all disturbed me, was, that I could not obtain from him any particular intelligence relating to the health of one person, whose distresses lay heavy upon my heart.

There were several persons of distinction at dinner; the discourse could therefore be only general. He paid me great respect at his table; but it was a solemn one. I was the more uneasy at it, as I apprehended, that the situation of the Bologna family was more unhappy than when I left that city.

He retired with me into his garden. You stay with me at least the week out, chevalier?

No, my lord: I have affairs of a deceased friend at Florence and at Leghorn to settle. To-morrow, as early as I can, I shall set out for Rome, in my way to Tuscany.

I am surprised, chevalier. You take something amiss in my behaviour.

I cannot say that your lordship's countenance (I am a very free speaker) has that benignity in it, that complacency, which I have had the pleasure to see in it.

By G. chevalier, I could have loved you better than any man in the world, next to the men of my own family; but I own I see you not here with so much love as admiration.

The word *admiration*, my lord, may require explanation. You may admire at my confidence: but I thank you for the manly freedom of your acknowledgment in general.

By *admiration* I mean all that may do you honour. Your bravery in coming hither, particularly; and your greatness of mind on your taking leave of us all. But did you not then mean to insult me?

I meant to observe to you then, as I now do in your own palace, that you had not treated me as my heart told me I deserved to be treated: but when I thought your warmth was rising to the uneasiness of your assembled friends, instead of answering your question about my stay at Bologna, as you seemed to mean it, I invited myself to an attendance upon you here, at Naples, in such a manner as surely could not be construed an insult.

I own, Grandison, you disconcerted me. I had intended to save you that journey.

Was that your lordship's meaning, when, in my absence, you called at my lodgings, the day after the farewell-visit?

Not absolutely: I was uneasy with myself. I intended to talk with you. What that talk might have produced, I know not: but had I invited you out, if I had found you at home, would you have answered my demands?

According as you had put them.

Will you answer me now if I attend you as far as Rome, on your return to Florence?

If they are demands fit to be answered.

Do you expect I will make any that are *not* fit to be answered?

My lord, I will explain myself. You had conceived causeless prejudices against me: you seemed inclined to impute to me a misfortune that was not, could not be, greater to you than it was to me. I knew my own innocence: I knew that I was rather an injured man, in having hopes given me, in which I was disappointed, not by my own fault: whom shall an innocent and an injured man fear?—Had I feared, my fear might have been my destruction

For was I not in the midst of your friends? A foreigner? If I *would* have avoided you, *could* I, had you been determined to seek me?—I would choose to meet even an enemy as a man of honour, rather than to avoid him as a malefactor. In my country, the law supposes flight a confession of guilt: had you made demands upon me that I had not chosen to answer, I would have expostulated with you. I could perhaps have done so as calmly as I now speak. If you would not have been expostulated with, I would have stood upon my defence: but for the world I would not have hurt a brother of Clementina and Jeronymo, a son of the Marquis and Marchioness of Porretta, could I have avoided it. Had your passion given me any advantage over you, and I had obtained your sword (a pistol, had the choice been left to me, I had refused for both our sakes), I would have presented both swords to you, and bared my breast: it was before penetrated by the distresses of the dear Clementina, and of all your family—Perhaps I should only have said, 'If your lordship thinks I have injured you, take your revenge.'

And now, that I am at Naples, let me say, that if you are determined, contrary to all my hopes, to accompany me to Rome, or elsewhere, on my return, with an unfriendly purpose; such, and no other, shall be my behaviour to you if the power be given me to shew it. I will rely on my own innocence, and hope by generosity to overcome a *generous* man. Let the guilty secure themselves by violence and murder.

Superlative pride; angrily said he, and stood still, measuring me with his eye; And could you hope for such an advantage?

While I, my lord, was calm, and determined only upon self-defence; while you were passionate

and perhaps rash, as aggressors generally are; I did not doubt it: but could I have avoided drawing, and preserved your good opinion, I would not have drawn. Your lordship cannot but know my principles.

Grandison, I *do* know them; and also the general report in your favour for skill and courage. Do you think I would have heard with patience of the once proposed alliance, had not your character—And then he was pleased to say many things in my favour, from the report of persons who had weight with him; some of whom he named.

But still, Grandison, said he, this poor girl!—She could not have been so deeply affected, had not some lover-like arts—

Let me, my lord, interrupt you—I cannot bear an imputation of this kind. *Had* such arts been used, the lady could *not* have been so much affected. Cannot you think of your noble sister, as a daughter of the two houses from which you sprang? Cannot you see her, as by Mrs. Beaumont's means we now so lately have been able to see her, struggling nobly with her own heart [Why am I put upon this tender subject?] because of her duty and her religion; and resolved to die rather than encourage a wish that was not warranted by both?—I cannot, my lord, urge this subject; but there never was a passion so nobly contended with. There never was a man more disinterested, and so circumstanced. Remember only, my voluntary departure from Bologna, against persuasion; and the great behaviour of your sister on that occasion, great, as it came out to be, when Mrs. Beaumont brought her to acknowledge what would have been my glory to have known, could it have been encouraged; but is now made my heaviest concern.

Indeed, Grandison, she ever was a noble girl!

We are too apt perhaps to govern ourselves by events without looking into causes: but the access you had to her; such a man! and who became known to us from circumstances so much in his favour, both as a man of principle and bravery—

This, my lord, interrupted I, is still judging from events. You have seen Mrs. Beaumont's letter. Surely you cannot have a nobler monument of magnanimity in woman! And to that I refer, for a proof of my own integrity.

I *have* that letter: Jeronymo gave it me, at my taking leaving of him; and with these words: 'Grandison will certainly visit you at Naples. I am afraid of your warmth. His spirit is well known. All my dependence is upon his principles. He will not draw but in his own defence. Cherish the noble visiter. Surely, brother, I may depend upon your hospitable temper. Read over again this letter, before you see him.'—I have not yet read it, proceeded the general; but I will, and that, if you will allow me, now.

He took it out of his pocket, walked from me, and read it; and then came to me, and took my hand—I am half-ashamed of myself, my dear Grandison: I own I wanted magnanimity. All the distresses of our family, on this unhappy girl's account, were before my eyes, and I received you, I behaved to you, as the author of them. I was *contriving* to be dissatisfied with you: forgive me, and command my best services. I will let our Jeronymo know how greatly you subdued me before I had recourse to the letter; but that I have since read that part of it which accounts for my sister's passion, and wish I had read it with equal attention before. I acquit *you*: I am proud of my *sister*. Yet I observe from this very letter, that Jeronymo's gratitude has contributed to the evil we deplore. But—Let us not say

one word more of the unhappy girl: it is painful to me to talk of her.

Not ask a question, my lord?—

Don't, Grandison, don't!—Jeronymo and Clementina are my soul's woe—But they are not worse than might be apprehended. You go to court with me to-morrow: I will present you to the king.

I have had that honour formerly. I must depart to-morrow morning early. I have already taken leave of several of my friends here: I have some to make my compliments to at Rome, which I reserved for my return.

You stay with me to-night?

I intend it, my lord.

Well, we will return to company. I must make my excuses to my friends. Your departure to-morrow must be one. They all admire you. They are acquainted with your character. They will join with me to engage you, if possible, to stay longer.

We returned to the company.

## LETTER XXXII.

### MISS BYRON TO MISS SELBY.

RECEIVE now, my dear, the doctor's thirteenth letter, and the last he intends to favour us with, till he entertains us with the histories of Mrs. Beaumont, and Lady Olivia.

### DR. BARTLETT'S THIRTEENTH LETTER.

Mr. Grandison set out next morning. The general's behaviour to him at his departure, was much more open and free than it was at receiving him.

Mr. Grandison, on his return to Florence, entered into the affairs of his late friend Mr. Jervois, with the spirit, and yet with the temper, for which he is noted, when he engages in any business. He put every-thing in a happy train in fewer days than it would have cost some other persons months; for he was present himself on every occasion, and in every business, where his presence would accelerate it: yet he had embarrassments from Olivia.

He found, before he set out for Naples, that Mrs. Beaumont, at the earnest request of the marchioness, was gone to Bologna. At his return, not hearing any-thing from Signor Jeronymo, he wrote to Mrs. Beaumont, requesting her to inform him of the state of things in that family, as far as she thought proper; and, particularly, of the health of that dear friend, on whose silence to three letters he had written, he had the most melancholy apprehensions. He let that lady know, that he should set out in a very few days for Paris, if he had no probability of being of service to the family she favoured with her company.

To this letter Mrs. Beaumont returned the following answer:

SIR,

I have the favour of yours. We are very miserable here. The servants are forbidden to answer any enquiries, but generally; and that not truly.

Your friend, Signor Jeronymo, has gone through a severe operation. He has been given over; but hopes are now entertained, not of his absolute recovery, but that he will be no worse than he was before the necessity for the operation arose. Poor man! He forgot not, however, his sister and you, when he was out of the power of the opiates that were administered to him.

On my coming hither, I found Lady Clementina in a deplorable way: sometimes raving, sometimes gloomy; and in bonds—Twice had she given them apprehensions of fatal attempts: they therefore confined her hands.

They have been excessively wrong in their management of her: now soothing, now severe; observing no method.

She was extremely earnest to see you before you left Bologna. On her knees repeatedly she besought this favour, and promised to be easy if they would comply; but they imagined that their compliance would aggravate the symptoms.

I very freely blamed them for not complying at the time when she was so desirous of seeing you. I told them, that soothing her would probably *then* have done good.

When they knew you were actually gone from Bologna, they told her so. Camilla shocked me with the description of her rage and despair, on the communication. This was followed by fits of silence, and the deepest melancholy.

They had hopes on my arrival, that my company would have been of service to her: but for two days together she regarded me not, nor any-thing I could say to her. On the third of my arrival, finding her confinement extremely uneasy to her, I prevailed, but with great difficulty, to have her restored to the use of her hands; and to be allowed to walk with me in the garden. They had hinted to me their apprehensions about a piece of water.

Her woman being near us, if there had been occasion for assistance, I insensibly led that way. She sat down on a seat over-against the great cascade; but she made no motion that gave me apprehensions. From this time she has been fonder of me than before. The day I obtained this liberty for

her, she often clasped her arms about me, and laid her face in my bosom; and I could plainly see, it was in gratitude for restoring to her the use of her arms: but she cared not to speak.

Indeed she generally affects deep silence: yet, at times, I see her very soul is fretted. She moves to one place, is tired of that; shifts to another, and another, all round the room.

I am grieved at my heart for her: I never knew a more excellent young creature.

She is very fervent in her devotions, and as constant in them as she used to be: every good habit she preserves; yet, at other times, rambles much.

She is often for writing letters to you; but when what she writes is privately taken from her, she makes no enquiry about it, but takes a new sheet, and begins again.

Sometimes she draws: but her subjects are generally, angels and saints. She often meditates in a map of the British dominions, and now-and-then wishes she were in England.

Lady Juliana de Sforza is earnest to have her with her at Urbino, or at Milan, where she has also a noble palace; but I hope it will not be granted. That lady professes to love her; but she cannot be persuaded out of her notion of harsh methods; which will never do with Clementina.

I shall not be able to stay long with her. The discomposure of so excellent a young creature affects me deeply. Could I do her either good or pleasure, I should be willing to deny myself the society of my dear friends at Florence: but I am persuaded, and have hinted as much, that one interview with you would do more to settle her mind, than all the methods they have taken.

I hope, Sir, to see you before you leave Italy. It must be at Florence, not at Bologna, I believe. It is generous of you to propose the latter.

I have now been here a week, without hope. The doctors they have consulted are all for severe methods, and low diet. The first, I think, is in compliment to some of the family: she is so loth to take nourishment, and, when she does, is so very abstemious, that the regimen is hardly necessary. She never, or but very seldom, used to drink any-thing but water.

She took it into her poor head several times this day, and perhaps it will hold, to sit in particular places, to put on attentive looks, as if she were listening to somebody. She sometimes smiled, and seemed pleased; looked up, as if to somebody, and spoke English. I have no doubt, though I was not present when she assumed these airs, and talked English, but her disordered imagination brought before her her tutor instructing her in that tongue.

You desired me, Sir, to be very particular. I have been so; but at the expence of my eyes: and I shall not wonder if your humane heart should be affected by my sad tale.

God preserve you, and prosper you in whatsoever you undertake!

HORTENSIA BEAUMONT.

Mrs. Beaumont staid at Bologna twelve days, and then left the unhappy young lady.

At taking leave, she asked her, What commands she had for her?—Love me, said she, and pity me; that is one. Another is (whispering her) you will see the chevalier, perhaps, though I must not.—Tell him, that his poor friend Clementina is sometimes very unhappy!—Tell him, that she shall rejoice to sit next him in heaven!—Tell him, that I say he cannot go thither, good man as he is, while he shuts his eyes to the truth.—Tell him, that I shall take it very kindly of him, if he will not think of marrying till he acquaints me with it; and can give me assur-

ance, that the lady will love him as well as somebody else would have done.—O Mrs. Beaumont! should the Chevalier Grandison marry a woman unworthy of him, what a disgrace would that be to me!

Mr. Grandison by this time had prepared every-thing for his journey to Paris. The friend he honoured with his love, was arrived from the Levant, and the Archipelago. Thither, at his patron's request, he had accompanied Mr. Beauchamp, the amiable friend of both; and at parting, engaged to continue by letter what had been the subject of their daily conversations, and transmit to him as many particulars as he could obtain of Mr. Grandison's sentiments and behaviour, on every occasion; Mr. Beauchamp proposing him as a pattern to himself, that he might be worthy of the credential letters he had furnished him with to every one whom he had thought deserving of his own acquaintance, when he was in the parts which Mr. Beauchamp intended to visit.

To the care of the person so much honoured by his confidence, Mr. Grandison left his agreeable ward, Miss Jervois; requesting the assistance of Mrs. Beaumont, who kindly promised her inspection; and with the goodness for which she is so eminently noted, performed her promise in his absence.

He then made an offer to the bishop to visit Bologna once more; but that not being accepted, he set out for Paris.

It was not long before his father's death called him to England; and when he had been there a few weeks, he sent for his ward and his friend.

But, my good Miss Byron, you will say, That I have not yet fully answered your last enquiry, relating to the present situation of the unhappy Clementina.

I will briefly inform you of it.

When it was known, for certain, that Mr. Gran-

dison had actually left Italy, the family at Bologna began to wish that they had permitted the interview so much desired by the poor lady: and when they afterwards understood that he was sent for to England, to take possession of his paternal estate, that farther distance (the notion likewise of the seas between them appearing formidable) added to their regrets.

The poor lady was kept in travelling motion to quiet her mind: for still an interview with Mr. Grandison having never been granted, it was her first wish.

They carried her to Urbino, to Rome, to Naples; then back to Florence, then to Milan, to Turin.

Whether they made her hope that it was to meet with Mr. Grandison, I know not; but it is certain, she herself expected to see him at the end of every journey; and, while she was moving, was easier, and more composed; perhaps in that hope.

The marchioness was sometimes of the party. The air and exercise were thought proper for *her* health, as well as for that of her daughter. Her cousin Laurana was always with her in these excursions, and sometimes Lady Sforza; and their escorte was, generally, Signors Sebastiano and Juliano.

But, within these four months past, these journeyings have been discontinued. The young lady accuses them of deluding her with vain hopes. She is impatient, and has made two attempts to escape from them.

She is, for this reason, closely confined, and watched.

They put her once into a nunnery, at the motion of Lady Sforza, as for a trial only. She was not uneasy in it: but this being done unknown to the general, when he was apprised of it, he, for reasons I cannot comprehend, was displeased, and had her taken out, directly.

Her head runs more than ever upon seeing her tutor, her friend, her chevalier, once more. They have certainly been to blame, if they have let her travel with such hopes; because they have thereby kept up her ardor for an interview. Could she but once more see him, she says, and let him know the cruelty she has been treated with, she should be satisfied. *He* would pity her, she is sure, though nobody else will.

The bishop has written to beg, that Sir Charles would pay them one more visit at Bologna.

I will refer to my patron himself the communicating to you, ladies, his resolution on this subject. I had but a moment's sight of the letters which so greatly affected him.

It is but *within* these few days past that this new request has been made to him, in a *direct* manner The question was before put, If such a request *should* be made, would he comply? And once Camilla wrote, as having heard Sir Charles's presence wished for.

Mean time the poor lady is hastening, they are afraid, into a consumptive malady. The Count of Belvedere, however, still adores her. The disorder in her mind being imputed chiefly to religious melancholy, and some of her particular flights not being generally known, he, who is a pious man himself, pities her; and declares, that he would run all risques of her recovery, would the family give her to him; and yet he knows, that she would choose to be the wife of the Chevalier Grandison, rather than that of any other man, were the article of religion to be got over; and generously applauds her for preferring her faith to her love.

Signor Jeronymo is in a very bad way. Sir Charles often writes to him, and with an affection worthy o the merits of that dear friend. He was to undergo another severe operation on the next day after the

letters came from Bologna; the success of which was very doubtful.

How nobly does Sir Charles appear to support himself under such heavy afflictions! For those of his friends were ever his. But his heart bleeds in secret for them. A feeling heart is a blessing that no one, who has it, would be without; and it is a moral security of innocence; since the heart that is able to partake of the distress of another, cannot wilfully give it.

I think, my good Miss Byron, that I have now, as far as I am at present able, obeyed all your commands that concern the unhappy Clementina, and her family. I will defer, if you please, those which relate to Olivia and Mrs. Beaumont (ladies of very different characters from each other) having several letters to write.

Permit me, my good ladies, and my lord, after contributing so much to afflict your worthy hearts, to refer you, for relief under all the distresses of life, whether they affect ourselves or others, to those motives that can alone give support to a rational mind. This mortal scene, however perplexing, is a very short one; and the hour is hastening when all the intricacies of human affairs shall be cleared up; and all the sorrows that have had their foundation in virtue be changed into the highest joy: when all worthy minds shall be united in the same interests, the same happiness.

Allow me to be, my good Miss Byron, and you, my Lord and Lady L. and Miss Grandison,

Your most faithful and obedient servant,

AMBROSE BARTLETT.

Excellent Dr. Bartlett! How worthy of himself is this advice! But think you not, my Lucy, that the doctor has in it a particular view to your poor Har-

riet? A generous one, meaning consolation and instruction to her? I will endeavour to profit by it. Let me have your prayers, my dear friends, that I maybe enabled to succeed in my humble endeavours.

It will be no wonder to us now, that Sir Charles was not solicitous to make known a situation so embarrassing to himself, and so much involved in clouds and uncertainty: but whatever may be the event of this affair, you, Lucy, and all my friends, will hardly ever know me by any other name than that of

HARRIET BYRON.

END OF VOL. III.